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Spoken  
Collector









# SHAKESPEARE

*A REPRINT*

of his

COLLECTED WORKS

As put forth in 1623

PART I CONTAINING

*THE COMEDIES*



LONDON

Printed for Lionel Booth 307 Regent Street 1862



*LONDON:*

Printed by *J. Strangeways* and *H. E. Walden*, 28 Castle Street,  
Leicester Square.



# SHAKESPEARE;

A REPRINT OF THE "FAMOUS FOLIO OF 1623."

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

IN this reproduction of the first edition of the collected Works of Shakespeare, the prime object has been to secure its entire identity with the Original. It is well known that there exists in the Original a great variety of errors; but, not one of these has here been corrected. Whatever the defects of the Volume, it was felt that if reproduced at all it must be reproduced intact as it was first put forth in 1623, and that if the least "license of ink" were assumed, all reliance upon its identity would be destroyed. Notwithstanding its defects, it should not be forgotten that the Folio of 1623 is the most important edition extant; for, as Mr. Howard Staunton has well observed, it is "the only authority we possess for above one-half of Shakespeare's plays, and a very important one for those which had been published before its appearance." Yet while, for the reasons given, the blemishes must be allowed to remain, they have not been unheeded. On the hint of Horne Tooke (*Diversions of Purley*, part ii. p. 52, edit. 1805), they have all been noted with a view to a comprehensive list of corrigenda.

After accuracy, the next object is to place within easy attainment of the many a book the possession of which has hitherto been restricted to the very fortunate few. Henceforth for less than two pounds may be secured, in a perfect state, the coveted of all English book-collectors,—a Volume which in the Original, and in a condition more or less of defacement and repair, would be considered cheap at a hundred; and this in form and condition more pleasing to the eye—a "cheerful semblance" of its prototype—and much

more convenient for use. The Folio of 1623, although so important for the authority of its Text, from its rarity may almost be regarded as a sealed book ; and it is hoped that the opportunity now afforded of a more extended knowledge of its contents, will lead to a corresponding elucidation of the many perplexities which yet remain, but which possibly are not “perplex’d beyond self-explication.” A recent writer, doing good battle for the Text of the First Edition, with reference to a passage in *Anthony and Cleopatra*, observes, “I am inclined to think the original reading the right one, and the emendation impossible ;” possibly, this remark may be found to have a just application in numerous other instances.

The chances of error in the passing of an elaborate work through the press are multifarious—occasionally their origin is most mysterious and unaccountable ; experience, not less than inclination, precludes the least pretension to infallibility, and though not fearing the complaints made against the last reprint of this book, they are not out of memory ; therefore, the communication of any—the most trifling—departure from the Original which may be discovered will be most thankfully acknowledged, and the required correction effected by a cancel.

307 REGENT STREET,

*December 18th, 1861.*







## To the Reader.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,  
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut ;  
Wherein the Grauer had a strife  
with Nature, to out-doo the life :  
O, could he but haue drawne his wit  
As well in brasse, as he hath hit  
His face ; the Print would then surpasse  
All, that vvas euer vvrit in brasse.  
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke  
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. I.

MR. WILLIAM  
SHAKESPEARE'S  
COMEDIES.

---

Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount, 1623; and Re-Printed  
for Lionel Booth, 307 Regent Street, 1862.

*The general Title-page, an accurate Fac-simile of the Original, will be given with Part III., which will contain the whole of the Tragedies; Part II., comprising the Historical Plays, is in preparation, and will be produced "with all good speed."*



MR. WILLIAM  
SHAKESPEARES  
COMEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.



L O N D O N

Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount, 1623; and Re-Printed  
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*The general Title-page, an accurate Fac-simile of the Original, will be given with Part III., which will contain the whole of the Tragedies; Part II., comprising the Historical Plays, is in preparation, and will be produced "with all good speed."*

[illegible]

LONDON:  
Printed by J. Strangerways and H. E. Walden, 28 Castle Street,  
Leicester Square.



TO THE MOST NOBLE  
AND  
INCOMPARABLE PAIRE  
OF BRETHREN.

WILLIAM  
Earle of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the  
*Kings most Excellent Maiesty.*

AND  
PHILIP  
Earle of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Maiesties  
Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the most Noble Order  
of the Garter, and our singular good  
LORDS.

Right Honourable,

**W***Hilst we studie to be thankful in our particular, for  
the many fauors we haue receiued from your L.L  
we are falne vpon the ill fortune, to mingle  
two the most diuerse things that can bee, feare,  
and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and  
feare of the succeffe. For, when we vallow the places your H.H.  
sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to  
the reading of these trifles: and, vvhile we name them trifles, we haue  
depriu'd our selues of the defence of our Dedication. But since your  
L.L. haue beene pleas'd to thinke these trifles some-thing, heereto-  
fore; and haue prosequuted both them, and their Authour liuing,  
vvith so much fauour: we hope, that (they out-liuing him, and be not  
hauing the fate, common vvith some, to be exequutor to his owne wri-  
tings) you will vse the like indulgence toward them, you haue done*

## The Epistle Dedicatorie.

unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Booke choose his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L. L. likings of the seuerall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We haue but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, & Fellow aliue, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we haue iustly obserued, no man to come neere your L. L. but with a kind of religious addresse; it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But, there we must also craue our abilities to be considerd, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach forth milke, creame, fruites, or what they haue: and many Nations (we haue heard) that had not gummes & incense, obtained their requests with a leauened Cake. It was no fault to approach their Gods, by what meanes they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remaines of your seruant Shakespeare; that what delight is in them, may be euer your L. L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the liuing, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE.

HENRY CONDELL.



*To the great Variety of Readers.*



From the most able, to him that can but spell : There you are number'd. We had rather you were weigh'd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends vpon your capacities : and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well ! it is now publique, & you wil stand for your priuiledges wee know : to read, and censure . Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde soeuer your braines be, or your wisdomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Iudge your fixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your fise shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the iust rates, and welcome. But, what euer you do, Buy. Censure will not driue a Trade, or make the Iacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at *Black-Friers*, or the *Cock-pit*, to arraigne Playes daillie, know, these Playes haue had their triall alreadie, and stood out all Appales ; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to haue bene wished, that the Author himselfe had liu'd to haue set forth, and ouerseen his owne writings ; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to haue collected & publish'd them ; and so to haue publish'd them, as wherc (before) you were abus'd with diuerse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of iniurious impostors, that expos'd them : euen those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes ; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceiued thē. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresse of it. His mind and hand went together : And what he thought, he vttered with that easinesse, that wee haue scarce receiued from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our prouince, who onely gather his works, and giue them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your diuers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you : for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore ; and againe, and againe : And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to vnderstand him. And so we leaue you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides : if you neede them not, you can leade your selues, and others. And such Readers we wish him.







# To the memory of my beloued, The AVTHOR

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:

AND

what he hath left vs.

**T**O draw no enuy (Shakespeare) on thy name,  
Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and Fame:  
While I confesse thy writings to be such,  
As neither Man, nor Mule, can praise too much.  
'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these wayes  
Were not the paths I meant vnto thy praise:  
For seeliest Ignorance on these may light,  
Which, when it sounds at best, but eccho's right;  
Or blinde Affection, which doth ne're aduance  
The truth, but gropes, and vrgeth all by chance;  
Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,  
And thinke to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.  
These are, as some infamous Baud, or Whore,  
Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more?  
But thou art prooffe against them, and indeed  
About th' ill fortune of them, or the need.  
I, therefore will begin. Soule of the Age!  
The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!  
My Shakespeare, rise; I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye  
A little further, to make thee a roome:  
Thou art a Monument, without a tombe,  
And art aliue still, while thy Booke doth liue,  
And we haue wits to read, and praise to giue.  
That I not mixe thee so, my braine excuses;  
I meane with great, but disproportion'd Muses:  
For, if I thought my iudgement were of yeeres,  
I should commit thee surely with thy peeres,  
And tell, how farre thou didstst our Lily out-shine,  
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowes mighty line.  
And though thou hadst small Latine, and lesse Greeke,  
From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke  
For names; but call forth thund'ring Æschilus,  
Euripides, and Sophocles to vs,  
Paccuius, Accius, him of Cordoua dead,  
To life againe, to beare thy Buskin tread,  
And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Sockes were on,  
Leaue thee alone, for the comparifon

Of

*Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughtie Rome  
 sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.  
 Triumph, my Britaine, thou hast one to shoue,  
 To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.  
 He was not of an age, but for all time!  
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,  
 When like Apollo he came forth to warme  
 Our eares, or like a Mercury to charme!  
 Nature her selfe was proud of his designes,  
 And ioy'd to weare the dressing of his lines!  
 Which were so richly spun, and wouen so fit,  
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.  
 The merry Greeke, tart Aristophanes,  
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;  
 But antiquated, and deserted lye  
 As they were not of Natures family.  
 Yet must I not giue Nature all: Thy Art,  
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enioy a part.  
 For though the Poets matter, Nature be,  
 His Art doth giue the fashion. And, that be,  
 Who casts to write a liuing line, must sweat,  
 (such as thine are) and strike the second heat  
 Vpon the Muses anuile: turne the same,  
 (And himselfe with it) that he thinkes to frame;  
 Or for the lawrell, he may gaine a scorne,  
 For a good Poet's made, as well as borne.  
 And such wert thou. Looke how the fathers face  
 Liues in his issue, euen so, the race  
 Of Shakespeares minde, and manners brightly shines  
 In his well torned, and true-filed lines:  
 In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,  
 As brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance.  
 Sweet Swan of Auon! what a sight it were  
 To see thee in our waters yet appeare,  
 And make those sights vpon the bankes of Thames,  
 That so did take Eliza, and our Iames!  
 But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere  
 Aduanc'd, and made a Constellation there!  
 Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage,  
 Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping Stage;  
 Which, since thy flight frō hence, hath mourn'd like night,  
 And despaire's day, but for thy Volumes light.*

BEN: IONSON.



Vpon the Lines and Life of the Famous  
Scenicke Poet, Master WILLIAM  
SHAKESPEARE.



Hose hands, which you so clapt, go now, and wring  
You *Britaines* braue ; for done are *Shakespeares* dayes :  
His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes,  
Which made the Globe of heau'n and earth to ring.  
Dry'de is that veine, dry'd is the *Thespian* Spring,  
Turn'd all to teares, and *Phæbus* clouds his rayes :  
That corp's, that coffin now besticke those bayes,  
Which crown'd him *Poet* first, then *Poets* King.  
If *Tragedies* might any *Prologue* haue,  
All those he made, would scarce make one to this :  
Where *Fame*, now that he gone is to the graue  
(Deaths publique tyring-house) the *Nuncius* is.  
For though his line of life went soone about,  
The life yet of his lines shall neuer out.

HVGH HOLLAND.





# TO THE MEMORIE of the deceased Authour Maister

VV. SHAKESPEARE.

**S**Hake-speare, at length thy pious fellowes giue  
The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-liue  
Thy Tombe, thy name must: when that stone is rent,  
And Time dissolues thy Stratford Monument,  
Here we aliuē shall view thee still. This Booke,  
When Brasse and Marble fade, shall make thee looke  
Fresh to all Ages: when Posteritie  
Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodegie  
That is not Shake-speares; eu'ry Line, each Verse  
Here shall reuiue, redeeme thee from thy Herse.  
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Naso said,  
Of his, thy witsfraught Booke shall once inuade.  
Nor shall I e're beleuee, or thinke thee dead  
(Though mist) untill our bankrout Stage be sped  
(Impossible) with some new straine t'out-do  
Passions of Iuliet, and her Romeo;  
Or till I beare a Scene more nobly take,  
Then when thy half-Sword parlying Romans spake.  
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest  
Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest,  
Be sure, our Shake-speare, thou canst neuer dye,  
But crown'd with Lawrell, liue eternally.

L. Digges.

## To the memorie of M.W. Shake-speare.

**W**EE wondred (Shake-speare) that thou went'st so soone  
From the Worlds Stage, to the Graues-Tyring-roome.  
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,  
Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'st but forth  
To enter with applause. An Actors Art,  
Can dye, and liue, to acte a second part.  
That's but an Exit of Mortalitie;  
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

I. M.



---

# The Workes of William Shakespeare,

containing all his Comedies, Histories, and  
Tragedies : Truely set forth, according to their first  
*ORIGINALL.*

---

## The Names of the Principall Actors in all these Playes.



*William Shakespeare.*

*Richard Burbadge.*

*John Hemmings.*

*Augustine Phillips.*

*William Kempt.*

*Thomas Poope.*

*George Bryan.*

*Henry Condell.*

*William Slye.*

*Richard Cowly.*

*John Lowine.*

*Samuell Crosse.*

*Alexander Cooke.*

*Samuel Gilburne.*

*Robert Armin.*

*William Ostler.*

*Nathan Field.*

*John Underwood.*

*Nicholas Tooley.*

*William Ecclestone.*

*Joseph Taylor.*

*Robert Benfield.*

*Robert Goughe.*

*Richard Robinson.*

*Iohn Shancke.*

*Iohn Rice.*







# A C A T A L O G V E

of the feuerall Comedies, Histories, and Tra-  
gedies contained in this Volume.

## COMEDIES.

|                                  |          |
|----------------------------------|----------|
| <b>H</b> He Tempest.             | Folio 1. |
| The two Gentlemen of Verona.     | 20       |
| The Merry Wiues of Windsor.      | 38       |
| Measure for Measure.             | 61       |
| The Comedy of Errours.           | 85       |
| Much adoo about Nothing.         | 101      |
| Loues Labour lost.               | 122      |
| Midsummer Nights Dreame.         | 145      |
| The Merchant of Venice.          | 163      |
| As you Like it.                  | 185      |
| The Taming of the Shrew.         | 208      |
| All is well, that Ends well.     | 230      |
| Twelfth Night, or what you will. | 255      |
| The Winters Tale.                | 304      |

## HISTORIES.

|   |         |
|---|---------|
| The Life and Death of King John.        | Fol. 1. |
| The Life & death of Richard the second. | 23      |

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| The First part of King Henry the fourth. | 46  |
| The Second part of K. Henry the fourth.  | 74  |
| The Life of King Henry the Fifth.        | 69  |
| The First part of King Henry the Sixth.  | 96  |
| The Second part of King Hen. the Sixth.  | 120 |
| The Third part of King Henry the Sixth.  | 147 |
| The Life & Death of Richard the Third.   | 173 |
| The Life of King Henry the Eighth.       | 205 |

## TRAGEDIES.

|                                     |         |
|-------------------------------------|---------|
| The Tragedy of Coriolanus.          | Fol. 1. |
| Titus Andronicus.                   | 31      |
| Romeo and Juliet.                   | 53      |
| Timon of Athens.                    | 80      |
| The Life and death of Julius Cæsar. | 109     |
| The Tragedy of Macbeth.             | 131     |
| The Tragedy of Hamlet.              | 152     |
| King Lear.                          | 283     |
| Othello, the Moore of Venice.       | 310     |
| Anthony and Cleopater.              | 346     |
| Cymbeline King of Britaine.         | 369     |





# T H E T E M P E S T.

## *Actus primus, Scena prima.*

*A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-master, and a Botefwaine.*

*Master.*

Ote-swaine.

**B**

*Botef.* Heere Master: What cheere?

*Maſt.* Good: Speake to th'Mariners: fall too't, yarely, or we run our felues a ground, beſtirre, beſtirre. *Exit.*

*Enter Mariners.*

*Botef.* Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my harts: yare, yare: Take in the toppe-ſale: Tend to th'Maſters whistle: Blow till thou burſt thy winde, if roome enough.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo, and others.*

*Alon.* Good Botefwaine haue care: where's the Maſter? Play the men.

*Botef.* I pray now keepe below.

*Antb.* Where is the Maſter, Boſon?

*Botef.* Do you not heere him? you marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines: you do aſſiſt the ſtorme.

*Gonz.* Nay, good be patient.

*Botef.* When the Sea is: hence, what cares theſe roaſters for the name of King? to Cabine; ſilence: trouble vs not.

*Gon.* Good, yet remember whom thou haſt aboard.

*Botef.* None that I more loue then my ſelfe. You are a Counſellor, if you can command theſe Elements to ſilence, and worke the peace of the preſent, wee will not hand a rope more, vſe your authoritie: If you cannot, giue thanks you haue liu'd ſo long, and make your ſelfe readie in your Cabine for the miſchance of the houre, if it ſo hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our way I lay. *Exit.*

*Gon.* I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning marke vpon him, his complexion is perfect Gallowes: ſtand faſt good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his deſtiny our cable, for our owne doth little aduantage: If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our caſe is miſerable. *Exit.*

*Enter Botefwaine.*

*Botef.* Downe with the top-Maſt: yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with Maine-courſe. A plague—  
*A try wiſbin.* *Enter Sebastian, Antonio & Gonzalo.*

vpon this howling: they are lowder then the weather, or our office: yet againe? What do you heere? Shal we giue ore and drowne, haue you a minde to ſinke?

*Sebaſ.* A poxe o'your throat, you bawling, blaſphemous incharitable Dog.

*Botef.* Worke you then.

*Antb.* Hang cur, hang, you whoreſon insolent Noyſe-maker, we are leſſe afraid to be drownde, then thou art.

*Gonz.* I'le warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no ſtronger then a Nutt-shell, and as leaky as an vnſtanch'd wench.

*Botef.* Lay her a hold, a hold, ſet her two courſes off to Sea againe, lay her off.

*Enter Mariners wet.*

*Mari.* All loſt, to prayers, to prayers, all loſt.

*Botef.* What muſt our mouths be cold?

*Gonz.* The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's aſſiſt them, for our caſe is as theirs.

*Sebaſ.* I'am out of patience.

*An.* We are meerly cheated of our liues by drunkards, This wide-chopt-raſcall, would thou might'ſt lye drowning the waſhing of ten Tides.

*Gonz.* Hee'l be hang'd yet,

Though euery drop of water ſweare againſt it, And gape at wiſd to glut him. *A conſuſed noiſe wiſbin.*

Mercy on vs.

We ſplit, we ſplit, Farewell my wife, and children,

Farewell brother: we ſplit, we ſplit, we ſplit.

*Antb.* Let's all ſinke with King

*Seb.* Let's take leaue of him. *Exit.*

*Gonz.* Now would I giue a thouſand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne firr, any thing; the wills aboue be done, but I would ſaine dye a dry death. *Exit.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Proſpero and Miranda.*

*Mira.* If by your Art (my deereſt father) you haue Put the wild waters in this Rore; alay them:

The ſkye it ſeemes would powre down ſtinking pitch,

But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheekes,

Dashes the fire out. Oh I haue ſuffered

With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer: A braue veſſell

A

(Who

(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)  
 Dah'd all to peeces : O the cry did knocke  
 Against my very heart : poore soules, they perish'd.  
 Had I byn any God of power, I would  
 Haue suncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere  
 It should the good Ship so haue swallow'd, and  
 The fraughting Soules within her.

*Prof.* Be collected,  
 No more amazement : Tell your pitteous heart  
 there's no harme done.

*Mira.* O woe, the day.

*Prof.* No harme :  
 I haue done nothing, but in care of thee  
 (Of thee my deere one ; thee my daughter) who  
 Art ignorant of what thou art . naught knowing  
 Of whence I am : nor that I am more better  
 Then *Prospero*, Master of a full poore cell,  
 And thy no greater Father.

*Mira.* More to know  
 Did neuer medle with my thoughts.

*Prof.* 'Tis time  
 I should informe thee farther : Lend thy hand  
 And plucke my Magick garment from me : So,  
 Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, haue comfort,  
 The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd  
 The very vertue of compassion in thee :  
 I haue with such prouision in mine Art  
 So safely ordered, that there is no foule  
 No not so much perdition as an hayre  
 Betid to any creature in the vessell  
 Which thou heardest cry , which thou saw'st finke : Sit  
 For thou must now know farther. [downe,

*Mira.* You haue often  
 Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt  
 And left me to a bootlesse Inquisition,  
 Concluding, stay : not yet.

*Prof.* The howr's now come  
 The very minute byds thee ope thine eare,  
 Obey, and be attentue. Canst thou remember  
 A time before we came vnto this Cell?  
 I doe not thinke thou canst, for then thou was't not  
 Out three yeeres old.

*Mira.* Certainly Sir, I can.

*Prof.* By what? by any other house, or person?  
 Of any thing the Image, tell me, that  
 Hath kept with thy remembrance.

*Mira.* 'Tis farre off :  
 And rather like a dreame, then an assurance  
 That my remembrance warrants : Had I not  
 Fowre, or fife women once, that tended me?

*Prof.* Thou hadst ; and more *Miranda* : But how is it  
 That this liues in thy minde? What seest thou els  
 In the dark-backward and Abisme of Time?  
 Yf thou remembrest ought ere thou cam'st here,  
 How thou cam'st here thou maist.

*Mira.* But that I doe not.

*Prof.* Twelue yere since (*Miranda*) twelue yere since,  
 Thy father was the Duke of *Millaine* and  
 A Prince of power :

*Mira.* Sir, are not you my Father?

*Prof.* Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and  
 She said thou wast my daughter ; and thy father  
 Was Duke of *Millaine*, and his onely heire,  
 And Princeesse ; no worse I liued.

*Mira.* O the heauens,  
 What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?

Or blessed was't we did?

*Prof.* Both, both my Girle.  
 By fowle-play (as thou saist) were we beaue'd thence,  
 But blessedly holpe hither.

*Mira.* O my heart bleedes  
 To thinke oth' teene that I haue turn'd you to,  
 Which is from my remembrance, please you, farther;

*Prof.* My brother and thy vncke, call'd *Antonio* :  
 I pray thee marke me, that a brother should  
 Be so perfidious : he, whom next thy selfe  
 Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put  
 The mannage of my state, as at that time  
 Through all the signories it was the first,  
 And *Prospero*, the prime Duke, being so reputed  
 In dignity ; and for the liberall Artes,  
 Without a paralell ; those being all my studie,  
 The Gouernment I cast vpon my brother,  
 And to my State grew stranger, being transported  
 And rapt in secret studies, thy false vncke  
 (Do'st thou attend me?)

*Mira.* Sir, most heedefully.

*Prof.* Being once perfected how to graunt suites,  
 how to deny them : who t'aduaunce, and who  
 To trash for ouer-topping; new created  
 The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,  
 Or els new form'd 'em ; hauing both the key,  
 Of Officer, and office, set all hearts i'th state  
 To what tune pleas'd his eare, that now he was  
 The luy which had hid my princely Truncke,  
 And suckt my verdure out on't : Thou attend'st not?

*Mira.* O good Sir, I doe.

*Prof.* I pray thee marke me :  
 I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
 To closenes, and the bettering of my mind  
 with that, which but by being so retir'd  
 Ore-priz'd all popular rate; in my false brother  
 Awak'd an euill nature, and my trust  
 Like a good parent, did beget of him  
 A falsehood in it's contrarie, as great  
 As my trust was, which had indeede no limit,  
 A confidence fans bound. He being thus Lorded,  
 Not onely with what my reueneue yeilded,  
 But what my power might els exact. Like one  
 Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,  
 Made such a synner of his memorie  
 To credite his owne lie, he did beleue  
 He was indeede the Duke, out o'th' Substitution  
 And executing th'outward face of Roialtie  
 With all prerogatiue: hence his Ambition growing :  
 Do'st thou heare?

*Mira.* Your tale, Sir, would cure deafenesse.

*Prof.* To haue no Schreene between this part he plaid  
 And him he plaid it for, he needes will be  
 Absolute *Millaine*, Me (poore man) my Librarie  
 Was Dukedome large enough : of temporall roalties  
 He thinks me now incapable. Confederates  
 (so drie he was for Sway) with King of *Naples*  
 To giue him Annuall tribute, doe him homage  
 Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend  
 The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (alas poore *Millaine*)  
 To most ignoble stooping.

*Mira.* Oh the heauens :

*Prof.* Marke his condition, and th'euent, then tell m  
 If this might be a brother.

*Mira.* I should sinne  
 To thinke but Noblie of my Grand-mother,

vombes haue borne bad sonnes.

Now the Condition.

King of Naples being an Enemy  
inexterminate, hearkens my Brothers suit,  
was, That he in lieu o'th' premises,  
page, and I know not how much Tribute,  
presently extirpate me and mine  
the Dukedome, and confer faire *Millaine*  
all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon  
cherous Armie leuied, one mid-night  
to th' purpose, did *Antonio* open  
ites of *Millaine*, and ith' dead of darkenesse  
inisters for th' purpose hurried thence  
d thy crying selfe.

r. Alack, for pittie:  
remembring how I cride out then  
ry it ore againe: it is a hint  
wings mine eyes too't.

Heare a little further,  
sen I'll bring thee to the present businesse  
now's vpon's: without the which, this Story  
most impertinent.

r. Wherefore did they not  
lowre destroy vs?

Well demanded, wench:  
de prouokes that question: Deare, they durst not,  
re the loue my people bore me: nor set  
ke so bloody on the businesse; but  
colours fairer, painted their foule ends.  
, they hurried vs a-board a Barke,  
some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared  
in carkasse of a Butt, not rigg'd,  
ckle, sayle, nor mast, the very rats  
liuely haue quit it: There they hoyt vs  
to th' Sea, that roard to vs; to fight  
windes, whose pittie fighting backe againe  
but louing wrong.

. Alack, what trouble  
then to you?

O, a Cherubin  
was't that did preferue me; Thou didst smile,  
with a fortitude from heauen,  
I haue deck'd the sea with drops full salt,  
my burthen groan'd, which raif'd in me  
tergoing stomacke, to beare vp  
t what should ensue.

. How came we a shore?

By prouidence diuine,  
ood, we had, and some fresh water, that  
e *Neopolitan Gonnalo*

his Charity, (who being then appointed  
of this designe) did giue vs, with  
arments, linnens, stuffs, and necessities  
since haue steeded much, so of his gentlenesse  
ng I lou'd my bookes, he furnisht me  
mine owne Library, with volumes, that  
about my Dukedome.

. Would I might  
er see that man.

Now I arise,  
, and heare the last of our sea-sorrow:  
in this Island we arriu'd, and heere  
, thy Schoolemaster, made thee more profit  
ther Princess can, that haue more time  
iner howres; and Tutors, not so carefull.  
. Heuens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,

For still 'tis beating in my minde; your reason  
For rayfing this Sea-storme?

Pro. Know thus far forth,

By accident most strange, bountifull *Fortune*  
(Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore: And by my prescience  
I finde my *Zenith* doth depend vpon  
A most auspicious starre, whose influence  
If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes  
Will euer after droope: Heare cease more questions,  
Thou art inclinde to sleepe: 'tis a good dulnesse,  
And giue it way: I know thou canst not chuse:  
Come away, Seruant, come; I am ready now,  
Approach my *Ariel*. Come. *Enter Ariel.*

*Ari.* All haile, great Master, graue Sir, haile: I come  
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,  
To swim, to diue into the fire: to ride  
On the curld clouds: to thy strong bidding, taske  
*Ariel*, and all his Qualitie.

Pro. Haft thou, Spirit,  
Perform'd to point, the Tempest that I bad thee.

*Ar.* To euery Article.

I boarded the Kings ship: now on the Beake,  
Now in the Wasse, the Decke, in euery Cabyn,  
I flam'd amazement, sometime I'd diuide  
And burne in many places; on the Top-mast,  
The Yards and Bore-spritt, would I flame distinctly,  
Then meete, and ioyn. *Ioues* Lightning, the precursor  
O'th' dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie  
And fight out-running were not; the fire, and cracks  
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*  
Seeme to besiege, and make his bold waues tremble,  
Yea, his dread Trident shake.

Pro. My braue Spirit,  
Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle  
Would not infect his reason?

*Ar.* Not a foule

But felt a Feauer of the madde, and plaid  
Some tricks of desperation; all but *Mariners*  
Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the vessell;  
Then all a fire with me the Kings sonne *Ferdinand*  
With haire vp-staring (then like reeds, not haire)  
Was the first man that leapt; cride hell is empty,  
And all the Diuels are heere.

Pro. Why that's my spirit:

But was not this nye shore?

*Ar.* Close by, my Master.

Pro. But are they (*Ariel*) safe?

*Ar.* Not a haire perisht:

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
But fresher then before: and as thou badst me,  
In troops I haue disperfd them 'bout the Ile:  
The Kings sonne haue I landed by himselfe,  
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with fighes,  
In an odde Angle of the Ile, and sitting  
His armes in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the Kings ship,  
The Marriners, say how thou hast disposd,  
And all the rest o'th' Fleete?

*Ar.* Safely in harbour

Is the Kings shippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once  
Thou calldst me vp at midnight to fetch dewe  
From the still-vest *Bermoothes*, there she's hid;  
The Marriners all vnder hatches stowed,  
Who, with a Charme ioyn'd to their suffred labour  
I haue left asleepe: and for the rest o'th' Fleet

A 2

Which

(Which I dispers'd) they all haue met againe,  
And are vpon the *Mediterranian Flote*  
Bound sadly home for *Naples*,  
Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackt,  
And his great person perisht.

*Pro.* *Ariel*, thy charge  
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more worke:  
What is the time o'th'day?

*Ar.* Past the mid season.

*Pro.* At least two Glasse: the time 'twixt six & now  
Must by vs both be spent most preciouslly.

*Ar.* Is there more toyle? Since y' doft giue me pains,  
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,  
Which is not yet perform'd me.

*Pro.* How now? moodie?  
What is't thou canst demand?

*Ar.* My Libertie.

*Pro.* Before the time be out? no more:

*Ar.* I prethee,  
Remember I haue done thee worthy seruice,  
Told thee no lyes, made thee no mistakings, serv'd  
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou didst promise  
To bate me a full yeere.

*Pro.* Do'st thou forget  
From what a torment I did free thee? *Ar.* No.  
*Pro.* Thou do'st: & think'st it much to tread y' Ooze  
Of the salt deepe;

To run vpon the sharpe winde of the North,  
To doe me businesse in the veines o'th' earth  
When it is bak'd with frost.

*Ar.* I doe not Sir.

*Pro.* Thou liest, malignant Thing: hast thou forgot  
The fowle Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Enuy  
Was growne into a hoope? hast thou forgot her?

*Ar.* No Sir.

*Pro.* Thou hast: where was she born? speak: tell me:

*Ar.* Sir, in *Argier*.

*Pro.* Oh, was she so: I must  
Once in a moneth recount what thou hast bin,  
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*  
For mischiefs manifold, and forceries terrible  
To enter humane hearing, from *Argier*  
Thou know'st was banish'd: for one thing she did  
They would not take her life: Is not this true? *Ar.* I, Sir.

*Pro.* This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with  
And here was left by th'Saylors; thou my slaue, (child,  
As thou report'st thy selfe, was then her seruant,  
And for thou wast a Spirit too delicate  
To act her earthy, and abhor'd commands,  
Refusing her grand hefts, she did confine thee  
By helpe of her more potent Ministers,  
And in her most vnmittigable rage,  
Into a clouen Pyne, within which rift  
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remaine  
A dozen yeeres: within which space she di'd,  
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groanes  
As fast as Mill-wheeles strike: Then was this Island  
(Saue for the Son, that he did littour heere,  
A frekel'd whelp, hag-borne) not honour'd with  
A humane shape.

*Ar.* Yes: *Caliban* her sonne.

*Pro.* Dull thing, I say so: he, that *Caliban*  
Whom now I keepe in seruice, thou best know'st  
What torment I did finde thee in; thy groanes  
Did make wolues howle, and penetrate the breasts  
Of euer-angry Beares; it was a torment

To lay vpon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*  
Could not againe vndoe: it was mine Art,  
When I arriu'd, and heard thee, that made gape  
The Pyne, and let thee out.

*Ar.* I thanke thee Master.

*Pro.* If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oake  
And peg thee in his knotty entrailes, till  
Thou hast howl'd away twelue winters.

*Ar.* Pardon, Master,

I will be correspondent to command  
And doe my spryting, gently.

*Pro.* Doe so: and after two daies  
I will discharge thee.

*Ar.* That's my noble Master:

What shall I doe? say what? what shall I doe?

*Pro.* Goe make thy selfe like a Nymph o'th' Sea,  
Be subiect to no fight but thine, and mine: inuisible  
To euerie eye-ball else: goe take this shape  
And hither come in't: goe: hence  
With diligence. *Exit.*

*Pro.* Awake, deere hart awake, thou hast slept well,  
Awake.

*Mir.* The strangenes of your story, put  
Heauinesse in me.

*Pro.* Shake it off: Come on,  
Wee'll visit *Caliban*, my slaue, who neuer  
Yeelds vs kinde answer.

*Mir.* 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not loue to looke on.

*Pro.* But as 'tis

We cannot misse him: he do's make our fire,  
Fetch in our wood, and serues in Offices  
That profit vs: What hoa: slaue: *Caliban*:  
Thou Earth, thou: speake.

*Cal. within.* There's wood enough within.

*Pro.* Come forth I say, there's other busines for thee:  
Come thou Tortoys, when? *Enter Ariel like a water*  
Fine apparition: my quaint *Ariel*, *Nymph.*  
Hearke in thine eare.

*Ar.* My Lord, it shall be done. *Exit.*

*Pro.* Thou poysonous slaue, got by y' diuell himselfe  
Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth. *Enter Caliban.*

*Cal.* As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brush'd  
With Rauens feather from vnwholesome Fen  
Drop on you both: A South-west blow on yee,  
And blister you all ore.

*Pro.* For this be sure, to night thou shalt haue cramps,  
Side-stitches, that shall pen thy breath vp, Vrchins  
Shall for that vast of night, that they may worke  
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more stinging  
Then Bees that made 'em.

*Cal.* I must eat my dinner:

This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,  
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou cam'st first  
Thou stroak'st me, & made much of me: wouldst giue me  
Water with berries in't: and teach me how  
To name the bigger Light, and how the lesse  
That burne by day, and night: and then I lou'd thee  
And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,  
The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,  
Curs'd be I that did so: All the Charms  
Of *Sycorax*: Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you:  
For I am all the Subiects that you haue,  
Which first was min owne King: and here you sty-me  
In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me  
The rest o'th' Island.

*Pro.* Thou

Thou most lying slave,  
stripes may moue, not kindnes: I haue vs'd thee  
as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee  
in owne Cell, till thou didst seeke to violate  
nor of my childe.

Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done:  
idst preuent me, I had peopel'd else  
le with *Calibans*.

1. Abhorred Slaue,  
any print of goodnesse wilt not take,  
apable of all ill: I pittied thee,  
ains to make thee speak, taught thee each houre  
ing or other: when thou didst not (*Sauage*)  
thine owne meaning; but wouldst gabble, like  
y most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes  
ords that made them knowne: But thy wild race  
hou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures  
not abide to be with; therefore wast thou  
dly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadst  
d more then a prison.

You taught me Language, and my profit on't  
ow how to curse: the red-plague rid you  
ming me your language.

Hag-feed, hence:  
s in Fewell, and be quicke thou'rt best  
wer other businesse: shrug'ft thou (*Malice*)  
neglect, or dost vnwillingly  
command, Ile racke thee with old Crampes,  
thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,  
asts shall tremble at thy dyn.

No, 'pray thee.  
obey, his Art is of such pow'r,  
d controll my Dams god *Setebos*,  
ake a vassaile of him.

So slave, hence. *Exit Cal.*

*Ferdinand & Ariel, inuisible playing & singing.*  
' Song. Come vnto these yellow sands,  
and then take hands:

*Curtied when you bawe, and kist  
the wilde waues rubst:  
it featly beere, and there, and sweete Sprights beare  
the burthen. Burthen disperfedly.  
' barke, bowgh warogh: the watch-Dogges barke,  
bowgh-warogh.  
ark, bark, I beare, the straine of strutting Chanticlers  
cry cockadiddle-dowe.*

Where shold this Musick be? I'th aire, or th'earth?  
is no more: and sure it waytes vpon  
lod 'oth'lland, sitting on a banke,  
g againe the King my Fathers wracke.  
usicke crept by me vpon the waters,  
g both their fury, and my passion  
'a sweet ayre: thence I haue follow'd it  
ath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.  
begins againe.

11 Song. Full sadom sue thy Father lies,  
Of his bones are Corall made:  
Those are pearles that were his eies,  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a Sea-change  
Into something rich, & strange:  
Sea-Nymphs bowly ring his knell.

Burthen: ding dong.

Hark now I beare them, ding-dong bell.  
The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,  
no mortall busines, nor no sound

That the earth owes: I heare it now about me.

*Pro.* The fringed Curtaines of thine eye aduance,  
And say what thou see'st yond.

*Mir.* What is't a Spirit?  
Lord, how it lookes about: Beleeue me sir,  
It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a spirit.

*Pro.* No wench, it eate, and sleepe, & hath such senses  
As we haue: such. This Gallant which thou see'st  
Was in the wracke: and but hee's something stain'd  
With greefe (that's beauties canker) y might'ft call him  
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellowes,  
And strays about to finde 'em.

*Mir.* I might call him  
A thing diuine, for nothing naturall  
I euer saw so Noble.

*Pro.* It goes on I see  
As my soule prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, Ile free thee  
Within two dayes for this.

*Fer.* Most sure the Goddesse  
On whom these ayres attend: Vouchsafe my pray'r  
May know if you remaine vpon this Island,  
And that you will some good instruction giue  
How I may beare me heere: my prime request  
(Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)  
If you be Mayd, or no?

*Mir.* No wonder Sir,  
But certainly a Mayd.

*Fer.* My Language? Heauens:  
I am the best of them that speake this speech,  
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

*Pro.* How? the best?  
What wer't thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?

*Fer.* A single thing, as I am now, that wonders  
To heare thee speake of *Naples*: he do's beare me,  
And that he do's, I weepe: my selfe am *Naples*,  
Who, with mine eyes (neuer since at ebbe) beheld  
The King my Father wrack't.

*Mir.* Alacke, for mercy.

*Fer.* Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of *Millaine*  
And his braue sonne, being twaine.

*Pro.* The Duke of *Millaine*  
And his more brauer daughter, could controll thee  
If now 'twere fit to do't: At the first sight  
They haue chang'd eyes: Delicate *Ariel*,  
Ile set thee free for this. A word good Sir,  
I feare you haue done your selfe some wrong: A word.

*Mir.* Why speakes my father so vnghently? This  
Is the third man that ere I saw: the first  
That ere I sigh'd for: pittie moue my father  
To be enclin'd my way.

*Fer.* O, if a Virgin,  
And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you  
The Queene of *Naples*.

*Pro.* Soft sir, one word more.  
They are both in eythers pow'rs: But this swift busines  
I must vnease make, least too light winning  
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee  
That thou attend me: Thou do'st heere vsurpe  
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy selfe  
Vpon this Island, as a spy, to win it  
From me, the Lord on't.

*Fer.* No, as I am a man.

*Mir.* Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in such a Temple,  
If the ill-spirit haue so fayre a house,  
Good things will stue to dwell with't.

*Pro.* Follow me.



*Prof.* Speake not you for him : hee's a Traitor: come, Ile manacle thy necke and fetters together : Sea water shalt thou drinke : thy food shall be The fresh-brooke Muffels, wither'd roots, and huskes Wherein the Acorne cradled . Follow.

*Fer.* No,  
I will resist such entertainment, till  
Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.

*He drawes, and is charmed from moving.*

*Mira.* O deere Father,  
Make not too rash a triall of him, for  
Hee's gentle, and not fearfull.

*Prof.* What I say,  
My foote my Tutor? Put thy sword vp Traitor,  
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike : thy conscience  
Is so possest with guilt: Come, from thy ward,  
For I can heere disarme thee with this stick, and  
make thy weapon drop.

*Mira.* Befeech you Father.

*Prof.* Hence : hang not on my garments.

*Mira.* Sir haue pity,  
Ile be his surety.

*Prof.* Silence : One word more  
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee : What,  
An aduocate for an Impostor? Hush :  
Thou think'st there is no more such shap as he,  
(Hauing seene but him and *Caliban* :) Foolish wench,  
To th'most of men, this is a *Caliban*,  
And they to him are Angela.

*Mira.* My affections  
Are then most humble : I haue no ambition  
To see a goodlier man.

*Prof.* Come on, obey :  
Thy Nerues are in their infancy againe.  
And haue no-vigour in them.

*Fer.* So they are :  
My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp :  
My Fathers losse, the weaknesse which I feele,  
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,  
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,  
Might I but through my prison once a day  
Behold this Mayd : all corners else o'th'Earth  
Let liberty make vse of : space enough  
Haue I in such a prison.

*Prof.* It workes : Come on.  
Thou hast done well, fine *Ariell* : follow me,  
Harke what thou else shalt do mee.

*Mira.* Be of comfort,  
My Fathers of a better nature (Sir)  
Then he appeares by speech : this is vnwonted  
Which now came from him.

*Prof.* Thou shalt be as free  
As mountaine windes ; but then exactly do  
All points of my command.

*Ariell.* To th'syllable.

*Prof.* Come follow : speake not for him.

*Exeunt.*

## *Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.*

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,  
Francisco, and others.*

*Gons.* Befeech you Sir, be merry ; you haue cause,  
(So haue we all) of ioy ; for our escape

Is much beyond our losse ; our hint of woe  
Is common, every day, some Saylor's wife,  
The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant  
Haue iust our Theame of woe : But for the miracle,  
(I meane our preseruatiō) few in millions  
Can speake like vs : then wisely (good Sir) weigh  
Our sorrow, with our comfort.

*Alon.* Prethee peace.

*Seb.* He receiues comfort like cold porredge.

*Ant.* The Visitor will not giue him ore fo.

*Seb.* Looke, hee's winding vp the watch of his wit  
By and by it will strike.

*Gon.* Sir.

*Seb.* One : Tell.

*Gon.* When euery greefe is entertain'd,  
That's offer'd comes to th'entertainer.

*Seb.* A dollor.

*Gon.* Dolour comes to him indeed, you haue sp  
truer then you purpos'd.

*Seb.* You haue taken it wiselier then I meant  
should.

*Gon.* Therefore my Lord.

*Ant.* Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue.

*Alon.* I pre-thee spare.

*Gon.* Well, I haue done : But yet

*Seb.* He will be talking.

*Ant.* Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager,  
First begins to crow?

*Seb.* The old Cocke.

*Ant.* The Cockrell.

*Seb.* Done : The wager?

*Ant.* A Laughter.

*Seb.* A match.

*Adr.* Though this Island seeme to be desert.

*Seb.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Ant.* So : you'r paid.

*Adr.* Vninhhabitable, and almost inaccessible.

*Seb.* Yet

*Adr.* Yet

*Ant.* He could not misse't.

*Adr.* It must needs be of subtle, tender, and d  
temperance.

*Ant.* Temperance was a delicate wench.

*Seb.* I, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliuer'd

*Adr.* The ayre breathes vpon vs here most sweetly

*Seb.* As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.

*Ant.* Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.

*Gon.* Heere is euery thing aduantageous to life.

*Ant.* True, saue meanes to liue.

*Seb.* Of that there's none, or little.

*Gon.* How lush and lusty the grass looks?  
How Greene?

*Ant.* The ground indeed is tawny.

*Seb.* With an eye of Greene in't.

*Ant.* He missees not much.

*Seb.* No : he doth but mistake the truth totally.

*Gon.* But the rariety of it is, which is indeed :  
beyond credit.

*Seb.* As many voucht rarieties are.

*Gon.* That our Garments being (as they were) d  
in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshnesse  
glosses, being rather new dy'd then stain'd with  
water.

*Ant.* If but one of his pockets could speake,  
it not say he lyes?

*Seb.* I, or very falsely pocket vp his report.

Gon. Me thinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Affricke, at the marriage of the kings faire daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunisi*.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our returne.

Adri. *Tunisi* was neuer grac'd before with such a Paragon to their Queene.

Gon. Not since widdow *Dido's* time.

Ant. Widow? A pox o'that: how came that Widdow in? Widdow *Dido*!

Seb. What if he had said Widdower *Aeneas* too?

Good Lord, how you take it?

Adri. Widdow *Dido* said you? You make me study of that: She was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunisi*.

Gon. This *Tunisi* Sir was *Carthage*.

Adri. *Carthage*? Gon. I assure you *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I thinke hee will carry this Island home in his pocket, and giue it his sonne for an Apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Islands.

Gon. I. Ant. Why in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seeme now as fresh as when we were at *Tunisi* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene.

Ant. And the rarest that ere came there.

Seb. Bate (I beseech you) widdow *Dido*.

Gon. O Widdow *Dido*? I, Widdow *Dido*.

Ant. Is not Sir my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I meane in a fort.

Ant. That fort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

Alon. You cram these words into mine eares, against the stomacke of my sense: would I had neuer Married my daughter there: For comming thence My sonne is lost, and (in my rate) she too, Who is so farre from *Italy* removed, I ne're againe shall see her: O thou mine heire Of *Naples* and of *Millaine*, what strange fish Hath made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sir he may liue, I saw him beate the surges vnder him, And ride vpon their backs; he trod the water Whose enmity he slung aside: and brested The surge most swolne that met him: his bold head Boue the contentious waues he kept. and oared Himselfe with his good armes in lusty stroke To th'shore; that ore his waue-worne basis bowed As stooping to releue him: I not doubt He came aliuie to Land.

Alon. No, no, hee's gone.

Seb. Sir you may thank your selfe for this great losse, That would not blesse our Europe with your daughter, But rather loose her to an Affrican, Where she at least, is banish'd from your eye, Who hath caufe to wet the greefe on't.

Alon. Pre-thee peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwise By all of vs: and the faire soule her selfe Waigh'd betwene loathnesse, and obedience, at Which end o'th'beame should bow: we haue lost your I feare for euer: *Millaine* and *Naples* haue (son, Mo widdowes in them of this businesse making, Then we bring men to comfort them:

The faults your owne.

Alon. So is the deer't oth'losse.

Gon. My Lord *Sebastian*,

The truth you speake doth lacke some gentlenesse, And time to speake it in: you rub the fore,

When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well. Ant. And most Chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foule weather in vs all, good Sir,

When you are cloudy.

Seb. Fowle weather? Ant. Very foule.

Gon. Had I plantation of this Isle my Lord.

Ant. Hee'd fow't vvith Nettle-feed.

Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes.

Gon. And were the King on't, what vvould I do?

Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.

Gon. I'th'Commonwealth I vvould (by contraries)

Execute all things: For no kinde of Trafficke

Would I admit: No name of Magistrate:

Letters should not be knowne: Riches, pouerty,

And vse of seruice, none: Contract, Succesion,

Borne, bound of Land, Tith, Vineyard none:

No vse of Metall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle:

No occupation, all men idle, all:

And Women too, but innocent and pure:

No Soueraignty.

Seb. Yet he vvould be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common Nature should produce

Without sweat or endeuour: Treason, felony,

Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine

Would I not haue: but Nature should bring forth

Of it owne kinde, all foynon, all abundance

To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subiects?

Ant. None (man) all idle; Whores and knaues,

Gon. I vvould vvith such perfection gouerne Sir:

T'Excell the Golden Age.

Seb. 'Saue his Maiesty. Ant. Long liue *Gonzalo*.

Gon. And do you marke me, Sir? (me.

Alon. Pre-thee no more: thou dost talke nothing to

Gon. I do vvell beleuee your Highnesse, and did it

to minister occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of

such sensible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes vse

to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you vve laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling am nothing

to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow vvvas there giuen?

Seb. And it had not false flat-long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of braue metall: you would lift the Moone out of her speare, if she would continue in it fve weekes vvithout changing.

Enter *Ariell* playing *Solemne Musicke*.

Seb. We vvould so, and then go a Bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

Gon. No I warrant you, I vvill not aduenture my discretion so weakly: Will you laugh me asleepe, for I am very heauy.

Ant. Go sleepe, and heare vs.

Alon. What, all so soone asleepe? I vvish mine eyes

Would (with themselves) shut vp my thoughts,

I finde they are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you Sir,

Do not omit the heauy offer of it:

It sildome visits sorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter.

Ant.

*Ant.* We two my Lord, will guard your person,  
While you take your rest, and watch your safety.

*Alon.* Thanke you : Wondrous heauy.

*Seb.* What a strange drowlines possesse them ?  
*Ant.* It is the quality o'th'Clymate.

*Seb.* Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sinke ? I finde  
Not my selfe dispos'd to sleep.

*Ant.* Nor I, my spirits are nimble :

They fell together all, as by consent  
They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke : what might  
Worthy *Sebastian* ? O, what might ? no more :  
And yet, me thinkes I see it in thy face,  
What thou should'st be : th'occasion speaks thee, and  
My strong imagination see's a Crowne  
Dropping vpon thy head.

*Seb.* What's art thou waking ?

*Ant.* Do you not heare me speake ?

*Seb.* I do, and surely

It is a sleepey Language ; and thou speak'st  
Out of thy sleepe : What is it thou didst say ?  
This is a strange repose, to be asleepe  
With eyes wide open : standing, speaking, mouing :  
And yet so fast asleepe.

*Ant.* Noble *Sebastian*,  
Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe : die rather : wink'st  
Whiles thou art waking.

*Seb.* Thou do'st snore distinctly,  
There's meaning in thy snores.

*Ant.* I am more serious then my custome : you  
Must be so too, if heed me : which to do,  
Trebbles thee o're.

*Seb.* Well : I am standing water.

*Ant.* Ile teach you how to flow.

*Seb.* Do so : to ebbe

Hereditary Sloth instructs me.

*Ant.* O !

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish  
Whiles thus you mocke it : how in stripping it  
You more inuest it : ebbing men, indeed  
(Most often) do so neere the bottome run  
By their owne feare, or sloth.

*Seb.* 'Pre-thee say on,  
The setting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime  
A matter from thee ; and a birth, indeed,  
Which throwes thee much to yeeld.

*Ant.* Thus Sir :

Although this Lord of weake remembrance ; this  
Who shall be of as little memory  
When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded  
(For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, onely  
Professes to perswade) the King his sonne's aliuie,  
'Tis as impossible that hee's vndrown'd,  
As he that sleepes heere, swims.

*Seb.* I haue no hope  
That hee's vndrown'd.

*Ant.* O, out of that no hope,  
What great hope haue you ? No hope that way, Is  
Another way so high a hope, that euen  
Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond  
But doubt discouery there. Will you grant with me  
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd.

*Seb.* He's gone.

*Ant.* Then tell me, who's the next heire of *Naples* ?

*Seb.* *Claribell*.

*Ant.* She that is Queene of *Tunis* : she that dwells

Ten leagues beyond mans life : she that from *Naples*  
Can haue no note, vnlesse the Sun were poft :  
The Man i'th Moone's too slow, till new-borne chinnes  
Be rough, and Razor-able : She that from whom  
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast againe,  
(And by that destiny) to performe an act  
Whereof, what's past is Prologue ; what to come  
In yours, and my discharge.

*Seb.* What stuffe is this ? How say you ?

'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of *Tunis*,  
So is the heyre of *Naples*, 'twixt which Regions  
There is some space.

*Ant.* A space, whose eu'ry cubit  
Seemes to cry out, how shall that *Claribell*  
Measure vs backe to *Naples* ? keepe in *Tunis*,  
And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death  
That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worfe  
Then now they are : There be that can rule *Naples*  
As well as he that sleepes : Lords, that can prate  
As amply, and vnneccessarily  
As this *Gonzallo* : I my selfe could make  
A Chough of as deepe chat : O, that you bore  
The minde that I do ; what a sleepe were this  
For your advancement ? Do you vnderstand me ?

*Seb.* Me thinkes I do.

*Ant.* And how do's your content  
Tender your owne good fortune ?

*Seb.* I remember

You did supplant your Brothet *Prospero*.

*Ant.* True :

And looke how well my Garments fit vpon me,  
Much feater then before : My Brothers seruants  
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

*Seb.* But for your conscience.

*Ant.* I Sir : where lies that ? If 'twere a kybe  
'Twould put me to my slipper : But I feele not  
This Deity in my bosome : 'Twentie consciences  
That stand 'twixt me, and *Millaine*, candied be they,  
And melt ere they mollett : Heere lies your Brother,  
No better then the earth he lies vpon,  
If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead)  
Whom I with this obedient Steele (three inches of it)  
Can lay to bed for euer : whiles you doing thus,  
To the perpetuall winke for aye might put  
This ancient morfell : this Sir Prudence, who  
Should not vpbraide our course : for all the rest  
They'll take suggestion, as a Cat laps milke,  
They'll tell the clocke, to any businesse that  
We say befits the houre.

*Seb.* Thy case, deere Friend

Shall be my president : As thou got'st *Millaine*,  
I'll come by *Naples* : Draw thy sword, one stroke  
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paie'st,  
And I the King shall loue thee.

*Ant.* Draw together :

And when I reare my hand, do you the like  
To fall it on *Gonzallo*.

*Seb.* O, but one word.

*Enter Ariell with Musicke and Song.*

*Ariel.* My Master through his Art foreseees the danger  
That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth  
(For else his proiect dies) to keepe them liuing.

*Sings in Gonzaloes eare.*

While you here do snooring lie,  
Open-ey'd Conspiracie  
His time doth take :

*If of Life you keepe a care,  
Shake off slumber and beware.  
Awake, awake.*

Then let vs both be sodaine.  
Now, good Angels preferue the King.  
Why how now ho; awake? why are you drawn?  
re this ghastly looking?  
What's the matter?  
Whiles we stood here securing your repose,  
ow) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing  
is, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you?  
e mine eare most terribly.  
heard nothing.  
O, 'twas a din to fright a Monsters eare;  
: an earthquake: sure it was the roare  
ole heard of Lyons.  
I heard you this Gonzalo?  
Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,  
at a strange one too) which did awake me:  
you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes open'd,  
sir weapons drawne: there was a noyse,  
erily: 'tis best we stand vpon our guard;  
we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.  
Lead off this ground & let's make further search  
soore sonne.  
Heauens keepe him from these Beasts:  
I sure i'th Island.  
Lead away. (done.  
Prospero my Lord, shall know what I haue  
) goe safely on to seeke thy Son. Exeunt.

## Scæna Secunda.

*rr Caliban, with a burthen of Wood (a noyse of  
Thunder beard.)*

All the infections that the Sunne suckes vp  
gns, Fens, Flats, on Prosper fall, and make him  
meale a disease: his Spirits heare me,  
I needes must curse. But they'll nor pinch,  
re with Vrchyn-shewes, pitch me i'th mire,  
me like a fire-brand, in the darke  
ay way, vnlesse he bid 'em; but  
y trifle, are they set vpon me,  
ie like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,  
r bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which  
bling in my bare-foote way, and mount  
icks at my foot-fall: sometime am I  
nd with Adders, who with clouen tongues  
e me into madnesse: Lo, now Lo, Enter  
nes a Spirit of his, and to torment me Trinculo.  
ging wood in slowly: I'll fall flat,  
ce he will not minde me.  
Here's neither bush, nor shrub to beare off any  
at all: and another Storme brewing, I heare it  
winde: yond same blacke cloud, yond huge  
kes like a foule bumbard that would shed his  
if it should thunder, as it did before, I know  
re to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot  
ut fall by paille-fuls. What haue we here, a man,  
? dead or aliu? a fish, hee smels like a fish: a  
ient and fish-like smell: a kinde of, not of the

newest poore-Iohn: a strange fish: were I in England  
now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted; not  
a holiday-foole there but would giue a peece of siluer:  
there, would this Monster, make a man: any strange  
beast there, makes a man: when they will not giue a  
doit to relieue a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to see  
a dead Indian: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like  
Armes: warme o'my troth: I doe now let loose my o-  
pinion; hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an Islan-  
der, that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas,  
the storme is come againe: my best way is to creepe vn-  
der his Gaberdine: there is no other shelter herea-  
bout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfel-  
lowes: I will here shrowd till the dregges of the storme  
be past.

*Enter Stephano singing.*

*Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I dye ashore.*  
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a mans  
Funerall: well, here's my comfort. Drinks.  
*Sings. The Master, the Swabber, the Boate-swaine & I;  
The Gunner, and his Mate  
Lou'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,  
But none of vs car'd for Kate.  
For she had a tongue with a tang,  
Would cry to a Sailor goe bang:  
She low'd not the sawour of Tar nor of Pitch,  
Yet a Tailor might scratch her rubere ere she did itch.  
Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe bang.*  
This is a scurvy tune too:  
But here's my comfort. drinks.

*Cal. Doe not torment me: oh.*

*Ste. What's the matter?*

*Haue we diuels here?*

*Doe you put trickes vpon's with Saluages, and Men of  
Inde? ha? I haue not scap'd drowning, to be asfard  
now of your foure legges: for it hath bin said; as pro-  
per a man as euer went on foure legs, cannot make him  
giue ground: and it shall be said so againe, while Ste-  
phano breathes at' nostrils.*

*Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh.*

*Ste. This is some Monster of the Isle, with foure legs;  
who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the diuell  
should he learne our language? I will giue him some re-  
liefe if it be but for that: if I can recouer him, and keepe  
him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a Pre-  
sent for any Emperour that euer trod on Neates-lea-  
ther.*

*Cal. Doe not torment me 'prethee: I'll bring my  
wood home faster.*

*Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the  
wisest; hee shall taste of my Bottle: if hee haue neuer  
drunke wine afore, it will goe neere to remoue his Fit:  
if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, I will not take  
too much for him; hee shall pay for him that hath him,  
and that soundly.*

*Cal. Thou do'st me yet but little hurt; thou wilt a-  
non, I know it by thy trembling: Now Prosper workes  
vpon thee.*

*Ste. Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here  
is that which will giue language to you Cat; open your  
mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and  
that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open  
your chaps againe.*

*Tri. I should know that voyce:  
It should be,*

But

But hee is dround; and these are diuels; O defend me.

*Ste.* Foure legges and two voyces; a most delicate Monster: his forward voyce now is to speake well of his friend; his backward voyce, is to vtter foule speeches, and to detract: if all the wine in my bottle will recouer him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will poure some in thy other mouth.

*Tri. Stephano.*

*Ste.* Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a diuell, and no Monster: I will leaue him, I haue no long Spoon.

*Tri. Stephano:* if thou bee'st *Stephano*, touch me, and speake to me: for I am *Trinculo*; be not afeard, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

*Ste.* If thou bee'st *Trinculo*: come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legges: if any be *Trinculo's* legges, these are they: Thou art very *Trinculo* indeede: how cam'st thou to be the sieg of this Moone-calf? Can he vent *Trinculo's*?

*Tri.* I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-frok; but art thou not dround *Stephano*: I hope now thou art not dround: Is the Storme ouer-blowne? I hid mee vnder the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme: And art thou liuing *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitanes* scap'd?

*Ste.* 'Prethee doe not turne me about, my stomacke is not constant.

*Cal.* These be fine things, and if they be not sprights: that's a braue God, and beares Celestiall liquor: I will kneele to him.

*Ste.* How did'st thou scape?  
How cam'st thou hither?

Swear by this Bottle how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd vpon a But of Sacke, which the Saylor heaued o're-board, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was cast ashore.

*Cal.* I'll sweare vpon that Bottle, to be thy true subiect, for the liquor is not earthly.

*St. Heere:* sweare then how thou escap'd'st.

*Tri.* Swom ashore (man) like a Ducke: I can swim like a Ducke i'll be sworne.

*Ste.* Here, kisse the Booke.

Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Goose.

*Tri.* O *Stephano*, ha'st any more of this?

*Ste.* The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke by th' sea-side, where my Wine is hid:

How now Moone-Calf, how do's thine Ague?

*Cal.* Ha'st thou not dropt from heauen?

*Ste.* Out o'th Moone I doe assure thee. I was the Man ith' Moone, when time was.

*Cal.* I haue seene thee in her: and I doe adore thee: My Mistris shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bush.

*Ste.* Come, sweare to that: kisse the Booke: I will furnish it anon with new Contents: Swear.

*Tri.* By this good light, this is a very shallow Monster: I afeard of him? a very weak Monster: The Man ith' Moone?

A most poore credulous Monster:

Well drawne Monster, in good sooth.

*Cal.* He shew thee euery fertill ynch 'oth Island: and I will kisse thy foote: I prethee be my god.

*Tri.* By this light, a most perfidious, and drunken Monster, when's god's a sleepe he'll rob his Bottle.

*Cal.* He kisse thy foot. He sweare my selfe thy Subiect.

*Ste.* Come on then: downe and sweare.

*Tri.* I shall laugh my selfe to death at this puppi-headed Monster: a most scurrie Monster: I could finde in my heart to beate him.

*Ste.* Come, kisse.

*Tri.* But that the poore Monster's in drinke: An abhominable Monster.

*Cal.* I'll shew thee the best Springs: I'll plucke thee Berries: I'll fish for thee; and get thee wood enough.

A plague vpon the Tyrant that I serue;

I'll beare him no more Stickes, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

*Tri.* A most ridiculous Monster, to make a wonder of a poore drunkard.

*Cal.* I 'prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts; shew thee a layes nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble Marmazet: I'll bring thee to clustring Philbirts, and sometimes I'll get thee young Scamels from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me?

*Ste.* I pre'thee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company else being dround, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by againe.

*Caliban Sings drunkenly.*

Farewell Master; farewell, farewell.

*Tri.* A howling Monster: a drunken Monster.

*Cal.* No more dams I'll make for fish,

Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish,

'Ban' ban' *Cacalyban*

Has a new Master, get a new Man.

Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome high-day, freedome.

*Ste.* O braue Monster; lead the way.

*Exeunt.*

## *Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)*

*Fer.* There be some Sports are painfull; & their labor Delight in them set off: Some kindes of basenesse

Are nobly vndergon; and most poore matters

Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske

Would be as heavy to me, as odious, but

The Mistris which I serue, quickens what's dead,

And makes my labours, pleasures: O She is

Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed;

And he's compos'd of harshnesse. I must remoue

Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them vp,

Vpon a sore iniunction; my sweet Mistris

Weepes when she sees me worke, & saies, such basenes

Had neuer like Executor: I forget:

But these sweet thoughts, doe euen refresh my labours,

Most busie left, when I doe it.

*Enter Miranda*

*Mir.* Alas, now pray you

*and Prospero.*

Worke not so hard: I would the lightning had

Burnt vp those Logs that you are enioynd to pile:

Pray set it downe, and rest you: when this burnes

'Twill weepe for hauing wearied you: my Father

Is hard at study; pray now rest your selfe,

He's

fe for these three houres.

O most deere Mistris,  
I will set before I shall discharge  
must strue to do.

If you'll sit downe  
your Logges the while: pray giue me that,  
it to the pile.

No precious Creature,  
either cracke my sinewes, breake my backe,  
ou should such dishonor vndergoe,  
I sit lazy by.

It would become me  
as it do's you; and I should do it  
such more ease: for my good will is to it,  
urs it is against.

Poore worme thou art infected,  
itation shewes it.

You looke wearily.

No, noble Mistris, 'tis fresh morning with me  
you are by at night: I do beseech you  
y, that I might set it in my prayers,  
s your name?

Miranda, O my Father,  
broke your heft to say so.

Admir'd Miranda,  
the top of Admiration, worth  
deereft to the world: full many a Lady  
ey'd with best regard, and many a time  
mony of their tongues, bath into bondage  
t my too diligent care: for feuerall vertues  
lik'd feuerall women, neuer any  
so full soule, but some defect in her  
irrell with the noblest grace she ow'd,  
it it to the foile. But you, O you,  
ect, and so peeticke, are created  
rie Creatures best.

I do not know

my sexe; no womans face remember,  
om my glasse, mine owne: Nor haue I scene  
bat I may call men, then you good friend,  
y deere Father: how features are abroad  
cilleffe of; but by my modestie  
ewell in my dower) I would not with  
ompanion in the world but you:  
n imagination forme a shape  
your selfe, to like of: but I prattle  
ing too wildly, and my Fathers precepts  
in do forget.

I am, in my condition  
ce (Miranda) I do thinke a King  
ld not so) and would no more endure  
odden slauerie, then to suffer  
:sh-flie blow my mouth: heare my soule speake.  
rie infant that I saw you, did  
art flie to your seruice, there resides  
ke me slaue to it, and for your sake  
his patient Logge-man.

r. Do you loue me?

O heauen; O earth, beare witnes to this found,  
towne what I professe with kinde euent  
ake true: if hollowly, inuert  
: best is boaded me, to mischiefe: I,  
all limit of what else i'th world  
e, prize, honor you.

I am a foole  
epe at what I am glad of.

Pro. Faire encounter

Of two most rare affections: heauens raine grace  
On that which breeds betwene 'em.

Fer. VVherefore weepe you?

Mir: At mine vnworthinesse, that dare not offer  
VVhat I desire to giue; and much lesse take  
VVhat I shall die to want: But this is trifling,  
And all the more it seekes to hide it selfe,  
The bigger bulke it shewes. Hence bashfull cunning,  
And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.  
I am your wife, if you will marrie me;  
If not, Ile die your maid: to be your fellow  
You may denie me, but Ile be your seruant  
VVhether you will or no.

Fer. My Mistris (deereft)

And I thus humble euer.

Mir. My husband then?

Fer. I, with a heart as willing  
As bondage ere of freedome: heere's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell  
Till halfe an houre hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

Exeunt.

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,  
VVho are surpriz'd with all; but my reioicing  
At nothing can be more: Ile to my booke,  
For yet ere supper time, must I performe  
Much businesse appertaining.

Exit.

## Scæna Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drinke  
water, not a drop before; therefore beare vp, & boord  
em' Seruant Monster, drinke to me.

Trin. Seruant Monster? the folly of this Iland, they  
say there's but fise vpon this Ile; we are three of them,  
if th'other two be brain'd like vs, the State totters.

Ste. Drinke seruant Monster when I bid thee, thy  
eies are almost set in thy head.

Trin. VVhere should they bee set else? hee were a  
braue Monster indeede if they were set in his taile.

Ste. My man-Monster hath drown'd his tongue in  
sacke: for my part the Sea cannot drowne mee, I swam  
ere I could recover the shore, fise and thirtie Leagues  
off and on, by this light thou shalt bee my Lieutenant  
Monster, or my Standard.

Trin. Your Lieutenant if you list, hee's no standard.

Ste. VVeel not run Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet  
say nothing neither.

Ste. Moone-calfs, speak once in thy life, if thou beeft  
a good Moone-calfs.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shooe:  
Ile not serue him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest most ignorant Monster, I am in case  
to iustle a Constable: why, thou debosh'd Fish thou,  
was there euer man a Coward, that hath drunk so much  
Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being  
but halfe a Fish, and halfe a Monster?

Cal. Loe, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my  
Lord?

Cal.

*Trin.* Lord, quoth he? that a Monster should be such a Naturall?

*Cal.* Loe, loe againe: bite him to death I prethee.

*Ste. Trinculo,* keepe a good tongue in your head: If you proue a mutineere, the next Tree: the poore Monster's my subiect, and he shall not suffer indignity.

*Cal.* I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the suite I made to thee?

*Ste.* Marry will I: kneele, and repeate it, I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*.

*Enter Ariell inuifible.*

*Cal.* As I told thee before, I am subiect to a Tirant, A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me Of the Island.

*Ariell.* Thou lyest.

*Cal.* Thou lyest, thou iesting Monkey thou: I would my valiant Master would destroy thee. I do not lye.

*Ste. Trinculo,* if you trouble him any more in's tale, By this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing.

*Ste.* Mum then, and no more: proceed.

*Cal.* I say by Sorcery he got this Isle From me, he got it. If thy Greatnesse will Reuenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'st) But this Thing dare not.

*Ste.* That's most certaine.

*Cal.* Thou shalt be Lord of it, and Ile serue thee.

*Ste.* How now shall this be compast? Canst thou bring me to the party?

*Cal.* Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee asleepe, Where thou maist knocke a naile into his head.

*Ariell.* Thou liest, thou canst not.

*Cal.* What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou scurvy patch: I do befech thy Greatnesse giue him blowes, And take his bottle from him: When that's gone, He shall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not shew him Where the quicke Freshes are.

*Ste. Trinculo,* run into no further danger: Interrupt the Monster one word further, and by this hand, Ile turne my mercie out o'doores, and make a Stockfish of thee.

*Trin.* Why, what did I? I did nothing: Ile go farther off.

*Ste.* Didst thou not say he lyed?

*Ariell.* Thou liest.

*Ste.* Do I so? Take thou that, As you like this, giue me the lye another time.

*Trin.* I did not giue the lie: Out o'your wittes, and hearing too?

A pox o'your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo: A murren on your Monster, and the diuell take your fingers.

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Ste.* Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand further off.

*Cal.* Beate him enough: after a little time Ile beate him too.

*Ste.* Stand farther: Come proceede.

*Cal.* Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him I'th afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him, Hauing first seiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember First to possesse his Bookes; for without them

Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not One Spirit to command: they all do hate him As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes, He ha's braue Vtenfils (for so he calles them) Which when he ha's a house, hee'l decke withall. And that most deeply to confider, is The beautie of his daughter: he himselfe Cals her a non-pareill: I neuer saw a woman But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and she; But she as farre surpasseth *Sycorax*, As great't do's least.

*Ste.* Is it so braue a Lasse?

*Cal.* I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth braue brood.

*Ste.* Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queene, saue our Graces: and *Trinculo* and thy selfe shall be Vice-royes:

Doest thou like the plot *Trinculo*?

*Trin.* Excellent.

*Ste.* Giue me thy hand, I am sorry I beate thee: But while thou liu'st keepe a good tongue in thy head.

*Cal.* Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe, Wilt thou destroy him then?

*Ste.* I on mine honour.

*Ariell.* This will I tell my Master.

*Cal.* Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure, Let vs be iocund. Will you trouble the Catch You taught me but whileare?

*Ste.* At thy request Monster, I will do reason, Any reason: Come on *Trinculo*, let vs sing.

*Sings.*

*Flout'em, and cout'em: and skewet'em, and flout'em, Thought is free.*

*Cal.* That's not the tune.

*Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.*

*Ste.* What is this same?

*Trin.* This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture of No-body.

*Ste.* If thou beest a man, shew thy selfe in thy likeness: If thou beest a diuell, take't as thou list.

*Trin.* O forgiue me my finnes.

*Ste.* He that dies payes all debts: I defie thee; Mercy vpon vs.

*Cal.* Art thou affeard?

*Ste.* No Monster, not I.

*Cal.* Be not affeard, the Isle is full of noyses, Sounds, and sweet aires, that giue delight and hurt not: Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments Will hum about mine eares; and sometime voices, That if I then had wak'd after long sleepe, Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming, The clouds methought would open, and shew riches Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd I cri'de to dreame againe.

*Ste.* This will proue a braue kingdome to me, Where I shall haue my Musicke for nothing.

*Cal.* When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

*Ste.* That shall be by and by:

I remember the storie.

*Trin.* The sound is going away, Lets follow it, and after do our worke.

*Ste.* Leade Monster, Wee'l follow: I would I could see this Taborer, He layes it on.

*Trin.* Wilt come?

Ile follow *Stephano*.

*Exeunt.  
Scena*

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzallo, Adrian, Francisco, &c.*

. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir,  
d bones akes : here's a maze trod indeede  
gh fourth rights, & Meanders : by your patience,  
es must rest me.

Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,  
am my selfe attach'd with wearinesse  
'dulling of my spirits : Sit downe, and rest :  
here I will put off my hope, and keepe it  
nger for my Flatterer : he is droun'd  
a thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks  
ustrate search on land : well, let him goe.

. I am right glad, that he's so out of hope :  
ot for one repulse forgoe the purpose  
you refolu'd t'effect.

. The next advantage will we take throughly.

. Let it be to night,  
ow they are oppress'd with trauaile, they  
ot, nor cannot vse such vigilance  
en they are fresh.

*Musicke : and Prosper on the top (inui-  
:) Enter severall strange shapes, bringing in a Banquet ;  
dance about it with gentle actions of salutations, and  
ing the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

. I say to night : no more.

What harmony is this ? my good friends, harke.

. Marvellous sweet Musick.

. Giue vs kind keepers, heauens : what were these ?

. A liuing Drolerie : now I will beleuee  
there are Vnicornes : that in Arabia

is one Tree, the Phœnix throne, one Phœnix  
is houre reigning there.

. Ile beleuee both :

what do's else want credit, come to me  
le besworne 'tis true : Trauellers nere did lye,  
gh fooles at home condemne 'em.

. If in Naples

ld report this now, would they beleuee me ?

ould say I saw such Islands ;

ertes, these are people of the Island)

though they are of monstrous shape, yet note  
manners are more gentle, kinde, then of  
umaine generation you shall finde

, nay almost any.

. Honest Lord,  
hast said well : for some of you there present ;  
orfe then diuels.

. I cannot too much muse  
hapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing  
ough they want the vse of tongue) a kinde  
ellent dumbe discourse.

. Praise in departing.

They vanish'd strangely.

No matter, since (macks.  
haue left their Viands behinde ; for wee haue sto-  
leafe you taste of what is here ?

. Not I.

(Boyes  
. Faith Sir, you neede not feare : when wee were  
would beleuee that there were Mountayneeres,  
apt, like Bulls, whose throats had hanging at'em  
ts of flesh ? or that there were such men

Whose heads stood in their breasts ? which now we finde  
Each putter out of fiue for one, will bring vs  
Good warrant of.

*Al.* I will stand to, and feede,  
Although my last, no matter, since I feele  
The best is past : brother : my Lord, the Duke,  
Stand too, and doe as we.

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariell (like a Harpey) claps  
his wings upon the Table, and with a quient deuice the  
Banquet vanishes.*

*Ar.* You are three men of sinne, whom destiny  
That hath to instrument this lower world,  
And what is in't : the neuer surfeited Sea,  
Hath caus'd to belch vp you ; and on this Island,  
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men,  
Being most vnfit to liue : I haue made you mad ;  
And euen with such like valour, men hang, and drowne  
Their proper felues : you fooles, I and my fellowes  
Are ministers of Fate, the Elements  
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well  
Wound the loud windes, or with bemockt-at-Stabs  
Kill the still closing waters, as diminish  
One dowe that's in my plumbe : My fellow ministers  
Are like-invulnerable : if you could hurt,  
Your swords are now too massie for your strengths,  
And will not be vplifted : But remember  
(For that's my businesse to you) that you three  
From Millaine did supplant good Prospero,  
Expos'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)  
Him, and his innocent childe : for which foule deed,  
The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) haue  
Incens'd the Seas, and Shores ; yea, all the Creatures  
Against your peace : Thee of thy Sonne, *Alonso*  
They haue bereft ; and doe pronounce by me  
Lingring perdition (worfe then any death  
Can be at once) shall step, by step attend  
You, and your wayes, whose wraths to guard you from,  
Which here, in this most desolate Isle, else fals  
Vpon your heads, is nothing but hearts-forrow,  
And a cleere life ensuing.

*He vanishes in Thunder : then (to soft Musicke.) Enter the  
shapes againe, and daunce (with mockes and mowes) and  
carrying out the Table.*

*Pro.* Brauely the figure of this Harpie, hast thou  
Perform'd (my *Ariell*) a grace it had deuouring :  
Of my Instruction, hast thou nothing bated  
In what thou had'st to say : so with good life,  
And obseruation strange, my meaner ministers  
Their feuerall kindes haue done : my high charmes work,  
And these (mine enemies) are all knit vp  
In their distractions : they now are in my powre ;  
And in these fits, I leaue them, while I visit  
Yong *Ferdinand* (whom they suppose is droun'd)  
And his, and mine lou'd darling.

*Gon.* I'th name of something holy, Sir, why stand you  
In this strange stare ?

*Al.* O, it is monstrous : monstrous :  
Me thought the billowes spoke, and told me of it,  
The windes did sing it to me : and the Thunder  
(That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd  
The name of *Prosper* : it did bafe my Trespasse,  
Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded ; and  
I'le seeke him deeper then ere plummet sounded,  
And with him there lye mudded.

*Exit.*

*Seb.* But one feend at a time,  
Ile fight their Legions ore.

B

*Ant.*



*Ant.* Ile be thy Second.

*Exeunt.*

*Gon.* All three of them are desperate: their great guilt  
(Like poyson giuen to worke a great time after)  
Now gins to bite the spirits: I doe beseech you  
(That are of suppler ioynts) follow them swiftly,  
And hinder them from what this extasie  
May now prouoke them to.

*Ad.* Follow, I pray you.

*Exeunt omnes.*

### Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.*

*Pro.* If I haue too austere punish'd you,  
Your compensation makes amends, for I  
Haue giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,  
Or that for which I liue: who, once againe  
I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations  
Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou  
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore heauen  
I ratifie this my rich gift: O *Ferdinand*,  
Doe not smile at me, that I boast her of,  
For thou shalt finde she will out-strip all praise  
And make it halt, behinde her.

*Fer.* I doe beleue it  
Against an Oracle.

*Pro.* Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition  
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But  
If thou do'st breake her Virgin-knot, before  
All sanctimonious ceremonies may  
With full and holy right, be ministred,  
No sweet asperion shall the heauens let fall  
To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,  
Sower-ey'd disdaine, and discord shall bestrew  
The vnion of your bed, with weedes so loathly  
That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heede,  
As Hymens Lamps shall light you.

*Fer.* As I hope  
For quiet dayes, faire Issue, and long life,  
With such loue, as 'tis now the murkiest den,  
The most opportune place, the strongest suggestion,  
Our worser *Genius* can, shall neuer melt  
Mine honor into lust, to take away  
The edge of that dayes celebration,  
When I shall thinke, or *Plebeus* Steeds are founderd,  
Or Night kept chain'd below.

*Pro.* Fairly spoke;  
Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne;  
What *Ariell*; my industrious seruāt *Ariell*. *Enter Ariell.*

*Ar.* What would my potent master? here I am.

*Pro.* Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your last seruice  
Did worthily performe: and I must vfe you  
In such another trick: goe bring the rabble  
(Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place:  
Incite them to quicke motion, for I must  
Bestow vpon the eyes of this yong couple  
Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,  
And they expect it from me.

*Ar.* Presently?

*Pro.* I: with a twincke.

*Ar.* Before you can say come, and goe,  
And breathe twice; and cry, so, fo:  
Each one tripping on his Toe,  
Will be here with mop, and mowe.  
Doe you loue me Master? no?

*Pro.* Dearely, my delicate *Ariell*: doe not approach  
Till thou do'st heare me call.

*Ar.* Well: I conceiue.

*Exit.*

*Pro.* Looke thou be true: doe not giue dalliance  
Too much the raigne: the strongest oathes, are straw  
To th'fire ith' blood: be more abstentious,  
Or else good night your vow.

*Fer.* I warrant you, Sir,  
The white cold virgin Snow, vpon my heart  
Abates the ardour of my Liuer.

*Pro.* Well.

Now come my *Ariell*, bring a Corolari,  
Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & perty. *Soft musick.*  
No tongue: all eyes: be silent. *Enter Iris.*

*Ir.* *Ceres*, most bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas  
Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Pease;  
Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where liue nibbling Sheepe,  
And flat Medes thetchd with Stouer, them to keepe:  
Thy bankes with pioned, and twiled brims  
Which spungie *Aprill*, at thy heft betrimms;  
To make cold Nymphes chaff crownes; & thy broome-  
Whose shadow the dismissed Batchelor loues, (groues;  
Being lasse-lorne: thy pole-clipt vineyard,  
And thy Sea-marge stirrile, and rockey-hard,  
Where thou thy selfe do'st ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,  
Whose watry Arch, and messenger, am I.

Bids thee leaue these, & with her foweraigne grace, *Iuno*  
Here on this grasse-plot, in this very place *descends.*

To come, and sport: here Peacocks flye amaine:  
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine. *Enter Ceres.*

*Cer.* Haile, many-coloured Messenger, that nere  
Do'st disobey the wife of *Iupiter*:  
Who, with thy saffron wings, vpon my flowres  
Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showres,  
And with each end of thy blew bowe do'st crowne  
My boskie acres, and my vnshrubd downe,  
Rich scarph to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene  
Summond me hither, to this short gras'd Greene?

*Ir.* A contract of true Loue, to celebrate,  
And some donation freely to estate  
On the blest Lovers.

*Cer.* Tell me heavenly Bowe,  
If *Venus* or her Sonne, as thou do'st know,  
Doe now attend the Queene? since they did plot  
The meanes, that duskie *Diu*, my daughter got,  
Her, and her blind-Boyes scandall company,  
I haue forsworne.

*Ir.* Of her societie  
Be not afraid: I met her deitie  
Cutting the clouds towards *Papbos*: and her Son  
Doue-drawn with her: here thought they to haue done  
Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide,  
Whose vowes are, that no bed-right shall be paid  
Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted: but in vaine,  
*Marses* hot Minion is returnd againe,  
Her waspish headed sonne, has broke his arrowes,  
Swears he will shoote no more, but play with Sparrows,  
And be a Boy right out.

*Cer.* Highest Queene of State,  
Great *Iuno* comes, I know her by her gate.

*Iu.* How do's my bounteous sister? goe with me  
To blesse this twaine, that they may prosperous be,  
And honourd in their Issue. *They Sing.*

*Iu.* Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,  
Long continuance, and encreasing,  
Hourly ioyes, be still vpon you,

*Iuno*

*Iuno sings her blessings on you.  
Earths increase, foyson plentie,  
Barnes, and Garners, neuer empty.  
Vines, with clustring bunches growing,  
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:  
Spring come to you at the fartihest,  
In the very end of Haruest.  
Scarcity and want shall shun you,  
Ceres blessing so is on you.*

This is a most maiesticke vision, and  
nious charmingly: may I be bold  
ake these spirits?

Spirits, which by mine Art  
from their confines call'd to enact  
sent fancies.

Let me liue here euer,  
a wondred Father, and a wife  
this place Paradise.

Sweet now, silence:  
id Ceres whisper seriously,  
s something else to doe: hush, and be mute  
our spell is mar'd.

id Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

You Nymphs cald *Nayades* of y winding brookes,  
our sedge'd crownes, and euer-harmelesse lookes,  
your crispe channels, and on this greene-Land  
re your summons, *Iuno* do's command.  
temperate *Nimphes*, and helpe to celebrate  
tract of true Loue: be not too late.

*Enter Certaine Nimphes.*  
in-burn'd Sicklemen of August weary,  
hether from the furrow, and be merry,  
holly day: your Rye-straw hats put on,  
ese fresh *Nimphes* encounter euery one  
ntry footing.

r certaine *Reapers* (properly babited:) they ioyne with  
*Nimphes*, in a gracefull dance, towards the end where-  
Prospero starts sodainly and speaks, after which to a  
nge bolow and confused noyse, they beaully vanisb.

I had forgot that foule conspiracy  
beast *Calliban*, and his confederates  
t my life: the minute of their plot  
st come: Well done, auoid: no more.

This is strange: your fathers in some passion  
orkes him strongly.

Neuer till this day  
him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd.

You doe looke (my son) in a mou'd fort,  
ou were dismaid: be cheerefull Sir,  
uels now are ended: These our actors,  
oretold you) were all Spirits, and  
eltd into Ayre, into thin Ayre,  
ke the baselesse fabricke of this vision  
lowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,  
lemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,  
l which it inherit, shall dissolue,  
ke this insubstantiall Pageant faded  
not a racke behinde: we are such stuffe  
ames are made on; and our little life  
ded with a sleepe: Sir, I am vext,  
with my weakenesse, my old braine is troubled:  
t disturb'd with my infirmities,  
be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,  
here repose, a turne or two, Ile walke  
ll my beating minde.

. *Mir.* We with your peace.

*Pro.* Come with a thought; I thank thee *Ariell*: come.

*Enter Ariell.*

*Ar.* Thy thoughts I cleaue to, what's thy pleasure?

*Pro.* Spirit: We must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

*Ar.* I my Commander, when I presented *Ceres*  
I thought to haue told thee of it, but I fear'd  
Least I might anger thee.

*Pro.* Say again, where didst thou leaue these varlots?

*Ar.* I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,  
So full of valour, that they smote the ayre  
For breathing in their faces: beate the ground  
For kissing of their feete; yet alwaies bending  
Towards their proiect: then I beate my Tabor,  
At which like vnback't colts they prickt their eares,  
Aduanc'd their eye-lids, lifted vp their noses  
As they smelt musicke, so I charm'd their eares  
That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through  
Tooth'd briars, sharpe firzes, pricking gosse, & thorns,  
Which entred their fraile shins: at last I left them  
I'th' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,  
There dancing vp to th'chins, that the fowle Lake  
Ore-stunck their feet.

*Pro.* This was well done (my bird)  
Thy shape inuisible retaineth thou still:  
The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither  
For stale to catch these theuees. *Ar.* I go, I goe. *Exit.*

*Pro.* A Deuill, a borne-Deuill, on whose nature  
Nurture can neuer sticke: on whom my paines  
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost,  
And, as with age, his body ouglier growes,  
So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,  
Euen to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

*Enter Ariell, laden with glistering apparell, &c. Enter*  
*Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.*

*Cal.* Pray you tread softly, that the blinde Mole may  
not heare a foot fall: we now are neere his Cell.

*St.* Monster, your Fairy, w you say is a harmles Fairy,  
Has done little better then plaid the lacke with vs.

*Trin.* Monster, I do smell all horse-pisse, at which  
My nose is in great indignation.

*St.* So is mine. Do you heare Monster: If I should  
Take a displeasure against you: Looke you.

*Trin.* Thou wert but a lost Monster.

*Cal.* Good my Lord, giue me thy fauour stil,  
Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too  
Shall hudwinke this mischance: therefore speake softly,  
All's hush as midnight yet.

*Trin.* I, but to loose our bottles in the Poole.

*St.* There is not onely disgrace and dishonor in that  
Monster, but an infinite losse.

*Tr.* That's more to me then my wetting:  
Yet this is your harmlesse Fairy, Monster.

*St.* I will fetch off my bottle,  
Though I be o're eares for my labour.

*Cal.* Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. Seest thou heere  
This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noise, and enter:  
Do that good mischeefe, which may make this Island  
Thine owne for euer, and I thy *Caliban*  
For aye thy foot-licker.

*St.* Giue me thy hand,  
I do begin to haue bloody thoughts.

*Trin.* O King *Stephano*, O Peere: O worthy *Stephano*,  
Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.

*Cal.* Let it alone thou foole, it is but trash.

*Tri.* Oh, ho, Monster: wee know what belongs to a  
frippery, O King *Stephano*.

*Ste.* Put off that gowne (*Trinculo*) by this hand Ile haue that gowne.

*Tri.* Thy grace shall haue it.

(meane

*Cal.* The droppe downe this foole, what doe you To doate thus on such luggage? let's alone And doe the murther first: if he awake, From toe to crowne hee'll fill our skins with pinches, Make vs strange stuffe.

*Ste.* Be you quiet (*Monster*) Mistris line, is not this my Ierkin? now is the Ierkin vnder the line: now Ierkin you are like to lose your haire, & proue a bald Ierkin.

*Trin.* Doe, doe; we steale by lynne and leuell, and't like your grace.

*Ste.* I thank thee for that iest; heer's a garment for't: Wit shall not goe vn-rewarded while I am King of this Country: Steale by line and leuell, is an excellent passe of pate: there's another garment for't.

*Tri.* Monster, come put some Lime vpon your fingers, and away with the rest.

*Cal.* I will haue none on't: we shall loose our time, And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes With foreheads villanous low.

*Ste.* Monster, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this away, where my hogthead of wine is, or Ile turne you out of my kingdom: goe to, carry this.

*Tri.* And this.

*Ste.* I, and this.

*A noyse of Hunters beards. Enter diuers Spirits in shape of Dogs and Hounds, bunting them about: Prospero and Ariel setting them on.*

*Pro.* Hey Mountaine, hey.

*Ari.* Siluer: there it goes, Siluer.

*Pro.* Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke. Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their ioynts With dry Convulsions, shorten vp their sinewes With aged Cramps, & more pinch-spotted make them, Then Pard, or Cat o'Mountaine.

*Ari.* Harke, they rore.

*Pro.* Let them be hunted soundly: At this houre Lies at my mercy all mine enemies: Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt haue the ayre at freedome: for a little Follow, and doe me seruice. *Exeunt.*

### Actus quintus: Scæna Prima.

*Enter Prospero (in his Magicke robes) and Ariel.*

*Pro.* Now do's my Proiect gather to a head: My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time Goes vpriht with his carriage: how's the day?

*Ari.* On the sixth hower, at which time, my Lord You said our worke should cease.

*Pro.* I did say so,

When first I rais'd the Tempest: say my Spirit, How fares the King, and's followers?

*Ari.* Confin'd together

In the same fashion, as you gaue in charge, Iust as you left them; all prisoners Sir In the *Line-grove* which weather-fends your Cell, They cannot boudge till your release: The King, His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted, And the remainder mourning ouer them, Brim full of sorrow, and diimay: but chiefly

Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord *Gonzallo*, His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works 'em That if you now beheld them, your affections Would become tender.

*Pro.* Dost thou thinke so, Spirit?

*Ari.* Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

*Pro.* And mine shall.

Haft thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe, One of their kinde, that relish all as sharpely, Passion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art? Thogh with their high wrongs I am strook to th' quick, Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my furie Doe I take part: the rarer Action is In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent, The sole drift of my purpose doth extend Not a frowne further: Goe, release them *Ariell*, My Charms Ile breake, their fences Ile restore, And they shall be themselves.

*Ari.* Ile fetch them, Sir.

*Exit.*

*Pro.* Ye Elues of hills, brooks, stading lakes & groues, And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foote Doe chafe the ebbing-*Neptunus*, and doe flie him When he comes backe: you demy-Puppets, that By Moone-shine doe the Greene fowre Ringlets make, Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose pastime Is to make midnight-Muskrumps, that reioyce To heare the solemne Curfewe, by whose ayde (Weake Masters though ye be) I haue bedymn'd The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous windes, And twixt the Greene Sea, and the azur'd vault Set roaring warre: To the dread rating Thunder Haue I giuen fire, and risted *Ioues* stowt Oke With his owne Bolt: The strong bas'd promontorie Haue I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt vp The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command Haue wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth By my so potent Art. But this rough Magicke I heere abiure: and when I haue requir'd Some heavenly Musicke (which euen now I do) To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that This Ayrie-charme is for, I'll breake my staffe, Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth, And deeper then did euer Plummet found Ile drowne my booke. *Solemne musick.*

*Heere enters Ariel before: Then Alonso with a franticke gesture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthonio in like manner attended by Adrian and Francisco: They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmd: which Prospero obseruing, speaks.*

A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter, To an vnsetled fancie, Cure thy braines (Now vselesse) boile within thy skull: there stand For you are Spell-stoppt. Holy *Gonzallo*, Honourable man, Mine eyes ev'n sociable to the shew of thine Fall fellowly drops: The charme dissolues apace, And as the morning steales vpon the night (Melting the darkenesse) so their rising senses Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle Their clearer reason. O good *Gonzallo* My true preseruer, and a loyall Sir, To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces Home both in word, and deede: Most cruelly

u *Alonso*, use me, and my daughter :  
 other was a furtherer in the Act,  
 rt pinch'd for't now *Sebastian*. Fleish, and bloud,  
 rother mine, that entertaine ambition,  
 remorse, and nature, whom, with *Sebastian*  
 : inward pinches therefore are most stinging)  
 heere haue kill'd your King : I do forgiue thee,  
 rall though thou art : Their vnderstanding  
 to swell, and the approaching tide  
 ortly fill the reasonable shore  
 ow ly foule, and muddy : not one of them  
 et lookes on me, or would know me : *Ariell*,  
 ne the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,  
 lifcase me, and my selfe present  
 as sometime *Millaine* : quickly Spirit,  
 halt ere long be free.

*Ariell sings, and helps to attire him.*

*Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,  
 In a Cowslips bell, I lie,  
 There I couch when Owles doe crie,  
 On the Batts backe I doe flie  
 after Sommer merrily.*

*Merrily, merrily, shall I liue now,  
 Vnder the blossom that hangs on the Bow.*

Why that's my dainty *Ariell* : I shall misse  
 but yet thou shalt haue freedom : so, so, so.  
 : Kings ship, inuisible as thou art,  
 shalt thou finde the Marinners asleepe  
 the Hatches : the Master and the Boat-swaine  
 awake, enforce them to this place ;  
 resently, I pre'thee.

I drinke the aire before me, and returne  
 your pulfe twice beate. *Exit.*

. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement  
 is heere : some heavenly power guide vs  
 'this fearefull Country.

. Behold Sir King  
 roned Duke of *Millaine*, *Prospero* :  
 ore assurance that a liuing Prince  
 ow speake to thee, I embrace thy body,  
 o thee, and thy Company, I bid  
 ry welcome.

. Where thou bee'st he or no,  
 ne enchanted trifle to abuse me,  
 se I haue beene) I not know : thy Pulfe  
 is of flesh, and blood : and since I saw thee,  
 liction of my minde amends, with which  
 a madnesse held me : this must craue  
 if this be at all) a most strange story.  
 ukedome I resigne, and doe entreat  
 pardon me my wrongs : But how shold *Prospero*  
 ng, and be heere ?

. First, noble Friend,  
 e embrace thine age, whose honor cannot  
 asur'd, or confin'd.

. Whether this be,  
 not, I'll not sweare.

. You doe yet taste  
 subtleties o'th'Isle, that will nor let you  
 ie things certaine : Wellcome, my friends all,  
 u, my brace of Lords, were I so minded  
 e could plucke his Highnesse frowne vpon you  
 ustise you Traitors : at this time  
 tell no tales.

. The Diuell speakes in him :

. No :

For you (most wicked Sir) whom to call brother  
 Would euen infect my mouth, I do forgiue  
 Thy rankest fault ; all of them : and require  
 My Dukedome of thee, which, perforce I know  
 Thou must restore.

*Alc.* If thou bee'st *Prospero*

Giue vs particulars of thy preseruacion,  
 How thou hast met vs heere, whom three howres since  
 Were wrackt vpon this shore ? where I haue loft  
 (How sharp the point of this remembrance is)  
 My deere sonne *Ferdinand*.

*Pro.* I am woe for't, Sir.

*Alc.* Irreparable is the losse, and patience  
 Saies, it is past her cure.

*Pro.* I rather thinke

You haue not sought her helpe, of whose soft grace  
 For the like losse, I haue her soueraigne aid,  
 And rest my selfe content.

*Alc.* You the like losse ?

*Pro.* As great to me, as late, and supportable  
 To make the deere losse, haue I meanes much weaker  
 Then you may call to comfort you ; for I  
 Haue lost my daughter.

*Alc.* A daughter ?

Oh heauens, that they were liuing both in *Nalpes*  
 The King and Queene there, that they were, I wish  
 My selfe were mudded in that oo-zie bed  
 Where my sonne lies : when did you lose your daughter ?

*Pro.* In this last Tempest. I perceiue these Lords  
 At this encounter doe so much admire,  
 That they deuoure their reason, and scarce thinke  
 Their eies doe offices of Truth : Their words  
 Are naturall breath : but howsoe'r you haue  
 Beene iustled from your senses, know for certain  
 That I am *Prospero*, and that very Duke  
 Which was thrust forth of *Millaine*, who most strangely  
 Vpon this shore (where you were wrackt) was landed  
 To be the Lord on't : No more yet of this,  
 For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,  
 Not a relation for a break-fast, nor  
 Befitting this first meeting : Welcome, Sir ;  
 This Cell's my Court : heere haue I few attendants,  
 And Subiects none abroad : pray you looke in :  
 My Dukedome since you haue giuen me againe,  
 I will requite you with as good a thing,  
 At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye  
 As much, as me my Dukedome.

*Here Prospero discouers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Chess.*

*Mir.* Sweet Lord, you play me false.

*Fer.* No my dearest loue,

I would not for the world. *(wrangle,*

*Mir.* Yes, for a score of Kingdomes, you should  
 And I would call it faire play.

*Alc.* If this proue

A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne  
 Shall I twice loose.

*Seb.* A most high miracle.

*Fer.* Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,  
 I haue curs'd them without cause.

*Alc.* Now all the blessings

Of a glad father, compasse thee about :  
 Arise, and say how thou cam'st heere.

*Mir.* O wonder !

How many goodly creatures are there heere ?  
 How beauteous mankind is ? O braue new world

B 3

That

That has such people in't.

*Pro.* 'Tis new to thee.

(play?)

*Alo.* What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at  
Your eld'ft acquaintance cannot be three houres :

Is she the goddesse that hath feuer'd vs,

And brought vs thus together ?

*Fer.* Sir, she is mortall ;

But by immortall providence, she's mine ;

I chose her when I could not aske my Father

For his aduise : nor thought I had one : She

Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Millaine*,

Of whom, so often I haue heard renowne,

But neuer saw before : of whom I haue

Receiu'd a second life ; and second Father

This Lady makes him to me.

*Alo.* I am here.

But O, how odly will it sound, that I

Must aske my childe forgiveness ?

*Pro.* There Sir stop,

Let vs not burthen our remembrances, with

A heauinesse that's gon.

*Con.* I haue inly wept,

Or should haue spoke ere this : looke downe you gods

And on this couple drop a blessed crowne ;

For it is you, that haue chalk'd forth the way

Which brought vs hither.

*Alo.* I say Amen, *Gomallo.*

*Con.* Was *Millaine* thrust from *Millaine*, that his Issue

Should become Kings of *Naples* ? O reioyce

Beyond a common ioy, and set it downe

With gold on lasting Pillers : In one voyage

Did *Claribell* her husband finde at *Tunis*,

And *Ferdinand* her brother, found a wife,

Where he himselfe was lost : *Prospero*, his Dukedome

In a poore Isle : and all of vs, our selues,

When no man was his owne.

*Alo.* Giue me your hands :

Let grieve and sorrow still embrace his heart,

That doth not wish you ioy.

*Con.* Be it so, Amen.

*Enter Ariell, with the Master and Boatfwaine  
amazedly following.*

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs :

I prophes'd, if a Gallows were on Land

This fellow could not drowne : Now blasphemy,

That swear'd Grace ore-board, not an oath on shore,

Haft thou no mouth by land ?

What is the newes ?

*Bot.* The best newes is, that we haue safely found

Our King, and company : The next : our Ship,

Which but three glasses since, we gaue out split,

Is tyte, and yare, and brauely rig'd, as when

We first put out to Sea.

*Ar.* Sir, all this seruice

Haue I done since I went.

*Pro.* My trickley Spirit.

*Alo.* These are not naturall events, they strengthen  
From strange, to stranger : say, how came you hither ?

*Bot.* If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,

I'd strue to tell you : we were dead of sleepe,

And (how we know not) all clapt vnder hatches,

Where, but euen now, with strange, and feuerall noyses

Of roring, shreeking, howling, gingling chaines,

And mo diuersitie of sounds, all horrible.

We were awak'd : straight way, at liberty ;

Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld

Our royall, good, and gallant Ship : our Master

Capring to eye her : on a trice, so please you,

Euen in a dreame, were we diuided from them,

And were brought moaping hither.

*Ar.* Was't well done ?

*Pro.* Bravely (my diligence) thou shalt be free.

*Alo.* This is as strange a Maze, as ere men trod,

And there is in this businesse, more then nature

Was euer conduct of : some Oracle

Must rectifie our knowledge.

*Pro.* Sir, my Leige,

Doe not infect your minde, with beating on

The strangenesse of this businesse, at pickt leisure

(Which shall be shortly fingle) I'll resolute you,

(Which to you shall seeme probable) of euer

These happend accidents : till when, be cheerefull

And thinke of each thing well : Come hither Spirit,

Set *Caliban*, and his companions free :

Vntye the Spell : How fares my gracious Sir ?

There are yet missing of your Companie

Some few odde Lads, that you remember not.

*Enter Ariell, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and  
Trinculo in their folne Apparell.*

*Ste.* Every man shift for all the rest, and let

No man take care for himselfe ; for all is

But fortune : *Coragio Bully-Monster Coragio.*

*Tri.* If these be true spies which I weare in my head,

here's a goodly fight.

*Cal.* O *Sebastian*, these be braue Spirits indeede :

How fine my Master is ? I am afraid

He will chastise me.

*Seb.* Ha, ha :

What things are these, my Lord *Antonio* ?

Will money buy em ?

*Ant.* Very like : one of them

Is a plaine Fish, and no doubt marketable.

*Pro.* Marke but the badges of these men, my Lords,

Then say if they be true : This mishapen knaue ;

His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong

That could controule the Moone ; make flowes, and ebe,

And deale in her command, without her power :

These three haue robd me, and this demy-diuell ;

(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them

To take my life : two of these Fellowes, you

Must know, and owne, this Thing of darkenesse, I

Acknowledge mine.

*Cal.* I shall be pinch't to death.

*Alo.* Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler ?

*Seb.* He is drunke now ;

Where had he wine ?

*Alo.* And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe : where should they

Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em ?

How cam'st thou in this pickle ?

*Tri.* I haue bin in such a pickle since I saw you last,

That I feare me will neuer out of my bones :

I shall not feare fly-blowing.

*Seb.* Why how now *Stephano* ?

*Ste.* O touch me not, I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp.

*Pro.* You'd be King o'the Isle, Sirha ?

*Ste.* I should haue bin a sore one then.

*Alo.* This is a strange thing as ere I look'd on.

*Pro.* He is as disproportion'd in his Manners

As in his shape : Goe Sirha, to my Cell,

Take with you your Companions : as you looke

To haue my pardon, trim it handsomely.

*Cal.* I that I will : and Ile be wife hereafter,

And

like for grace : what a thrice double Ass  
to take this drunkard for a god ?  
orship this dull foole ?

Goe to, away. (found it.  
Hence, and bestow your luggage where you  
Or stole it rather.

Sir, I inuite your Highnesse, and your traine  
poore Cell : where you shall take your rest  
s one night, which part of it, Ile waste  
uch discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it  
icke away : The story of my life,  
e particular accidents, gon by  
came to this Ile : And in the morne  
ng you to your ship, and so to Naples,

Where I haue hope to see the nuptiall  
Of these our deere-belou'd, solemnized,  
And thence retire me to my *Millaine*, where  
Euery third thought shall be my graue.

*Alo.* I long  
To heare the story of your life ; which must  
Take the eare starngely.

*Pro.* Ile deliuer all,  
And promise you calme Seas, auspicious gales,  
And faile, so expeditious, that shall catch  
Your Royall fleete farre off : My *Ariel* ; chicke  
That is thy charge : Then to the Elements  
Be free, and fare thou well : please you draw neere.  
*Exeunt omnes.*

## EPILOGVE,

spoken by *Prospero*.

Ow my *Charmes* are all ore-throwne,  
And what strength I haue's mine owne.

It is most faint : now 't is true  
It be beere confinde by you,  
ent to Naples, Let me not

I haue my Dukedome got,  
pardon'd the deceiuer, dwell  
is bare Island, by your Spell,  
release me from my bands

the helpe of your good hands :  
le breath of yours, my Sailes  
fill, or else my proiect failes,

It was to please : Now I want  
ts to enforce : Art to incchant,  
my ending is despaire,

Se I be relieu'd by praier  
It pierces so, that it assaults  
y it selfe, and frees all faults.  
you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
t your Indulgence set me free.

Exit.

The Scene, an vn-inhabited Island

*Names of the Actors.*

*Alonso*, K. of Naples :

*Sebastian* his Brother.

*Prospero*, the right Duke of *Millaine*.

*Antonio* his brother, the vsurping Duke of *Millaine*.

*Ferdinand*, Son to the King of Naples.

*Gonzalo*, an honest old Councillor.

*Adrian*, & *Francisco*, Lords.

*Caliban*, a saluage and deformed slaue.

*Trinculo*, a Iester.

*Stephano*, a drunken Butler.

Master of a Ship.

*Boate-Swaine*.

*Marriners*.

*Miranda*, daughter to *Prospero*.

*Ariell*, an ayrie spirit.

*Iris*

*Ceres*

*Iuno*

*Nymphes*

*Reapers*

} *Spirits.*

FINIS.

THE



# T H E Two Gentlemen of Verona.

*Actus primus, Scena prima.*

*Valentine: Proteus, and Speed.*

*Valentine.*

**E**ase to perfwade, my louing *Proteus*;  
Home-keeping-youth, haue euer homely wits,  
Wer't not affection chaines thy tender dayes  
To the sweet glaunces of thy honour'd Loue,  
I rather would entreat thy company,  
To see the wonders of the world abroad,  
Then (liuing dully sluggish'd at home)  
Weare out thy youth with shapelesse idlenesse.  
But since thou lou'st; loue still, and thrive therein,  
Euen as I would, when I to loue begin.

*Pro.* Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine* ad ew,  
Thinke on thy *Proteus*, when thou (hap'ly) see'st  
Some rare note-worthy obiekt in thy trauaile.  
With me partaker in thy happinesse,  
When thou do'st meet good hap; and in thy danger,  
(If euer danger doe enuiron thee)  
Commend thy griuance to my holy prayers,  
For I will be thy beades-man, *Valentine*.

*Val.* And on a loue-booke pray for my successe?

*Pro.* Vpon some booke I loue, I'll pray for thee.

*Val.* That's on some shallow *Storie* of deepe loue,  
How yong *Leander* crost the *Hellepont*.

*Pro.* That's a deepe *Storie*, of a deeper loue,  
For he was more then ouer-shoes in loue.

*Val.* 'Tis true; for you are ouer-bootes in loue,  
And yet you neuer swom the *Hellepont*.

*Pro.* Ouer the Bootes? nay giue me not the Boots.

*Val.* No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

*Pro.* What?

*Val.* To be in loue; where scorne is bought with  
Coy looks, with hart-fore sighes: one fading moments  
With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights; (mirth,  
If hap'ly won, perhaps a haplesse gaine;  
If lost, why then a griuous labour won;  
How euer: but a folly bought with wit,  
Or else a wit, by folly vanquished.

*Pro.* So, by your circumstance, you call me foole.

*Val.* So, by your circumstance, I feare you'll proue.

*Pro.* 'Tis Loue you cauilt at, I am not Loue.

*Val.* Loue is your master, for he masters you;  
And he that is so yoked by a foole,  
Me thinkes should not be chronicled for wise.

*Pro.* Yet Writers say; as in the sweetest Bud,  
The eating Canker dwells; so eating Loue  
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

*Val.* And Writers say; as the most forward Bud

Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,  
Euen so by Loue, the yong, and tender wit  
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the Bud,  
Loosing his verdure, euen in the prime,  
And all the faire effects of future hopes.  
But wherefore waste I time to counsaile thee  
That art a votary to fond desire?  
Once more adieu: my Father at the Road  
Expects my comming, there to see me ship'd.

*Pro.* And thither will I bring thee *Valentine*.

*Val.* Sweet *Proteus*, no: Now let vs take our leaue:  
To *Millaine* let me heare from thee by Letters  
Of thy successe in loue; and what newes else  
Betideth here in absence of thy Friend:  
And I likewise will visite thee with mine.

*Pro.* All happinesse bechance to thee in *Millaine*.

*Val.* As much to you at home: and so farewell. *Exit.*

*Pro.* He after Honour hunts, I after Loue;  
He leaues his friends, to dignifie them more;  
I loue my selfe, my friends, and all for loue:  
Thou *Julia* thou hast metamorphis'd me:  
Made me neglect my Studies, loose my time;  
Warre with good counsaile; set the world at nought;  
Made Wit with musing, weake; hart sick with thought.

*Sp.* Sir *Proteus*: 'saue you: saw you my Master?

*Pro.* But now he parted hence to embarque for *Millain*.

*Sp.* Twenty to one then, he is ship'd already,  
And I haue plaid the Sheepe in loosing him.

*Pro.* Indeede a Sheepe doth very often stray,  
And if the Shepherd be awhile away.

*Sp.* You conclude that my Master is a Shepherd then,  
and I Sheepe?

*Pro.* I doe.

*Sp.* Why then my hornes are his hornes, whether I  
wake or sleepe.

*Pro.* A silly answer, and fitting well a Sheepe.

*Sp.* This proues me still a Sheepe.

*Pro.* True: and thy Master a Shepherd.

*Sp.* Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

*Pro.* It shall goe hard but ile proue it by another.

*Sp.* The Shepherd seekes the Sheepe, and not the  
Sheepe the Shepherd; but I seeke my Master, and my  
Master seekes not me: therefore I am no Sheepe.

*Pro.* The Sheepe for fodder follow the Shepherd,  
the Shepherd for foode followes not the Sheepe: thou  
for wages followest thy Master, thy Master for wages  
followes not thee: therefore thou art a Sheepe.

*Sp.* Such another prooffe will make me cry ba.

*Pro.* But do'st thou heare: gau'st thou my Letter  
to *Julia*?

*Sp.*

Sir: I (a loft-Mutton) gaue your Letter to her  
-Mutton) and she (a lac'd-Mutton) gaue mee (a  
tton) nothing for my labour.

Here's too small a Pasture for such store of  
f the ground be ouer-charg'd, you were best  
er.

Nay, in that you are astray: 'twere best pound

Jay Sir, leffe then a pound shall serue me for car-  
ur Letter.

You mistake; I meane the pound, a Pinfold.  
rom a pound to a pin? fold it ouer and ouer,  
eefold too little for carrying a letter to your louer  
But what said she?

Nod-I, why that's noddie.

ou mistooke Sir: I say she did nod;  
a aske me if she did nod, and I say I.

And that set together is noddie.

ow you haue taken the paines to set it toge-  
ke it for your paines.

No, no, you shall haue it for bearing the letter.  
Vell, I perceiue I must be faine to beare with you.

Why Sir, how doe you beare with me?

arry Sir, the letter very orderly,

nothing but the word noddie for my paines.

Beshrew me, but you haue a quicke wit.

And yet it cannot ouer-take your slow purse.

Come, come, open the matter in briefe; what

open your purse, that the money, and the matter  
both at once deliuered.

Well Sir: here is for your paines: what said she?

ruely Sir, I thinke you'll hardly win her.

Why? could'st thou perceiue so much from her?

ir, I could perceiue nothing at all from her;

so much as a ducket for deliuering your letter:

ng so hard to me, that brought your minde;

he'll proue as hard to you in telling your minde.

r no token but stones, for she's as hard as Steele.

What said she, nothing?

Jo, not so much as take this for thy pains: (me;

fic your bounty, I thank you, you haue cestern'd

ital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your

and so Sir, I'll commend you to my Master.

Go, go, be gone, to saue your Ship from wrack,

cannot perish hauing thee aboarde,

effin'd to a drier death on shore:

pe send some better Messenger,

my *Julia* would not daigne my lines,

ng them from such a worthlesse post.

*Exit.*

## Scæna Secunda.

*Enter Julia and Lucetta.*

But say *Lucetta* (now we are alone)

ft thou then counsaile me to fall in loue?

I Madam, so you stumble not vnheedfully.

Of all the faire resort of Gentlemen,

ery day with par'le encounter me,

In thy opinion which is worthiest loue?

*Lu.* Please you repeat their names, ile shew my minde,  
According to my shallow simple skill.

*Iu.* What thinkst thou of the faire sir *Eglamour*?

*Lu.* As of a Knight, well-spoken, neat, and fine;

But were I you, he neuer should be mine.

*Iu.* What think'st thou of the rich *Mercutio*?

*Lu.* Well of his wealth; but of himselfe, so, so.

*Iu.* What think'st thou of the gentle *Proteus*?

*Lu.* Lord, Lord: to see what folly raignes in vs.

*Iu.* How now? what meanes this passion at his name?

*Lu.* Pardon deare Madam, 'tis a passing shame,

That I (vnworthy body as I am)

Should censure thus on louely Gentlemen.

*Iu.* Why not on *Proteus*, as of all the rest?

*Lu.* Then thus: of many good, I thinke him best.

*Iu.* Your reason?

*Lu.* I haue no other but a womans reason:

I thinke him so, because I thinke him so.

*Iu.* And would'st thou haue me cast my loue on him?

*Lu.* I: if you thought your loue not cast away.

*Iu.* Why he, of all the rest, hath neuer mou'd me.

*Lu.* Yet he, of all the rest, I thinke best loues ye.

*Iu.* His little speaking, shewes his loue but small.

*Lu.* Fire that's closest kept, burnes most of all.

*Iu.* They doe not loue, that doe not shew their loue.

*Lu.* Oh, they loue least, that let men know their loue.

*Iu.* I would I knew his minde.

*Lu.* Peruse this paper Madam.

*Iu.* To *Julia*: say, from whom?

*Lu.* That the Contents will shew.

*Iu.* Say, say: who gaue it thee?

*Lu.* Sir *Valentines* page: & sent I think from *Proteus*;

He would haue given it you, but I being in the way,

Did in your name receiue it: pardon the fault I pray.

*Iu.* Now (by my modesty) a goodly Broker:

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper, and conspire against my youth?

Now trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place:

There: take the paper: see it be return'd,

Or else returne no more into my sight.

*Lu.* To plead for loue, deserues more fee, then hate.

*Iu.* Will ye be gon?

*Lu.* That you may ruminate.

*Exit.*

*Iu.* And yet I would I had ore-look'd the Letter;

It were a shame to call her backe againe,

And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.

What 'foole is she, that knowes I am a Maid,

And would not force the letter to my view?

Since Maides, in modesty, say no, to that,

Which they would haue the profferer construe, I.

Fie, fie: how way-ward is this foolish loue;

That (like a testie Babe) will scratch the Nurse,

And presently, all humbled kisse the Rod?

How churlishly, I chid *Lucetta* hence,

When willingly, I would haue had her here?

How angerly I taught my brow to frowne,

When inward ioy enforc'd my heart to smile?

My pennance is, to call *Lucetta* backe

And aske remission, for my folly past.

What hoe: *Lucetta*.

*Lu.* What would your Ladship?

*Iu.* Is't neere dinner time?

*Lu.* I would it were,

That you might kill your stomacke on your meat,

And



And not vpon your Maid.

*Iu.* What is't that you  
Tooke vp so gingerly?

*Lu.* Nothing.

*Iu.* Why didst thou stoope then?

*Lu.* To take a paper vp, that I let fall.

*Iu.* And is that paper nothing?

*Lu.* Nothing concerning me.

*Iu.* Then let it lye, for those that it concerns.

*Lu.* Madam, it will not lye where it concerns,  
Vnlesse it haue a false Interpreter.

*Iu.* Some loue of yours, hath writ to you in Rime.

*Lu.* That I might sing it (Madam) to a tune:

Giue me a Note, your Ladiship can set

*Iu.* As little by such toys, as may be possible:

Best sing it to the tune of *Lighb O, Loue.*

*Lu.* It is too heauy for so light a tune.

*Iu.* Heauy? belike it hath some burden then?

*Lu.* I: and melodious were it, would you sing it,

*Iu.* And why not you?

*Lu.* I cannot reach so high.

*Iu.* Let's see your Song:

How now Minion?

*Lu.* Keepe tune there fill; so you will sing it out:  
And yet me thinks I do not like this tune.

*Iu.* You doe not?

*Lu.* No (Madam) tis too sharpe.

*Iu.* You (Minion) are too saucie.

*Lu.* Nay, now you are too flat;

And marre the concord, with too harsh a descant:  
There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song.

*Iu.* The meane is dround with you vnruely base.

*Lu.* Indeepe I bid the base for *Protbew.*

*Iu.* This babble shall not henceforth trouble me;

Here is a coile with protestation:

Goe, get you gone: and let the papers lye:

You would be fingring them, to anger me.

*Lu.* She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas'd  
To be so angred with another Letter.

*Iu.* Nay, would I were so angred with the same:

Oh hatefull hands, to teare such louing words;

Iniurious Waspes, to feede on such sweet hony,

And kill the Bees that yeelde it, with your stings;

Ile kisse each feuerall paper, for amends:

Looke, here is writ, kinde *Julia*: vnkinde *Julia*,

As in reuenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruizing-stones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

And here is writ, *Loue wounded Protbew.*

Poore wounded name: my bosome, as a bed,

Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;

And thus I search it with a soueraigne kisse.

But twice, or thrice, was *Protbew* written downe:

Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away,

Till I haue found each letter, in the Letter,

Except mine own name: That, some whirle-winde beare

Vnto a ragged, fearefull, hanging Rocke,

And throw it thence into the raging Sea.

Loue, here in one line is his name twice writ:

Poore forlorne *Protbew*, passionate *Protbew*:

To the sweet *Julia*: that ile teare away:

And yet I will not, fith so prettily

He couples it, to his complaining Names;

Thus will I fold them, one vpon another;

Now kisse, embrace, contend, doe what you will.

*Lu.* Madam: dinner is ready: and your father staies.

*Iu.* Well, let vs goe.

*Lu.* What, shall these papers lye, like Tel-tales here?

*Iu.* If you respect them; best to take them vp.

*Lu.* Nay, I was taken vp, for laying them downe.

Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold.

*Iu.* I see you haue a months minde to them.

*Lu.* I (Madam) you may say what fights you see;

I see things too, although you iudge I winke.

*Iu.* Come, come, wilt please you goe.

*Exeun*

### Scæna Tertia.

*Enter Antonio and Pantbino. Protbew.*

*Ant.* Tell me *Pantbino*, what sad talke was that,  
Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyster?

*Pan.* 'Twas of his Nephew *Protbew*, your Sonne.

*Ant.* Why? what of him?

*Pan.* He wondred that your Lordship  
Would suffer him, to spend his youth at home,  
While other men, of slender reputation  
Put forth their Sonnes, to seeke preferment out.  
Some to the warres, to try their fortune there;  
Some, to discouer Islands farre away:  
Some, to the studious Vniuersities;  
For any, or for all these exercises,  
He said, that *Protbew*, your sonne, was meet;  
And did request me, to importune you  
To let him spend his time no more at home;  
Which would be great impeachment to his age,  
In hauing knowne no trauaile in his youth.

*Ant.* Nor need'st thou much importune me to that  
Whereon, this month I haue bin hamering.  
I haue consider'd well, his losse of time,  
And how he cannot be a perfect man,  
Not being tryed, and tutor in the world:  
Experience is by industry atchieu'd,  
And perfected by the swift course of time:  
Then tell me, whether were I best to send him?

*Pan.* I thinke your Lordship is not ignorant  
How his companion, youthfull *Valentine*,  
Attends the Emperour in his royall Court.

*Ant.* I know it well.

(thither)

*Pan.* 'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordship sent him  
There shall he practise Tilts, and Tournaments;  
Heare sweet discourse, conuerse with Noble-men,  
And be in eye of euery Exercise  
Worthy his youth, and noblenesse of birth.

*Ant.* I like thy counsaile: well hast thou aduis'd:  
And that thou maist perceiue how well I like it,  
The execution of it shall make knowne;  
Euen with the speediest expedition,  
I will dispatch him to the Emperours Court.

*Pan.* To morrow, may it please you, *Don Alphonso*,  
With other Gentlemen of good esteeme  
Are iourning, to salute the Emperour,  
And to commend their seruice to his will.

*Ant.* Good company: with them shall *Protbew* go:  
And in good time: now will we breake with him.

*Pro.* Sweet Loue, sweet lines, sweet life,  
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;  
Here is her oath for loue, her honors paune;

our Fathers would applaud our loves  
our happinesse with their consents.

Oh heavenly *Julia*.

How now? What Letter are you reading there?

May't please your Lordship, 'tis a word or two  
mendations sent from *Valentine*;  
'd by a friend, that came from him.

Lend me the Letter: Let me see what newes.

There is no newes (my Lord) but that he writes  
apply he liues, how well-below'd,  
ily graced by the Emperor;  
g me with him, partner of his fortune.

And how stand you affected to his wish?

As one relying on your Lordships will,  
depending on his friendly wish.

My will is something sorted with his wish:

ot that I thus sodainly proceed;

at I will, I will, and there an end:

solu'd, that thou shalt spend some time

*Valentinus*, in the Emperors Court:

maintenance he from his friends receiues,

hibition thou shalt haue from me,

row be in readinesse, to goe,

it not: for I am peremptory.

My Lord I cannot be so soone prouided,  
you deliberate a day or two.

Look what thou want'st shalbe sent after thee:

re of stay: to morrow thou must goe;

on *Pantano*; you shall be employd,

en on his Expedition.

Thus haue I shund the fire, for feare of burning,

ench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.

I to shew my Father *Julias* Letter,

e should take exceptions to my loue,

ith the vantage of mine owne excuse

ie excepted most against my loue.

ow this spring of loue resembleth

certaine glory of an Aprill day,

now shewes all the beauty of the Sun,

y and by a cloud takes all away.

Sir *Proteus*, your Fathers call's for you,

a hast, therefore I pray you go.

Why this it is: my heart accords thereto,

et a thousand times it answer's no.

*Exeunt. Finis.*

## Actus secundus: Scæna Prima.

*Enter Valentine, Speed, Silvia.*

I. Sir, your Gloue.

v. Not mine: my Gloues are on.

Why then this may be yours: for this is but one.

Ha? Let me see: I, giue it me, it's mine:

Ornament, that deckes a thing diuine,

*Silvia.*

Madam *Silvia*: Madam *Silvia*.

How now *Sirha*?

Shee is not within hearing *Sir*.

Why fir, who bad you call her?

I. Your worship fir, or else I mistooke.

Well: you'll still be too forward.

I. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

*Val.* Goe to, fir, tell me: do you know Madam *Silvia*?

*Speed.* Shee that your worship loues?

*Val.* Why, how know you that I am in loue?

*Speed.* Marry by these speciall markes: first, you haue  
learn'd (like Sir *Proteus*) to wreath your Armes like a  
Male-content: to relish a Loue-song, like a *Robin-red-*  
breast: to walke alone like one that had the pestilence:  
to sigh, like a Schoole-boy that had lost his *A. B. C.* to  
weep like a yong wench that had buried her Grandam:  
to fast, like one that takes diet: to watch, like one that  
feares robbing: to speake puling, like a beggar at Hal-  
low-Masse: You were wont, when you laughed, to crow  
like a cocke; when you walk'd, to walke like one of the  
Lions: when you fasted, it was presently after dinner:  
when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: And  
now you are Metamorphis'd with a Mistris, that when I  
looke on you, I can hardly thinke you my Master.

*Val.* Are all these things perceiu'd in me?

*Speed.* They are all perceiu'd without ye.

*Val.* Without me? they cannot.

*Speed.* Without you? nay, that's certaine: for with-  
out you were so simple, none else would: but you are  
so without these follies, that these follies are within you,  
and shine through you like the water in an Vrinall: that  
not an eye that sees you, but is a Phyician to comment  
on your Malady.

*Val.* But tell me: do'st thou know my Lady *Silvia*?

*Speed.* Shee that you gaze on so, as she fits at supper?

*Val.* Hast thou obseru'd that? euen she I meane.

*Speed.* Why fir, I know her not.

*Val.* Do'st thou know her by my gazing on her, and  
yet know'st her not?

*Speed.* Is she not hard-fauour'd, fir?

*Val.* Not so faire (boy) as well fauour'd.

*Speed.* Sir, I know that well enough.

*Val.* What dost thou know?

*Speed.* That shee is not so faire, as (of you) well-fa-  
uour'd?

*Val.* I meane that her beauty is exquisite,

But her fauour infinite.

*Speed.* That's because the one is painted, and the o-  
ther out of all count.

*Val.* How painted? and how out of count?

*Speed.* Marry fir, so painted to make her faire, that no  
man counts of her beauty.

*Val.* How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

*Speed.* You neuer saw her since she was deform'd.

*Val.* How long hath she bene deform'd?

*Speed.* Euer since you lou'd her.

*Val.* I haue lou'd her euer since I saw her,  
And still I see her beautifull.

*Speed.* If you loue her, you cannot see her.

*Val.* Why?

*Speed.* Because Loue is blinde: O that you had mine  
eyes, or your owne eyes had the lights they were wont  
to haue, when you chidde at Sir *Proteus*, for going vn-  
garter'd.

*Val.* What should I see then?

*Speed.* Your owne present folly, and her passing de-  
formitie: for hee beeing in loue, could not see to garter  
his hose; and you, beeing in loue, cannot see to put on  
your hose. (ning)

*Val.* Belike (boy) then you are in loue, for last mor-  
You could not see to wipe my shooes.

*Speed.* True fir: I was in loue with my bed, I thanke  
you, you swing'd me for my loue, which makes mee the  
bolder

bolder to chide you, for yours.

*Val.* In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

*Speed.* I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

*Val.* Last night she enioyn'd me,  
To write some lines to one she loues.

*Speed.* And haue you?

*Val.* I haue.

*Speed.* Are they not lamely writt?

*Val.* No (Boy) but as well as I can do them :  
Peace, here she comes.

*Speed.* Oh excellent motion ; oh exceeding Puppet :  
Now will he interpret to her.

*Val.* Madam & Mistres, a thousand good-morrrows.

*Speed.* Oh, 'giue ye-good-ew'n : heer's a million of manners.

*Sil.* Sir *Valentine*, and seruant, to you two thousand.

*Speed.* He should giue her interest : & she giues it him.

*Val.* As you inioynd me ; I haue writ your Letter  
Vnto the secreet, nameles friend of yours :

Which I was much vnwilling to proceed in,

But for my duty to your Ladiship. (done.)

*Sil.* I thanke you (gentle Seruant) 'tis very Clerkly-

*Val.* Now trust the (Madam) it came hardly-off :

For being ignorant to whom it goes,

I writ at randome, very doubtfully.

*Sil.* Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

*Val.* No (Madam) so it steed you, I will write  
(Please you command) a thousand times as much :

And yet ———

*Sil.* A pretty period : well : I ghesse the sequell ;

And yet I will not name it : and yet I care not.

And yet, take this againe : and yet I thanke you :

Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

*Speed.* And yet you will : and yet, another yet.

*Val.* What means your Ladiship?

Doe you not like it?

*Sil.* Yes, yes : the lines are very queintly writ,  
But (since vnwillingly) take them againe.

Nay, take them.

*Val.* Madam, they are for you.

*Sil.* I, I : you writ them Sir, at my request,

But I will none of them : they are for you :

I would haue had them writ more mouingly :

*Val.* Please you, Ile write your Ladiship another.

*Sil.* And when it's writ : for my sake read it ouer,

And if it please you, so : if not : why so :

*Val.* If it please me, (Madam?) what then?

*Sil.* Why if it please you, take it for your labour ;  
And so good-morrow Seruant. *Exit. Sil.*

*Speed.* Oh left vnscene : inscrutable : inuisible,  
As a nose on a mans face, or a Wethercocke on a steeple :

My Master sues to her : and she hath taught her Tutor,

He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor.

Oh excellent deuise, was there euer heard a better?

That my master being scribe,

To himselfe should write the Letter?

*Val.* How now Sir?

What are you reasoning with your selfe?

*Speed.* Nay : I was riming : 'tis you y haue the reason.

*Val.* To doe what?

*Speed.* To be a Spokef-man from Madam *Silvia*.

*Val.* To whom?

*Speed.* To your selfe : why, she woes you by a figure.

*Val.* What figure?

*Speed.* By a Letter, I should say.

*Val.* Why she hath not writ to me?

*Speed.* What need she,

When shee hath made you write to your selfe?

Why, doe you not perceiue the iest?

*Val.* No, beleuee me.

*Speed.* No beleueing you indeede sir :

But did you perceiue her earnest?

*Val.* She gaue me none, except an angry word.

*Speed.* Why she hath giuen you a Letter.

*Val.* That's the Letter I writ to her friend.

*Speed.* And y letter hath she deliuer'd, & there an

*Val.* I would it were no worfe.

*Speed.* Ile warrant you, 'tis as well :

For often haue you writ to her : and she in modesty,  
Or elfe for want of idle time, could not againe reply,  
Or fearing els some messenger, y might her mind discou  
Her self hath taught her Loue himself, to write vnto  
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. (k  
Why muse you sir, 'tis dinner time.

*Val.* I haue dyn'd.

*Speed.* I, but hearken sir : though the Cameleon I  
can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nourish'd by  
victuals ; and would faine haue meate : oh bee not  
your Mistresse, be moued, be moued. *Ex*

## *Scæna secunda.*

*Enter Protebus, Iulia, Pantbion.*

*Pro.* Haue patience, gentle *Iulia* :

*Iul.* I must where is no remedy.

*Pro.* When possibly I can, I will returne.

*Iul.* If you turne not : you will return the sooner :  
Keepe this remembrance for thy *Iulia's* sake.

*Pro.* Why then wee'll make exchange ;

Here, take you this.

*Iul.* And seale the bargain with a holy kisse.

*Pro.* Here is my hand, for my true constancie :

And when that howre ore-slips me in the day,

Wherein I sigh not (*Iulia*) for thy sake,

The next ensuing howre, some foule mischance

Torment me for my Loues forgetfulnessse :

My father staies my comming : answere not :

The tide is now ; nay, not thy tide of teares,

That tide will stay me longer then I should,

*Iulia*, farewell : what, gon without a word?

I, so true loue should doe : it cannot speake,

For truth hath better deeds, then words to grace it.

*Pantb.* Sir *Protebus* : you are staid for.

*Pro.* Goe : I come, I come :

Alas, this parting strikes poore Louers dumbe. *Ex*

## *Scæna Tertia.*

*Enter Launce, Pantbion.*

*Launce.* Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I haue  
weeping : all the kinde of the *Launces*, haue this  
fault : I haue recei'd my proportion, like the prodig  
fo

ionne, and am going with Sir *Protbus* to the Imperiall Court : I thinke *Crab* my dog, be the sowrest nated logge that liues : My Mother weeping : my Father wayling : my Sister crying : our Maid howling : our Catto wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexitie, yet did not this cruell-hearted Curre shedde one teare : he is a stone, a very pibble stone, and has no more pittie in him then a dogge : a few would haue wept to haue seene our parting : why my Grandam hauing no eyes, looke you, wept her selfe blinde at my parting : nay, Ile shew you the manner of it. This shooe is my father : no, this left shooe is my father ; no, no, this left shooe is my mother : nay, that cannot bee so neyther : yes ; it is so, it is so : it hath the worser sole : this shooe with the hole in it, is my mother : and this my father : a vengeance on't, there 'tis : Now fir, this staffe is my sister : for, looke you, she is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand : this hat is *Nan* our maid : I am the dogge : no, the dogge is himselfe, and I am the dogge : oh, the dogge is me, and I am my selfe : I ; so, so : now come I to my Father ; Father, your blessing : now should not the shooe speake a word for weeping : now should I kisse my Father ; well, hee weepes on : Now come I to my Mother : Oh that she could speake now, like a would-woman : well, I kisse her : why there 'tis ; heere's my mothers breath vp and downe : Now come I to my sister ; marke the moane she makes : now the dogge all this while sheds not a teare : nor speaks a word : but see how I lay the dust with my teares.

*Paub. Laurence*, away, away : a Boord : thy Master is ship'd, and thou art to pozt after with oares ; what's the matter ? why weep'st thou man ? away affe, you'll loofe the Tide, if you tarry any longer.

*Laun.* It is no matter if the tide were lost, for it is the vnkindest Tide, that euer any man tide.

*Paub.* What's the vnkindest tide ?

*Laun.* Why, he that's tide here, *Crab* my dog.

*Paub.* Tut, man : I meane thou'lt loofe the flood, and in loofing the flood, loofe thy voyage, and in loofing thy voyage, loofe thy Master, and in loofing thy Master, loofe thy seruice, and in loofing thy seruice : — why dost thou stop my mouth ?

*Laun.* For feare thou shouldst loofe thy tongue.

*Paub.* Where should I loofe my tongue ?

*Laun.* In thy Tale.

*Paub.* In thy Taile.

*Laun.* Loofe the Tide, and the voyage, and the Master, and the Seruice, and the tide : why man, if the Riuer were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares : if the winde were downe, I could driue the boate with my fighes.

*Paub.* Come : come away man, I was sent to call thee.

*Laun.* Sir : call me what thou dar'st.

*Paub.* Wilt thou goe ?

*Laun.* Well, I will goe.

*Exeunt.*

### Scena Quarta.

*Enter Valentine, Siluia, Thurio, Speed, Duke, Protbus.*

*Sil.* Seruant.

*Val.* Mistris.

*Spee.* Master, Sir *Thurio* frownes on you.

*Val.* I Boy, it's for loue.

*Spee.* Not of you.

*Val.* Of my Mistresse then.

*Spee.* 'Twere good you knockt him.

*Sil.* Seruant, you are sad.

*Val.* Indeed, Madam, I seeme so.

*Thu.* Seeme you that you are not ?

*Val.* Hap'ly I doe.

*Thu.* So doe Counterfeyts.

*Val.* So doe you.

*Thu.* What seeme I that I am not ?

*Val.* Wife.

*Thu.* What instance of the contrary ?

*Val.* Your folly.

*Thu.* And how quoot you my folly ?

*Val.* I quoot it in your lerkin.

*Thu.* My lerkin is a doublet.

*Val.* Well then, Ile double your folly.

*Thu.* How ?

*Sil.* What, angry, Sir *Thurio*, do you change colour ?

*Val.* Giue him leaue, Madam, he is a kind of *Camelion*.

*Thu.* That hath more minde to feed on your blood, then liue in your ayre.

*Val.* You haue said Sir.

*Thu.* I Sir, and done too for this time.

*Val.* I know it wel fir, you alwaies end ere you begin.

*Sil.* A fine volly of words, gentlemē, & quickly shot off

*Val.* 'Tis indeed, Madam, we thank the giuer.

*Sil.* Who is that Seruant ?

*Val.* Your selfe (sweet Lady) for you gaue the fire,

Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your Ladships lookes, And spends what he borrowes kindly in your company.

*Thu.* Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt. (words,

*Val.* I know it well fir : you haue an Exchequer of And I thinke, no other treasure to giue your followers :

For it appeares by their bare Lueries That they liue by your bare words.

*Sil.* No more, gentlemen, no more :

Here comes my father.

*Duk.* Now, daughter *Silvia*, you are hard beset.

Sir *Valentine*, your father is in good health,

What say you to a Letter from your friends

Of much good newes ?

*Val.* My Lord, I will be thankfull,

To any happy messenger from thence.

*Duk.* Know ye, *Don Antonio*, your Countiman ?

*Val.* I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman

To be of worth, and worthy estimation,

And not without desert so well reputed.

*Duk.* Hath he not a Sonne ?

*Val.* I, my good Lord, a Son, that well deserues

The honor, and regard of such a father.

*Duk.* You know him well ?

*Val.* I knew him as my selfe : for from our Infancie

We haue conuerst, and spent our howres together,

And though my selfe haue bene an idle Trewant,

Omitting the sweet benefit of time

To cloath mine age with Angel-like perfection :

Yet hath Sir *Protbus* (for that's his name)

Made vse, and faire aduantage of his daies :

His yeares but yong, but his experience old :

His head vn-mellowed, but his Iudgement ripe ;

And in a word (for far behinde his worth

Comes all the praises that I now bestow.)

C

He

He is compleat in feature, and in minde,  
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.

*Duk.* Behrewe me fir, but if he make this good  
He is as worthy for an Empreffe loue,  
As meet to be an Emperors Councillor :  
Well, Sir : this Gentleman is come to me  
With Commendation from great Potentates,  
And heere he meanes to spend his time a while,  
I thinke 'tis no vn-welcome newes to you.

*Val.* Should I haue wish'd a thing, it had beene he.

*Duk.* Welcome him then according to his worth :

*Silvia,* I speake to you, and you Sir *Tburio*,  
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it,  
I will fend him hither to you presently.

*Val.* This is the Gentleman I told your Ladiship  
Had come along with me, but that his Mistresse  
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Christfall lookes.

*Sil.* Be-like that now she hath enfranchis'd them  
Vpon some other pawne for fealty.

*Val.* Nay sure, I thinke she holds them prisoners still.

*Sil.* Nay then he should be blind, and being blind  
How could he see his way to seeke out you ?

*Val.* Why Lady, Loue hath twenty paire of eyes.

*Tbur.* They say that Loue hath not an eye at all.

*Val.* To see such Louers, *Tburio*, as your selfe,  
Vpon a homely obiect, Loue can winke.

*Sil.* Haue done, haue done : here comes your gentleman.

*Val.* Welcome, deer *Protbeus* : Mistris, I beseech you  
Confirm his welcome, with some speciall fauor.

*Sil.* His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,  
If this be he you oft haue wish'd to heare from.

*Val.* Mistris, it is : sweet Lady, entertaine him  
To be my fellow-seruant to your Ladiship.

*Sil.* Too low a Mistres for so high a seruant.

*Pro.* Not so, sweet Lady, but too meane a seruant  
To haue a looke of such a worthy a Mistresse.

*Val.* Leau off discourse of disabilitie :

Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Seruant.

*Pro.* My dutie will I boast of, nothing else.

*Sil.* And dutie neuer yet did want his meed.

Seruant, you are welcome to a worthwhile Mistresse.

*Pro.* Ile die on him that saies so but your selfe.

*Sil.* That you are welcome ?

*Pro.* That you are worthlesse. (you.)

*Tbur.* Madam, my Lord your father wold speak with

*Sil.* I wait vpon his pleasure : Come Sir *Tburio*,

Goe with me : once more, new Seruant welcome ;

Ile leau you to confer of home affaires,

When you haue done, we looke too heare from you.

*Pro.* Wee'll both attend vpon your Ladiship.

*Val.* Now tell me : how do al from whence you came ?

*Pro.* Your friends are wel, & haue the much comended.

*Val.* And how doe yours ?

*Pro.* I left them all in health.

*Val.* How does your Lady ? & how thrives your loue ?

*Pro.* My tales of Loue were wont to weary you,  
I know you ioy not in a Loue-discourse.

*Val.* I *Protbeus*, but that life is alter'd now,  
I haue done penance for contemning Loue,  
Whose high emperious thoughts haue punish'd me  
With bitter fasts, with penitentiall grones,  
With nightly teares, and daily hart-fore sighes,  
For in reuenge of my contempt of loue,  
Loue hath chas'd sleepe from my enthralled eyes,  
And made them watchers of mine owne hearts sorrow.  
O gentle *Protbeus*, Loue's a mighty Lord,

And hath so humbled me, as I confesse  
There is no woe to his correction,  
Nor to his Seruice, no such ioy on earth :  
Now, no discourse, except it be of loue :  
Now can I breake my fast, dine, sup, and sleepe,  
Vpon the very naked name of Loue.

*Pro.* Enough ; I read your fortune in your eye :  
Was this the Idoll, that you worship so ?

*Val.* Euen She ; and is she not a heavenly Saint ?

*Pro.* No ; But she is an earthly Paragon.

*Val.* Call her diuine.

*Pro.* I will not flatter her.

*Val.* O flatter me : for Loue delights in praises.

*Pro.* When I was sick, you gaue me bitter pills,  
And I must minister the like to you.

*Val.* Then speake the truth by her ; if not diuine,  
Yet let her be a principallitie,  
Soueraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.

*Pro.* Except my Mistresse.

*Val.* Sweet : except not any,

Except thou wilt except against my Loue.

*Pro.* Haue I not reason to prefer mine owne ?

*Val.* And I will help thee to prefer her to :  
Shee shall be dignified with this high honour,  
To beare my Ladies traine, left the base earth  
Should from her vesture chance to steale a kisse,  
And of so great a fauor growing proud,  
Didaine to roote the Sommer-swalling flowre,  
And make rough winter euerlastingly.

*Pro.* Why *Valentine*, what Bragadisme is this ?

*Val.* Pardon me (*Protbeus*) all I can is nothing,  
To her, whose worth, make other worthies nothing ;  
Shee is alone.

*Pro.* Then let her alone.

*Val.* Not for the world : why man, she is mine owne,  
And I as rich in hauing such a Jewell  
As twenty Seas, if all their sand were pearle,  
The water, Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold.  
Forgiue me that I doe not dreame on thee,  
Because thou seest me doate vpon my loue :  
My foolish Riual that her Father likes  
(Onely for his possessions are so huge)  
Is gone with her along, and I must after,  
For Loue (thou know'st is full of ieaalousie.)

*Pro.* But she loues you ?

(howre,

*Val.* I, and we are betroath'd : nay more, our mariage  
With all the cunning manner of our flight  
Determin'd of : how I must climbe her window,  
The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means  
Plotted, and greed on for my happinesse.  
Good *Protbeus* goe with me to my chamber,  
In these affaires to aid me with thy counsaile.

*Pro.* Goe on before : I shall enquire you forth :  
I must vnto the Road, to dis-embarque  
Some necessaries, that I needs must vse,  
And then Ile presently attend you.

*Val.* Will you make haste ?

Exit.

*Pro.* I will.

Euen as one heate, another heate expels,  
Or as one naile, by strength driues out another.  
So the remembrance of my former Loue  
Is by a newer obiect quite forgotten,  
It is mine, or *Valentines* praise ?  
Her true perfection, or my false transgression ?  
That makes me reasonlesse, to reason thus ?  
Shee is faire : and so is *Julia* that I loue,

(That

did loue, for now my loue is thaw'd,  
like a waxen Image 'gainst a fire  
o' impression of the thing it was.)  
kes my zeale to *Valentine* is cold,  
t' I loue him not as I was wont:  
loue his Lady too-too much,  
t's the reason I loue him so little.  
ill I doate on her with more aduice,  
us without aduice begin to loue her?  
her picture I haue yet beheld,  
t' hath dazel'd my reasons light:  
in I looke on her perfections,  
no reason, but I shall be blinde.  
checke my erring loue, I will,  
o' compasse her Ile vfe my skill.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena Quinta.*

*Enter Speed and Launce.*

*Launce*, by mine honesty welcome to *Padua*.  
Forswear not thy selfe, sweet youth, for I am  
ome. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is neuer  
ill hee be hang'd, nor neuer welcome to a place,  
: certaine shot be paid, and the Hostesse say wel-

Come-on you mad-cap: Ile to the Ale-house  
u presently; where, for one shot of sixe pence,  
It haue sixe thousand welcomes: But sirha, how  
Maffter part with Madam *Julia*?  
Marry after they cloas'd in earnest, they parted  
ely in iest.

But shall she marry him?

No.

How then? shall he marry her?

No, neither.

What, are they broken?

No; they are both as whole as a fish.

Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Marry thus, when it stands well with him, it  
ell with her.

What an affe art thou, I vnderstand thee not.

What a blocke art thou, that thou canst not?  
e vnderstands me?

What thou faist?

I, and what I do too: looke thee, Ile but leane,  
stasse vnderstands me.

It stands vnder thee indeed.

Why, stand-vnder: and vnder-stand is all one.

But tell me true, wil't be a match?

Aske my dogge, if he say I, it will: if hee say  
will: if hee shake his taile, and say nothing, it

The conclusion is then, that it will.

Thou shalt neuer get such a secret from me, but  
ible.

'Tis well that I get it so: but *Launce*, how faist  
t that my master is become a notable Louer?

I neuer knew him otherwise.

Then how?

A notable Lubber: as thou reportest him to

*Spec.* Why, thou whorson Affe, thou mistak'st me,

*Lau.* Why Foole, I meant not thee, I meant thy  
Master.

*Spec.* I tell thee, my Master is become a hot Louer.

*Lau.* Why, I tell thee, I care not, though hee burne  
himselfe in Loue. If thou wilt goe with me to the Ale-  
house: if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth  
the name of a Christian.

*Spec.* Why?

*Lau.* Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as  
to goe to the Ale with a Christian: Wilt thou goe?

*Spec.* At thy seruice.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena Sexta.*

*Enter Protheus solus.*

*Pro.* To leaue my *Julia*; shall I be forsworne?

To loue faire *Silvia*; shall I be forsworne?

To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworne.

And ev'n that Powre which gaue me first my oath

Prouokes me to this three-fold periurie.

Loue bad mee sweare, and Loue bids me for-swear;

O sweet-suggesting Loue, if thou hast sin'd,  
Teach me (thy tempted subiect) to excuse it.

At first I did adore a twinkling Starre,

But now I worship a celestially Sunne:

Vn-heedfull vowes may heedfully be broken,

And he wants wit, that wants reloued will,

To learne his wit, t'exchange the bad for better;

Fie, fie, vnreuerend tongue, to call her bad,

Whose souerainty so oft thou hast preferd,

With twenty thousand foule-confirming oathes.

I cannot leaue to loue; and yet I doe:

But there I leaue to loue, where I should loue.

*Julia* I loose, and *Valentine* I loose,

If I keepe them, I needs must loose my selfe:

If I loose them, thus finde I by their losse,

For *Valentine*, my selfe: for *Julia*, *Silvia*.

I to my selfe am deerer then a friend,

For Loue is still most precious in it selfe,

And *Silvia* (witnesse heauen that made her faire)

Shewes *Julia* but a swarthy Ethiope.

I will forget that *Julia* is aliue,

Remembering that my Loue to her is dead.

And *Valentine* Ile hold an Enemy,

Ayming at *Silvia* as a sweeter friend.

I cannot now proue constant to my selfe,

Without some treachery vs'd to *Valentine*:

This night he meaneth with a Corded-ladder

To climbe celestially *Silvia*'s chamber window,

My selfe in counsaile his competitor.

Now presently Ile giue her father notice

Of their disguising and pretended flight:

Who (all inrag'd) will banish *Valentine*:

For *Thurio* he intends shall wed his daughter,

But *Valentine* being gon, Ile quickly crosse

By some slie tricke, blunt *Thurio*'s dull proceeding.

Loue lend me wings, to make my purpose swift

As thou hast lent me wit, to plot this drift.

*Exit.*

*Scæna septima.**Enter Iulia and Lucetta.*

*Iul.* Counsaile, *Lucetta*, gentle girle assist me,  
And eu'n in kinde loue, I doe coniure thee,  
Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts  
Are visibly Character'd, and engrau'd,  
To lesson me, and tell me some good meane  
How with my honour I may vndertake  
A journey to my louing *Proteus*.

*Luc.* Alas, the way is wearisome and long.  
*Iul.* A true-deuoted Pilgrime is not weary  
To measure Kingdomes with his feeble steps,  
Much lesse shall she that hath Loues wings to flie,  
And when the flight is made to one so deere,  
Of such diuine perfection as Sir *Proteus*.

*Luc.* Better forbear, till *Proteus* make returne.

*Iul.* Oh, know'st y not, his looks are my soules food?  
Pitty the dearth that I haue pined in,  
By longing for that food so long a time.  
Didst thou but know the inly touch of Loue,  
Thou wouldst as soone goe kindle fire with snow  
As seeke to quench the fire of Loue with words.

*Luc.* I doe not seeke to quench your Lones hot fire,  
But qualifie the fires extreame rage,  
Left it should burne about the bounds of reason.

*Iul.* The more thou dam'st it vp, the more it burnes:  
The Current that with gentle murmure glides  
(Thou know'st) being stop'd, impatiently doth rage:  
But when his faire course is not hindered,  
He makes sweet musick with th'enameld stones,  
Giuing a gentle kisse to euery degree  
He ouer-taketh in his pilgrimage.

And so by many winding nookes he strais  
With willing sport to the wilde Ocean.  
Then let me goe, and hinder not my course:  
He be as patient as a gentle streame,  
And make a pastime of each weary step,  
Till the last step haue brought me to my Loue,  
And there he rest, as after much turmoile  
A blessed soule doth in *Elysium*.

*Luc.* But in what habit will you goe along?

*Iul.* Not like a woman, for I would preuent  
The loose encounters of lasciuious men:  
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such weedes  
As may besee me some well reputed Page.

*Luc.* Why then your Ladiship must cut your haire.

*Iul.* No girle, he knit it vp in filken strings,  
With twentie od-conceited true-loue knots:  
To be fantastique, may become a youth  
Of greater time then I shall shew to be. (ches?)

*Luc.* What fashion (Madam) shall I make your bree-

*Iul.* That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)  
What compasse will you weare your Farthingale?

Why eu'n what fashion thou best likes (*Lucetta*.)

*Luc.* You must needs haue thẽ with a cod-peece (Ma-

*Iul.* Out, out, (*Lucetta*) that wilbe illfauour'd. (dam)

*Luc.* A round hofe (Madam) now's not worth a pin  
Vnlesse you haue a cod peece to stick pins on.

*Iul.* *Lucetta*, as thou lou'st me let me haue  
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.  
But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me  
For vndertaking so vnstaid a journey?

I feare me it will make me scandaliz'd.

*Luc.* If you thinke so, then stay at home, and go not.

*Iul.* Nay, that I will not.

*Luc.* Then neuer dreame on Infamy, but go:  
If *Proteus* like your journey, when you come,  
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:  
I feare me he will scarce be pleas'd with all.

*Iul.* That is the least (*Lucetta*) of my feare:  
A thousand oathes, an Ocean of his teares,  
And instances of infinite of Loue,  
Warrant me welcome to my *Proteus*.

*Luc.* All these are seruants to deceitfull men.

*Iul.* Base men, that vse them to so base effect;  
But truer starres did gouerne *Proteus* birth,  
His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles,  
His loue sincere, his thoughts immaculate,  
His teares, pure messengers, sent from his heart,  
His heart, as far from fraud, as heauen from earth.

*Luc.* Pray heau'n he proue so when you come to him.

*Iul.* Now, as thou lou'st me, do him not that wrong,  
To beare a hard opinion of his truth:  
Onely deferue my loue, by louing him,  
And presently goe with me to my chamber  
To take a note of what I stand in need of,  
To furnish me vpon my longing journey:  
All that is mine I leaue at thy dispose,  
My goods, my Lands, my reputation,  
Onely, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:  
Come; answere not: but to it presently,  
I am impatient of my tarriance.

*Exeunt.**Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.**Enter Duke, Thurio, Proteus, Valentine, Laurence, Speed.*

*Duke.* Sir *Thurio*, giue vs leaue (I pray) a while,  
We haue some secrets to confer about.

Now tell me *Proteus*, what's your will with me?

*Pro.* My gracious Lord, that which I wold discouer,  
The Law of friendship bids me to concale,  
But when I call to minde your gracious fauours  
Done to me (vn-deseruing as I am)  
My dutie pricks me on to vtter that  
Which else, no worldly good should draw from me:  
Know (worthy Prince) Sir *Valentine* my friend  
This night intends to steale away your daughter:  
My selfe am one made priuy to the plot.

I know you haue determin'd to bestow her  
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates,  
And should she thus be stolne away from you,  
It would be much vexation to your age.  
Thus (for my duties sake) I rather chofe  
To crosse my friend in his intended drift,  
Then (by concealing it) heap on your head  
A pack of sorrowes, which wold presse you downe  
(Being vnpreuented) to your timelesse graue.

*Duke.* *Proteus*, I thank thee for thine honest care,  
Which to requite, command me while I liue.  
This loue of theirs, my selfe haue often seene,  
Haply when they haue iudg'd me fast asleepe,  
And oftentimes haue purpos'd to forbid

Sir

me her companie, and my Court.  
g left my iealous ayme might erre,  
nworthily) disgrace the man  
(He that I euer yet haue shun'd)  
n gentle lookes, thereby to finde  
ch thy selfe hast now disclos'd to me.  
thou maist perceiue my feare of this,  
that tender youth is soone suggested,  
lodge her in an vpper Towre,  
whereof, my selfe haue euer kept:  
ce she cannot be conuay'd away.  
now (noble Lord) they haue deuiz'd a meane  
er chamber-window will ascend,  
a Corded-ladder fetch her downe:  
y, the youthfull Louer now is gone,  
way comes he with it presently.  
it please you) you may intercept him.  
my Lord) doe it so cunningly  
discouery be not aimed at:  
of you, not hate vnto my friend,  
le me publisher of this pretence.  
Vpon mine Honor, he shall neuer know  
id any light from thee of this.  
diew, my Lord, Sir *Valentine* is comming.  
ir *Valentine*, whether away so fast?  
leave it your Grace, there is a Messenger  
es to beare my Letters to my friends,  
going to deliuer them.  
le they of much import?  
he tenure of them doth but signifie  
h, and happy being at your Court.  
Nay then no matter: stay with me a while,  
reake with thee of some affaires  
ch me neere: wherein thou must be secret.  
nknown to thee, that I haue fought  
my friend Sir *Turris*, to my daughter.  
know it well (my Lord) and sure the Match  
and honourable: besides, the gentleman  
Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities  
g such a Wife, as your faire daughter:  
our Grace win her to fancie him?  
No, trust me, She is peeuisht, fullen, froward,  
ifobedient, stubborne, lacking duty,  
egarding that she is my childe,  
ng me, as if I were her father:  
I say to thee, this pride of hers  
uice) hath drawne my loue from her,  
re I thought the remnant of mine age  
aue beene cherish'd by her child-like dutie,  
a full resolu'd to take a wife,  
e her out, to who will take her in:  
her beauty be her wedding dowre:  
and my possessions she esteemes not.  
What would your Grace haue me to do in this?  
There is a Lady in *Verona* heere  
affect: but she is nice, and coy,  
ght esteemes my aged eloquence.  
reforme would I haue thee to my Tutor  
; agone I haue forgot to court,  
se fashion of the time is chang'd)  
d which way I may bestow my selfe  
garded in her sun-bright eye.  
Nin her with gifts, if the respect not words,  
ewels often in their silent kinde  
in quicke words, doe moue a womans minde.  
But she did scorne a present that I sent her,

*Val.* A woman sometime scorns what best cōtents her.  
Send her another: neuer giue her ore,  
For scorne at first, makes after-loue the more.  
If she doe frowne, 'tis not in hate of you,  
But rather to beget more loue in you.  
If she doe chide, 'tis not to haue you gone,  
For why, the fooles are mad, if left alone.  
Take no repulse, what euer she doth say,  
For, get you gon, she doth not meane away.  
Flatter, and praise, commend, extoll their graces:  
Though nere so blacke, say they haue Angells faces,  
That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,  
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

*Duk.* But she I meane, is promia'd by her friends  
Vnto a youthfull Gentleman of worth,  
And kept feuerely from resort of men,  
That no man hath access by day to her.

*Val.* Why then I would resort to her by night.

*Duk.* I, but the doores be lockt, and keyes kept safe,  
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

*Val.* What lets but one may enter at her window?

*Duk.* Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,  
And built so sheluing, that one cannot climbe it  
Without apparant hazard of his life.

*Val.* Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords  
To cast vp, with a paire of anchoring hookes,  
Would serue to scale another *Hero's* towre,  
So bold *Leander* would aduenture it.

*Duk.* Now as thou art a Gentleman of blood  
Aduise me, where I may haue such a Ladder.

*Val.* When would you vse it? pray sir, tell me that.

*Duk.* This very night; for Loue is like a childe  
That longs for euery thing that he can come by.

*Val.* By seauen a clock, ile get you such a Ladder.

*Duk.* But harke thee: I will goe to her alone,  
How shall I best conuey the Ladder thither?

*Val.* It will be light (my Lord) that you may beare it  
Vnder a cloake, that is of any length.

*Duk.* A cloake as long as thine will serue the turne?

*Val.* I my good Lord.

*Duk.* Then let me see thy cloake,  
Ile get me one of such another length.

*Val.* Why any cloake will serue the turn (my Lord)

*Duk.* How shall I fashion me to weare a cloake?

I pray thee let me feele thy cloake vpon me.

What Letter is this same? what's here? to *Silvia*?

And heere an Engine fit for my proceeding,  
Ile be so bold to breake the scale for once.

*My thoughts do barbour with my Silvia nightly,  
And slauers they are to me, that send them flying.  
Oh, could their Master come, and goe as lightly,  
Himselfe would lodge, where (scarcely) they are lying.  
My Herald Thoughts, in thy pure bosome rest-them,  
While I (their King) that thither them importune  
Doe curse the grace, that with such grace bath blest them,  
Because my selfe doe want my seruants fortune.*

*I curse my selfe, for they are sent by me,  
That they should barbour where their Lord should be.*

What's here? *Silvia*, this night I will enfranchise thee.

'Tis so: and heere's the Ladder for the purpose.

Why *Phaeton* (for thou art *Merops* sonne)

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly Car?

And with thy daring folly burne the world?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?



Goe bafe Intruder, ouer-weening Slaue,  
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equall mates,  
And thinke my patience, (more then thy desert)  
Is priuiledge for thy departure hence.  
Thanke me for this, more then for all the fauors  
Which (all too-much) I haue bestowed on thee.  
But if thou linger in my Territories  
Longer then swiftest expedition  
Will giue thee time to leaue our royall Court,  
By heauen, my wrath shall farre exceed the loue  
I euer bore my daughter, or thy selfe.  
Be gone, I will not heare thy vaine excuse,  
But as thou lou'st thy life, make speed from hence.  
*Val.* And why not death, rather then liuing torment?  
To die, is to be banisht from my selfe,  
And *Silvia* is my selfe: banish'd from her  
Is selfe from selfe. A deadly banishment:  
What light, is light, if *Silvia* be not seene?  
What ioy is ioy, if *Silvia* be not by?  
Vnlesse it be to thinke that she is by  
And feed vpon the shadow of perfection.  
Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,  
There is no musike in the Nightingale.  
Vnlesse I looke on *Silvia* in the day,  
There is no day for me to looke vpon.  
Shee is my essence, and I leaue to be;  
If I be not by her faire influence  
Foster'd, illum'd, cherish'd, kept aliue.  
I flie not death, to flie his deadly doome,  
Tarry I heere, I but attend on death,  
But flie I hence, I flie away from life.  
*Pro.* Run (boy) run, run, and seeke him out.  
*Lau.* So-hough, Soa hough——  
*Pro.* What see'st thou?  
*Lau.* Him we goe to finde,  
There's not a haire on's head, but t'is a *Valentine*.  
*Pro.* *Valentine*?  
*Val.* No.  
*Pro.* Who then? his Spirit?  
*Val.* Neither,  
*Pro.* What then?  
*Val.* Nothing.  
*Lau.* Can nothing speake? Master, shall I strike?  
*Pro.* Who wouldst thou strike?  
*Lau.* Nothing.  
*Pro.* Villaine, forbear.  
*Lau.* Why Sir, Ile strike nothing: I pray you.  
*Pro.* Sirha, I say forbear: friend *Valentine*, a word.  
*Val.* My eares are stop't, & cannot hear good newes,  
So much of bad already hath posselt them.  
*Pro.* Then in dumbe silence will I bury mine,  
For they are harsh, vn-tuneable, and bad.  
*Val.* Is *Silvia* dead?  
*Pro.* No, *Valentine*.  
*Val.* No *Valentine* indeed, for sacred *Silvia*,  
Hath she forsworne me?  
*Pro.* No, *Valentine*.  
*Val.* No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* haue forsworne me.  
What is your newes?  
*Lau.* Sir, there is a proclamation, you are vanisht.  
*Pro.* That thou art banish'd: oh that's the newes,  
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.  
*Val.* Oh, I haue fed vpon this woe already,  
And now exceffe of it will make me surfet.  
Doth *Silvia* know that I am banish'd?  
*Pro.* I, I: and she hath offered to the doome

(Which vn-reuerst stands in effectuall force)  
A Sea of melting pearle, which some call teares;  
Those at her fathers churlish fete the tenderd,  
With them vpon her knees, her humble selfe,  
Wringing her haire, whose whitenes so became them,  
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:  
But neither bended knees, pure hands held vp,  
Sad sighes, deepe grones, nor siluer-shedding teares  
Could penetrate her vncompassionate Sire;  
But *Valentine*, if he be tane, must die.  
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,  
When she for thy repaale was suppliant,  
That to close prison he commanded her,  
With many bitter threats of biding there.

*Val.* No more: vnles the next word that thou speak'st  
Haue some malignant power vpon my life:  
If so: I pray thee breath it in mine eare,  
As ending Antheme of my endlesse dolor.

*Pro.* Cease to lament for that thou canst not helpe,  
And study helpe for that which thou lament'st,  
Time is the Nurse, and breeder of all good;  
Here, if thou stay, thou canst not see thy loue:  
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life:  
Hope is a louers staffe, walke hence with that  
And manage it, against despairing thoughts:  
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,  
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliuer'd  
Euen in the milke-white bosome of thy Loue.  
The time now serues not to expostulate,  
Come, Ile conuey thee through the City-gate.  
And ere I part with thee, confer at large  
Of all that may concerne thy Loue-affaires:  
As thou lou'st *Silvia* (though not for thy selfe)  
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

*Val.* I pray thee *Launce*, and if thou see'st my Boy  
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-gate.

*Pro.* Goe sirha, finde him out: Come *Valentine*.

*Val.* Oh my deere *Silvia*; haplesse *Valentine*.

*Launce.* I am but a foole, looke you, and yet I haue  
the wit to thinke my Master is a kinde of a knaue: but  
that's all one, if he be but one knaue: He liues not now  
that knowes me to be in loue, yet I am in loue, but a  
Teeme of horse shall not plucke that from me: nor who  
'tis I loue: and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I  
will not tell my selfe: and yet 'tis a Milke-maid: yet 'tis  
not a maid: for shee hath had Gossips: yet 'tis a maid,  
for she is her Masters maid, and serues for wages. Shee  
hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniell, which is  
much in a bare Christian: Heere is the Cate-log of her  
Condition. *Inprimis*. Shee can fetch and carry: why  
a horse can doe no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but  
onely carry, therefore is shee better then a lade. *Item*.  
Shee can milke, looke you, a sweet vertue in a maid with  
cleane hands.

*Speed.* How now Signior *Launce*? what newes with  
your Mastership?

*La.* With my Mastership? why, it is at Sea:

*Sp.* Well, your old vice still: mistake the word: what  
newes then in your paper?

*La.* The black'st newes that euer thou heard'st.

*Sp.* Why man? how blacke?

*La.* Why, as blacke as Inke.

*Sp.* Let me read them?

*La.* Fie on thee lolt-head, thou canst not read.

*Sp.* Thou lyest: I can.

*La.* I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee?

*Sp.* Marry

arry, the son of my Grand-father.  
h illiterate loyterer; it was the sonne of thy  
other: this proues that thou canst not read.  
me foole, come: try me in thy paper.  
here: and S. *Nicholas* be thy speed.  
primis she can milke.  
that she can.  
em, she brewes good Ale.  
And thereof comes the prouerbe: (*Blessing of  
t, you brew good Ale.*)  
em, she can sowe.  
'hat's as much as to say (*Can she so?*)  
em she can knit.  
What neede a man care for a stock with a wench,  
ie can knit him a stocke?  
em, she can wash and scoure.  
a speciall vertue: for then thee neede not be  
ind scowr'd.  
em, she can spin.  
'hen may I set the world on wheeles, when she  
for her liuing.  
em, she hath many namelesse vertues.  
'hat's as much as to say *Bastard-vertues*: that  
know not their fathers; and therefore haue no

lere follow her vices.  
lose at the heeles of her vertues.  
em, thee is not to be fasting in respect of her

Vell: that fault may be mended with a break-  
d on.  
em, she hath a sweet mouth.  
'hat makes amends for her soure breath.  
em, she doth talke in her sleepe.  
t's no matter for that; so shee sleepe not in her

em, she is slow in words.  
Oh villaine, that set this downe among her vices;  
ow in words, is a womans onely vertue:  
see out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue.  
tem, she is proud.  
But with that too:  
ues legacie, and cannot be t'ane from her.  
tem, she hath no teeth.  
care not for that neither: because I loue crufts.  
tem, she is curst.  
Well: the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.  
tem, she will often praise her liquor.  
f her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not,  
for good things should be praised.  
tem, she is too liberrall.  
Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ downe  
low of: of her purse, shee shall not, for that ile  
but: Now, of another thing shee may, and that  
helpe. Well, proceede.  
tem, shee hath more haire then wit, and more  
en haire, and more wealth then faults.  
stop there: Ile haue her: she was mine, and not  
vice or thrice in that last Article: rehearse that  
re.  
tem, she hath more haire then wit.  
More haire then wit: it may be ile proue it: The  
f the salt, hides the salt, and therefore it is more  
e salt; the haire that couers the wit, is more  
e wit; for the greater hides the lesse: What's

*Sp.* And more faults then haire.  
*La.* That's monstrous: oh that that were out.  
*Sp.* And more wealth then faults.  
*La.* Why that word makes the faults gracious:  
Well, ile haue her: and if it be a match, as nothing is  
impossible.  
*Sp.* What then?  
*La.* Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Master staies  
for thee at the *North gate*.  
*Sp.* For me?  
*La.* For thee? I, who art thou? he hath staid for a bet-  
ter man then thee.  
*Sp.* And must I goe to him?  
*La.* Thou must run to him; for thou hast staid so long,  
that going will scarce serue the turne.  
*Sp.* Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your loue  
Letters.  
*La.* Now will he be swing'd for reading my Letter;  
An vnmannery slaue, that will thrust himselfe into se-  
crets: Ile after, to reioyce in the boyes correctiō. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Duke, Thurio, Proteus.*

*Du.* Sir *Thurio*, feare not, but that she will loue you  
Now *Valentine* is banish'd from her sight.  
*Tb.* Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,  
Forsworne my company, and rail'd at me,  
That I am desperate of obtaining her.  
*Du.* This weake impresse of Loue, is as a figure  
Trenched in ice, which with an houres heate  
Dissolues to water, and doth loofe his forme.  
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,  
And worthlesse *Valentine* shall be forgot.  
How now sir *Proteus*, is your countriman  
(According to our Proclamation) gon?  
*Pro.* Gon, my good Lord.  
*Du.* My daughter takes his going grieuouly?  
*Pro.* A little time (my Lord) will kill that griefe.  
*Du.* So I belecue: but *Thurio* thinks not so:  
*Proteus*, the good conceit I hold of thee,  
(For thou hast showne some signe of good desert)  
Makes me the better to confer with thee.  
*Pro.* Longer then I proue loyall to your Grace,  
Let me not liue, to looke vpon your Grace.  
*Du.* Thou know'st how willingly, I would effect  
The match betweene sir *Thurio*, and my daughter?  
*Pro.* I doe my Lord.  
*Du.* And also, I thinke, thou art not ignorant  
How she opposes her against my will?  
*Pro.* She did my Lord, when *Valentine* was here.  
*Du.* I, and peruersly, she peruersers so:  
What might we doe to make the girle forget  
The loue of *Valentine*, and loue sir *Thurio*?  
*Pro.* The best way is, to slander *Valentine*,  
With falsehood, cowardize, and poore discent:  
Three things, that women highly hold in hate.  
*Du.* I, but she'll thinke, that it is spoke in hate.  
*Pro.* I, if his enemy deliuer it.  
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken  
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.  
*Du.* Then you must undertake to slander him.

*Pro.*

*Pro.* And that (my Lord) I shall be loath to doe :  
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,  
Especially against his very friend.

*Du.* Where your good word cannot aduantage him,  
Your slander neuer can endamage him ;  
Therefore the office is indifferent,  
Being intreated to it by your friend.

*Pro.* You haue preuail'd (my Lord) if I can doe it  
By ought that I can speake in his dispraise,  
She shall not long continue loue to him :  
But say this weede her loue from *Valentine*,  
It folloes not that she will loue fir *Thurio*.

*Tb.* Therefore, as you vnwinde her loue from him ;  
Least it should rauell, and be good to none,  
You must prouide to bottome it on me :  
Which must be done, by praising me as much  
As you, in worth dispraise, fir *Valentine*.

*Du.* And *Proteus*, we dare trust you in this kinde,  
Because we know (on *Valentines* report)  
You are already loues firme votary,  
And cannot soone reuolt, and change your minde.  
Vpon this warrant, shall you haue access,  
Where you, with *Silvia*, may conferre at large.  
For she is lumpish, heauy, mellancholly,  
And (for your friends sake) will be glad of you ;  
Where you may temper her, by your perswasion,  
To hate yong *Valentine*, and loue my friend.

*Pro.* As much as I can doe, I will effect :

But you fir *Thurio*, are not sharpe enough :  
You must lay Lime, to tangle her desires  
By walefull Sonnets, whose compos'd Rimes  
Should be full fraught with seruiceable vowes.

*Du.* I, much is the force of heauen-bred Poesie.

*Pro.* Say that vpon the altar of her beauty  
You sacrifice your teares, your sighes, your heart :  
Write till your inke be dry ; and with your teares  
Moist it againe : and frame some feeling line,  
That may discouer such integrity :  
For *Orpheus* Lute, was strung with Poets sinewes,  
Whose golden touch could soften Steele and stones ;  
Make Tygers tame, and huge *Leuiathans*  
Forfake vnfounded deepes, to dance on Sands.  
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,  
Visit by night your Ladies chamber-window  
With some sweet Confort ; To their Instruments  
Tune a deploring dumpe : the nights dead silence  
Will well become such sweet complaining griuance :  
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

*Du.* This discipline, shoues thou hast bin in loue.

*Tb.* And thy aduice, this night, ile put in practise :  
Therefore, sweet *Proteus*, my direction-giuer,  
Let vs into the City presently  
To sort some Gentlemen, well skil'd in Musicke.  
I haue a Sonnet, that will serue the turne  
To giue the on-set to thy good aduise.

*Du.* About it Gentlemen.

*Pro.* We'll wait vpon your Grace, till after Supper,  
And afterward determine our proceedings.

*Du.* Euen now about it, I will pardon you. *Exeunt.*

### Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

*Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-lawes.*

*1.Out.-1.* Fellowes, stand fast : I see a passenger.

*2.Out.* If there be ten, shrinke not, but down w

*3.Out.* Stand fir, and throw vs that you haue ab  
If not : we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

*Sp.* Sir we are vndone ; these are the Villaines  
That all the Trauailers doe feare so much.

*Val.* My friends.

*1.Out.* That's not so, fir : we are your enemies.

*2.Out.* Peace : we'll heare him.

*3.Out.* I by my beard will we : for he is a proper

*Val.* Then know that I haue little wealth to lo  
A man I am, cross'd with aduersitie :

My riches, are these poore habiliments,  
Of which, if you should here disfigure me,  
You take the sum and substance that I haue.

*2.Out.* Whether trauell you?

*Val.* To *Verona*.

*1.Out.* Whence came you?

*Val.* From *Millaine*.

*3.Out.* Haue you long sojourn'd there ?

*Val.* Some sixteene moneths, and longer mig  
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

*1.Out.* What, were you banish'd thence ?

*Val.* I was.

*2.Out.* For what offence ?

*Val.* For that which now torments me to rehear  
I kil'd a man, whose death I much repent,  
But yet I slew him manfully, in fight,  
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

*1.Out.* Why nere repent it, if it were done so ;  
But were you banish'd for so small a fault ?

*Val.* I was, and held me glad of such a doome.

*2.Out.* Haue you the Tongues ?

*Val.* My youthfull traualle, therein made me ha  
Or else I often had beene often miserable.

*3.Out.* By the bare scalpe of *Robin Hood* fat Frye  
This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction.

*1.Out.* We'll haue him : Sirs, a word.

*Sp.* Master, be one of them :

It's an honourable kinde of theeury.

*Val.* Peace villaine.

*2.Out.* Tell vs this : haue you any thing to take ?

*Val.* Nothing but my fortune.

*3.Out.* Know then, that some of vs are Gentlem  
Such as the fury of vngouern'd youth  
Thrust from the company of awfull men.  
My selfe was from *Verona* banished,  
For practising to steale away a Lady,  
And heire and Neece, alide vnto the Duke.

*2.Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a Gentleman,  
Who, in my moode, I stab'd vnto the heart.

*1.Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these  
But to the purpose : for we cite our faults,  
That they may hold excus'd our lawlesse liues ;  
And partly seeing you are beautifide  
With goodly shape ; and by your owne report,  
A Linguist, and a man of such perfection,  
As we doe in our quality much want.

*2.Out.* Indeepe because you are a banish'd man,  
Therefore, aboue the rest, we parley to you :  
Are you content to be our Generall ?

To make a vertue of necessity,  
And liue as we doe in this wilderness ?

*3.Out.* What faist thou ? wilt thou be of our con  
Say I, and be the captaine of vs all :  
We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,  
Loue thee, as our Commander, and our King.

1. *Out.* But if thou scorne our curtesie, thou dyest.  
 2. *Out.* Thou shalt not lue, to brag what we haue of.  
*Val.* I take your offer, and will lue with you, (fer'd.  
 rouded that you do no outrages  
 In silly women, or poore passengers.  
 3. *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practises.  
 Come, goe with vs, we'll bring thee to our Crewes,  
 And show thee all the Treasure we haue got;  
 Which, with our selues, all rest at thy dispose. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

*Enter Proteus, Thurio, Julia, Host, Musitian, Silvia.*

*Pro.* Already haue I bin false to *Valentine*,  
 And now I must be as vnjust to *Thurio*,  
 Vnder the colour of commending him,  
 I haue access'd my owne loue to prefer.  
 But *Silvia* is too faire, too true, too holy,  
 To be corrupted with my worthlesse guifts;  
 When I protest true loyalty to her,  
 She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;  
 When to her beauty I commend my vowes,  
 She bids me thinke how I haue bin forsworne  
 In breking faith with *Julia*, whom I lou'd;  
 And notwithstanding all her sodaine quips,  
 The least whereof would quell a louers hope:  
 Yet (spaniel-like) the more she spurnes my loue,  
 The more it growes, and fawneth on her still;  
 But here comes *Thurio*; now must we to her window,  
 And giue some euening Musique to her eare.  
*Tb.* How now, sir *Proteus*, are you crept before vs?  
*Pro.* I gentle *Thurio*, for you know that loue  
 Will creepe in seruice, where it cannot goe.  
*Tb.* I, but I hope, Sir, that you loue not here.  
*Pro.* Sir, but I doe: or else I would be hence.  
*Tb.* Who, *Silvia*?  
*Pro.* I, *Silvia*, for your sake.  
*Tb.* I thanke you for your owne: Now Gentlemen  
 Let's tune: and too it lustily a while.  
*Ho.* Now, my yong guest; me thinks your' allycholly;  
 I pray you why is it?  
*Lu.* Marry (mine *Host*) because I cannot be merry.  
*Ho.* Come, we'll haue you merry: ile bring you where  
 you shall heare Musique, and see the Gentleman that  
 you ask'd for.  
*Lu.* But shall I heare him speake.  
*Ho.* I that you shall.  
*Lu.* That will be Musique.  
*Ho.* Harke, harke.  
*Lu.* Is he among these?  
*Ho.* I: but peace, let's heare'm.

*Song. Who is Silvia? what is she?  
 That all our Swaines commend her?  
 Holy, faire, and wise is she,  
 The beauen such grace did lend her,  
 That she might admired be.  
 Is she kinde as she is faire?  
 For beauty liues with kindnesse:  
 Loue doth to her eyes repaire,  
 To helpe him of his blindnesse:*

*And being help'd, inhabits there.  
 Then to Silvia, let vs sing,  
 That Silvia is excelling;  
 She excels each mortall thing  
 Vpon the dull earth dwelling.  
 To her let vs Garlands bring.*

*Ho.* How now? are you sadder then you were before;  
 How doe you, man? the Musicke likes you not.  
*Lu.* You mistake: the Musitian likes me not.  
*Ho.* Why, my pretty youth?  
*Lu.* He plaies false (father.)  
*Ho.* How, out of tune on the strings.  
*Lu.* Not so: but yet  
 So false that he grieues my very heart-strings.  
*Ho.* You haue a quicke eare. (heart.  
*Lu.* I, I would I were deafe: it makes me haue a slow  
*Ho.* I perceiue you delight not in Musique.  
*Lu.* Not a whit, when it iars so.  
*Ho.* Harke, what fine change is in the Musique.  
*Lu.* I: that change is the spight.  
*Ho.* You would haue them alwaies play but one thing.  
*Lu.* I would alwaies haue one play but one thing.  
 But *Host*, doth this Sir *Proteus*, that we talke on,  
 Often resort vnto this Gentlewoman?  
*Ho.* I tell you what *Launce* his man told me,  
 He lou'd her out of all nicke.  
*Lu.* Where is *Launce*?  
*Ho.* Gone to seeke his dog, which to morrow, by his  
 Masters command, hee must carry for a present to his  
 Lady.  
*Lu.* Peace, stand aside, the company parts.  
*Pro.* Sir *Thurio*, feare not you, I will so please,  
 That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.  
*Tb.* Where meete we?  
*Pro.* At Saint *Gregories* well.  
*Tb.* Farewell.  
*Pro.* Madam: good eu'n to your Ladiship.  
*Sil.* I thanke you for your Musique (Gentlemen)  
 Who is that that spake?  
*Pro.* One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth,  
 You would quickly learne to know him by his voice.  
*Sil.* Sir *Proteus*, as I take it.  
*Pro.* Sir *Proteus* (gentle Lady) and your Seruant.  
*Sil.* What's your will?  
*Pro.* That I may compasse yours.  
*Sil.* You haue your wish: my will is euen this,  
 That presently you hie you home to bed:  
 Thou subtil, periur'd, false, disloyall man:  
 Think'ft thou I am so shallow, so conceitlesse,  
 To be seduced by thy flattery,  
 That has't deceiu'd so many with thy vowes?  
 Returne, returne and make thy loue amends:  
 For me (by this pale queene of night I sweare)  
 I am so farre from granting thy request,  
 That I despise thee, for thy wrongfull suite;  
 And by and by intend to chide my selfe,  
 Euen for this time I spend in talking to thee.  
*Pro.* I grant (sweet loue) that I did loue a Lady,  
 But she is dead.  
*Lu.* 'Twere false, if I should speake it;  
 For I am sure she is not buried.  
*Sil.* Say that she be: yet *Valentine* thy friend  
 Suruiues; to whom (thy selfe art witnesse)  
 I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd  
 To wrong him, with thy importunacy?

*Pro.*

*Pro.* I likewise heare that *Valentine* is dead.  
*Sil.* And so suppose am I; for in her graue  
 Assure thy selfe, my loue is buried.  
*Pro.* Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth.  
*Sil.* Goe to thy Ladies graue and call hers thence,  
 Or at the least, in hers, sepulcher thine.  
*Iul.* He heard not that.  
*Pro.* Madam: if your heart be so obdurate:  
 Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my loue,  
 The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:  
 To that ile speake, to that ile sigh and weepe:  
 For since the substance of your perfect selfe  
 Is else deuoted, I am but a shadow;  
 And to your shadow, will I make true loue.  
*Iul.* If'twere a substance you would sure deceiue it,  
 And make it but a shadow, as I am.  
*Sil.* I am very loath to be your Idoll Sir;  
 But, since your falsehood shall become you well  
 To worship shadowes, and adore false shapes,  
 Send to me in the morning, and ile send it:  
 And so, good rest.  
*Pro.* As wretches haue ore-night  
 That wait for execution in the morne.  
*Iul.* *Hoft*, will you goe?  
*Ho.* By my hallidome, I was fast asleepe.  
*Iul.* Pray you, where lies Sir *Proteus*?  
*Ho.* Marry, at my house:  
 Trust me, I thinke 'tis almost day.  
*Iul.* Not so: but it hath bin the longest night  
 That ere I watch'd, and the most heauiest.

*Scena Tertia.**Enter Eglamore, Siluia.*

*Eg.* This is the houre that Madam *Silvia*  
 Entreated me to call, and know her minde:  
 Ther's some great matter she'd employ me in.  
 Madam, Madam.

*Si.* Who cal's?

*Eg.* Your seruant, and your friend;  
 One that attends your Ladiships command.

*Sil.* Sir *Eglamore*, a thousand times good morrow.

*Eg.* As many (worthy Lady) to your selfe:  
 According to your Ladiships impole,  
 I am thus early come, to know what seruice  
 It is your pleasure to command me in.

*Sil.* Oh *Eglamore*, thou art a Gentleman:  
 Thinke not I flatter (for I sweare I doe not)  
 Valiant, wise, remorse-full, well accomplish'd.  
 Thou art not ignorant what deere good will  
 I beare vnto the banish'd *Valentine*:  
 Nor how my father would enforce me marry  
 Vaine *Thurio* (whom my very soule abhor'd.)  
 Thy selfe hast lou'd, and I haue heard thee say  
 No grieve did euer come so neere thy heart,  
 As when thy Lady, and thy true-loue dide,  
 Vpon whose Graue thou vow'dst pure chastitie:  
*Sir Eglamore:* I would to *Valentine*  
 To *Mantua*, where I heare, he makes aboad;  
 And for the waies are dangerous to passe,  
 I doe desire thy worthy company,

Vpon whose faith and honor, I repose.  
 Vrge not my fathers anger (*Eglamore*)  
 But thinke vpon my grieve (a Ladies grieve)  
 And on the iustice of my flying hence,  
 To keepe me from a most vnholly match,  
 Which heauen and fortune still rewards with plagues.  
 I doe desire thee, euen from a heart  
 As full of sorrowes, as the Sea of sands,  
 To beare me company, and goe with me;  
 If not, to hide what I haue said to thee,  
 That I may venture to depart alone.

*Egl.* Madam, I pittie much your grieuances,  
 Which, since I know they virtuously are plac'd,  
 I giue consent to goe along with you,  
 Wreaking as little what betideth me,  
 As much, I wish all good befortune you.  
 When will you goe?

*Sil.* This euening comming.*Eg.* Where shall I meete you?*Sil.* At *Frier Patrickes* Cell,

Where I intend holy Confession.

*Eg.* I will not faile your Ladiship:  
 Good morrow (gentle Lady.)

*Sil.* Good morrow, kinde Sir *Eglamore*.*Exit.**Scena Quarta.**Enter Launce, Proteus, Iulia, Siluia.*

*La.* When a mans seruant shall play the Curre with  
 him (looke you) it goes hard: one that I brought vp of  
 a puppy: one that I sau'd from drowning, when three or  
 foure of his blinde brothers and sisters went to it: I haue  
 taught him (euen 'as one would say precisely, thus I  
 would teach a dog) I was sent to deliuer him, as a pre-  
 tent to *Mistris Siluia*, from my Master; and I came no  
 sooner into the dyning-chamber, but he steps me to her  
 Trencher, and steales her Capons-leg: O, 'tis a foule  
 thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himselfe in all compan-  
 ies: I would haue (as one should say) one that takes vp-  
 on him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all  
 things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault  
 vpon me that he did, I thinke verily hee had bin hang'd  
 for't: sure as I liue he had suffer'd for't: you shall iudge:  
 Hee thrusts me himselfe into the company of three or  
 foure gentleman-like-dogs, vnder the Dukes table: hee  
 had not bin there (blessed the marke) a pissing while, but  
 all the chamber smelt him: out with the dog (saies one)  
 what cur is that (saies another) whip him out (saies the  
 third) hang him vp (saies the Duke.) I hauing bin ac-  
 quainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and  
 goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend  
 (quoth I) you meane to whip the dog: I marry doe I  
 (quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I) 'twas  
 I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more ado,  
 but whips me out of the chamber: how many Masters  
 would doe this for his Seruant? nay, ile be sworne I haue  
 sat in the stocks, for puddings he hath stolne, otherwise  
 he had bin executed: I haue stood on the Pillorie for  
 Geefe he hath kil'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't: thou  
 think'st not of this now: nay, I remember the trickes you  
 seru'd me, when I tooke my leaue of Madam *Silvia*: did

not

d thee still marke me, and doe as I do; when did'st  
me heave vp my leg, and make water againſt a  
womans farthingale? did'st thou euer ſee me doe  
tricke?

*Sebastian* is thy name: I like thee well,  
ill imploy thee in ſome ſeruiſe preſently.  
In what you pleaſe, ile doe what I can.

I hope thou wilt.  
ow you whor-ſon pezant,  
haue you bin theſe two dayes loytering?  
Marry Sir, I carried Miſtris *Silvia* the dogge you  
tricke.

And what ſaies ſhe to my little Iewell?  
Marry ſhe ſaies your dog was a cur, and tels you  
thanks is good enough for ſuch a preſent.

But ſhe receiu'd my dog?  
No indeede did ſhe not:  
Ieue I brought him backe againe.  
What, didſt thou offer her this from me?  
I Sir, the other Squirrill was ſtolne from me  
Hangmans boyes in the market place,  
then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog  
as ten of yours, & therefore the guiſt the greater.  
Goe, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe,  
he returne againe into my fight.

I ſay: ſtayeſt thou to vex me here;  
he, that ſtill an end, turnes me to ſhame:  
as, I haue entertained thee,  
that I haue neede of ſuch a youth,  
can with ſome diſcretion doe my buſineſſe:  
as no truſting to yond fooliſh Lowt;  
chiefely, for thy face, and thy behauiour,  
(if my Augury deceiue me not)  
ſhe good bringing vp, fortune, and truth:  
fore know thee, for this I entertaime thee.  
ſently, and take this Ring with thee,  
r it to Madam *Silvia*;  
u'd me well, deliuer'd it to me.

It ſeemes you lou'd not her, not leaue her token:  
dead belike?

Not ſo: I thinke ſhe liues.  
Alas.  
Why do'ſt thou cry alas?  
I cannot chooſe but pittie her.  
Wherefore ſhould'ſt thou pittie her?  
Be cauſe, me thinkes that ſhe lou'd you as well  
doe loue your Lady *Silvia*:  
comes on him, that has forgot her loue,  
oate on her, that cares not for your loue.  
ty Loue, ſhould be ſo contrary:  
hinking on it, makes me cry alas.  
Well: giue her that Ring, and therewithall  
etter: that's her chamber: Tell my Lady,  
re the promiſe for her heavenly Picture:  
neſſage done, hie home vnto my chamber,  
: thou ſhalt finde me ſad, and ſolitarie.

How many women would doe ſuch a meſſage?  
oore *Proteus*, thou haſt entertain'd  
e, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs;  
oore foole, why doe I pittie him  
with his very heart deſpiſeth me?  
e he loues her, he deſpiſeth me,  
e I loue him, I muſt pittie him.  
ting I gaue him, when he parted from me,  
de him to remember my good will:  
ow am I (vnhappy Meſſenger)

To plead for that, which I would not obtaine;  
To carry that, which I would haue refus'd;  
To praife his faith, which I would haue diſprais'd.  
I am my Maſters true confirmed Loue,  
But cannot be true ſeruant to my Maſter,  
Vnleſſe I proue falſe traitor to my ſelfe.  
Yet will I woe for him, but yet ſo coldly,  
As (heauen it knowes) I would not haue him ſpeed.  
Gentlewoman, good day: I pray you be my meane  
To bring me where to ſpeake with Madam *Silvia*.

*Sil.* What would you with her, if that I be ſhe?

*Iul.* If you be ſhe, I doe intreat your patience

To heare me ſpeake the meſſage I am ſent on.

*Sil.* From whom?

*Iul.* From my Maſter, Sir *Proteus*, Madam.

*Sil.* Oh: he ſends you for a Picture?

*Iul.* I, Madam.

*Sil.* *Vrſula*, bring my Picture there,  
Goe, giue your Maſter this: tell him from me,  
One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forget  
Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.

*Iul.* Madam, pleaſe you peruſe this Letter;

Pardon me (Madam) I haue vnaduſ'd

Deliu'er'd you a paper that I ſhould not;

This is the Letter to your Ladyſhip.

*Sil.* I pray thee let me looke on that againe.

*Iul.* It may not be: good Madam pardon me.

*Sil.* There, hold:

I will not looke vpon your Maſters lines:  
I know they are ſtuff with proteſtations,  
And full of new-found oathes, which he will breake  
As eaſily as I doe teare his paper.

*Iul.* Madam, he ſends your Ladyſhip this Ring.

*Sil.* The more ſhame for him, that he ſends it me;

For I haue heard him ſay a thouſand times,

His *Julia* gaue it him, at his departure:

Though his falſe finger haue prophan'd the Ring,

Mine ſhall not doe his *Julia* ſo much wrong.

*Iul.* She thanks you.

*Sil.* What ſai'ſt thou?

*Iul.* I thanke you Madam, that you tender her:

Poore Gentlewoman, my Maſter wrongs her much.

*Sil.* Do'ſt thou know her?

*Iul.* Almoſt as well as I doe know my ſelfe.

To thinke vpon her woes, I doe proteſt

That I haue wept a hundred ſeueral times.

*Sil.* Belike ſhe thinks that *Proteus* hath forſook her?

*Iul.* I thinke ſhe doth: and that's her cauſe of ſorrow.

*Sil.* Is ſhe not paſſing faire?

*Iul.* She hath bin fairer (Madam) then ſhe is,

When ſhe did thinke my Maſter lou'd her well;

She, in my iudgement, was as faire as you.

But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking-glaffe,

And threw her Sun-expelling Maſque away,

The ayre hath ſtaru'd the roſes in her cheekes,

And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,

That now ſhe is become as blacke as I.

*Sil.* How tall was ſhe?

*Iul.* About my ſtature: for at *Pentecoſt*,

When all our Pageants of delight were plaid,

Our youth got me to play the womans part,

And I was trim'd in Madam *Julias* gowne,

Which ſerued me as fit, by all mens iudgements,

As if the garment had bin made for me:

Therefore I know ſhe is about my height,

And at that time I made her weepe a good,

For

For I did play a lamentable part.  
 (Madam) 'twas *Ariadne*, passioning  
 For *Thebes* periury, and vnjust flight ;  
 Which I so liuely acted with my teares :  
 That my poore Mistris moued therewithall,  
 Wept bitterly : and would I might be dead,  
 If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.  
*Sil.* She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)  
 Alas (poore Lady) defolate, and left ;  
 I weepe my selfe to thinke vpon thy words :  
 Here youth : there is my purle ; I giue thee this (well.  
 For thy sweet Mistris sake, because thou lou'st her. Fare-  
*Jul.* And she shall thanke you for't, if ere you know  
 A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull. (her.  
 I hope my Masters suit will be but cold,  
 Since she respects my Mistris loue so much.  
 Alas, how loue can trifle with it selfe :  
 Here is her Picture : let me see, I thinke  
 If I had such a Tyre, this face of mine  
 Were full as louely, as is this of hers ;  
 And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,  
 Vnlesse I flatter with my selfe too much.  
 Her haire is *Aburne*, mine is perfect *Tellow* ;  
 If that be all the difference in his loue,  
 He get me such a coulour'd Perrywig :  
 Her eyes are grey as glasse, and so are mine :  
 I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high :  
 What should it be that he respects in her,  
 But I can make respectiue in my selfe ?  
 If this fond Loue, were not a blinded god.  
 Come shadow, come, and take this shadow vp,  
 For 'tis thy riual : O thou sencelesse forme,  
 Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lou'd, and ador'd ;  
 And were there sence in his Idolatry,  
 My substance should be statue in thy stead.  
 He vsf thee kindly, for thy Mistris sake  
 That vs'd me so : or else by *Ioue*, I vow,  
 I should haue scratch'd out your vnseeing eyes,  
 To make my Master out of loue with thee. *Exeunt.*

### Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter Eglamour, Silua.*

*Egl.* The Sun begins to guild the westerne skie,  
 And now it is about the very houre  
 That *Silua*, at Fryer *Patricks* Cell should meet me,  
 She will not faile ; for Louers breake not houres,  
 Vnlesse it be to come before their time,  
 So much they spur their expedition.  
 See where she comes : Lady a happy euening.  
*Sil.* Amen, Amen : goe on (good *Eglamour*)  
 Out at the Posterne by the Abbey wall ;  
 I feare I am attended by some Spies.  
*Egl.* Feare not : the Forrest is not three leagues off,  
 If we recouer that, we are sure enough. *Exeunt.*

### Scæna Secunda.

*Enter Thurio, Proteus, Julia, Duke.*

*Tb.* Sir *Proteus*, what saies *Silua* to my suit ?

*Pro.* Oh Sir, I finde her milder then she was,  
 And yet she takes exceptions at your person.  
*Tbu.* What ? that my leg is too long ?  
*Pro.* No, that it is too little.  
*Tbu.* He weare a Boote, to make it somewhat  
*Pro.* But loue will not be spurd to what it loathes.  
*Tbu.* What saies she to my face ?  
*Pro.* She saies it is a faire one.  
*Tbu.* Nay then the wanton lyes : my face is black  
*Pro.* But Pearles are faire ; and the old saying is,  
 Blacke men are Pearles, in beauteous Ladies eyes.  
*Tbu.* 'Tis true, such Pearles are put out Ladies eyes,  
 For I had rather winke, then looke on them.  
*Tbu.* How likes she my discourse ?  
*Pro.* Ill, when you talke of war.  
*Tbu.* But well, when I discourse of loue and peace  
*Jul.* But better indeede, when you hold you peace.  
*Tbu.* What saies she to my valour ?  
*Pro.* Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that.  
*Jul.* She needs not, when she knowes it cowardis  
*Tbu.* What saies she to my birth ?  
*Pro.* That you are well deriu'd.  
*Jul.* True : from a Gentleman, to a foole.  
*Tbu.* Considers she my Possessions ?  
*Pro.* Oh, I : and pitties them.  
*Tbu.* Wherefore ?  
*Jul.* That such an Affe should owe them.  
*Pro.* That they are out by Lease.  
*Jul.* Here comes the Duke.  
*Du.* How now sir *Proteus* ; how now *Thurio* ?  
 Which of you saw *Eglamour* of late ?  
*Tbu.* Not I.  
*Pro.* Nor I.  
*Du.* Saw you my daughter ?  
*Pro.* Neither.  
*Du.* Why then  
 She's fled vnto that pezzant, *Valentine* ;  
 And *Eglamour* is in her Company :  
 'Tis true : for Frier *Laurence* met them both  
 As he, in pennance wander'd through the Forrest :  
 Him he knew well : and gues'd that it was she,  
 But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.  
 Besides she did intend Confession  
 At *Patricks* Cell this euen, and there she was not.  
 These likelihoods confirme her flight from hence ;  
 Therefore I pray you stand, not to discourse,  
 But mount you presently, and meeete with me  
 Vpon the rising of the Mountaine foote  
 That leads toward *Mantua*, whether they are fled :  
 Dispatch (sweet Gentlemen) and follow me.  
*Tbu.* Why this it is, to be a peeuish Girle,  
 That flies her fortune when it followes her :  
 He after ; more to be reueng'd on *Eglamour*,  
 Then for the loue of reck-lesse *Silua*.  
*Pro.* And I will follow, more for *Silua* loue  
 Then hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her.  
*Jul.* And I will follow, more to crosse that loue  
 Then hate for *Silua*, that is gone for loue. *E.*

### Scæna Tertia.

*Silua, Out-lawes.*

*1. Out.* Come, come be patient :

aft bring you to our Captaine.

A thousand more mischances then this one  
earn'd me how to brooke this patiently.

*us.* Come, bring her away.

*us.* Where is the Gentleman that was with her?

*us.* Being nimble footed, he hath out-run vs.

*Ioyfus* and *Valerius* follow him :

you with her to the West end of the wood,  
is our Captaine : Wee'll follow him that's fled,  
Thicket is beset, he cannot scape.

*us.* Come, I must bring you to our Captains caue.  
not : he beares an honourable minde,  
will not vse a woman lawlessly.

O *Valentine* : this I endure for thee.

*Exeunt.*

### Scena Quarta.

*Valentine, Proteus, Siluia, Iulia, Duke, Thurio, et-leues.*

*I.* How vse doth breed a habit in a man?

shadowy defart, vnfrequented woods

er brooke then flourishing peopled Townes :

can I sit alone, vn-seene of any,

to the Nightingales complaining Notes

my distrestes, and record my woes.

so that doft inhabit in my brest,

: not the Mansion so long Tenant-lesse,

growing ruinous, the building fall,

leau no memory of what it was,

ire me, with thy presence, *Silvia* :

gentle Nymph, cherish thy for-lorne swaine.

t hallowing, and what fir is this to day?

are my mates, that make their wills their Law,

some vnhappy passenger in chace;

loue me well : yet I haue much to doe

cepe them from vnciuill outrages.

draw thee *Valentine* : who's this comes heere?

*v.* Madam, this seruice I haue done for you

ugh you respect not aught your seruant doth)

azard life, and reskew you from him,

would haue forc'd your honour, and your loue,

hase me for my meed, but one faire looke :

naller boone then this I cannot beg,

lesse then this, I am sure you cannot giue.)

*il.* How like a dreame is this? I see, and heare :

lend me patience to forbear a while.

. O miserable, vnhappy that I am.

*s.* Vnhappy were you (Madam) ere I came :

ny comming, I haue made you happy.

. By thy approach thou mak'st me most vnhappy.

. And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

. Had I beene ceazed by a hungry Lion,

ild haue beene a break-fast to the Beast,

er then haue false *Proteus* reskue me :

eaue be iudge how I loue *Valentine*,

se life's as tender to me as my soule,

full as much (for more there cannot be)

detest false periur'd *Proteus* :

efore be gone, sollicit me no more.

*v.* What dangerous action, stood it next to death

ld I not vndergoe, for one calme looke :

is the curse in Loue, and still approu'd

When women cannot loue, where they're belou'd.

*Sil.* When *Proteus* cannot loue, where he's belou'd :

Read ouer *Iulia's* heart, (thy first best Loue)

For whose deare sake, thou didst then rend thy faith

Into a thousand oathes ; and all those oathes,

Descended into periury, to loue me,

Thou hast no faith left now, vnlesse thou'dst two,

And that's farre worse then none : better haue none

Then plurall faith, which is too much by one :

Thou Counterfeyt, to thy true friend.

*Pro.* In Loue,

Who respects friend?

*Sil.* All men but *Proteus*.

*Pro.* Nay, if the gentle spirit of mouing words

Can no way change you to a milder forme ;

Ile wooe you like a Souldier, at armes end,

And loue you 'gainst the nature of Loue : force ye.

*Sil.* Oh heauen.

*Pro.* Ile force thee yeeld to my desire.

*Val.* Ruffian : let goe that rude vnciuill touch,

Thou friend of an ill fashion.

*Pro.* *Valentine*.

*Val.* Thou comon friend, that's without faith or loue,

For such is a friend now : treacherous man,

Thou hast beguill'd my hopes ; nought but mine eye

Could haue perswaded me : now I dare not say

I haue one friend aliu ; thou wouldst disproue me :

Who should be trusted, when ones right hand

Is periured to the bosome? *Proteus*

I am sorry I must neuer trust thee more,

But count the world a stranger for thy sake :

The priuate wound is deepest : oh time, most accurst :

'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst?

*Pro.* My shame and guilt confounds me :

Forgiue me *Valentine* : if hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient Ransome for offence,

I tender't heere : I doe as truly suffer,

As ere I did commit.

*Val.* Then I am paid :

And once againe, I doe receiue thee honest ;

Who by Repentance is not satisfied,

Is nor of heauen, nor earth ; for these are pleas'd :

By Penitence th'Eternalls wrath's appeas'd :

And that my loue may appeare plaine and free,

All that was mine, in *Silvia*, I giue thee.

*Iul.* Oh me vnhappy.

*Pro.* Looke to the Boy.

*Val.* Why, Boy?

Why wag : how now? what's the matter? look vp : speak.

*Iul.* O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliuer a ring

to Madam *Silvia* : w<sup>h</sup> (out of my neglekt) was neuer done.

*Pro.* Where is that ring? boy?

*Iul.* Heere 'tis : this is it.

*Pro.* How? let me see.

Why this is the ring I gaue to *Iulia*.

*Iul.* Oh, cry you mercy sir, I haue mistooke :

This is the ring you sent to *Silvia*.

*Pro.* But how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart

I gaue this vnto *Iulia*.

*Iul.* And *Iulia* her selfe did giue it me,

And *Iulia* her selfe hath brought it hither.

*Pro.* How? *Iulia*?

*Iul.* Behold her, that gaue ayme to all thy oathes,

And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.

How oft hast thou with periury cleft the roote?

Oh *Proteus*, let this habit make thee blush.

D

Be



Be thou asham'd that I haue tooke vpon me,  
Such an immodest rayment; if shame liue  
In a disguise of loue?

It is the lesser blot modesty findes,  
Women to change their shapes, then men their minds.

*Pro.* Then men their minds? tis true: oh heuen, were man  
But Constant, he were perfect; that one error  
Fils him with faults: makes him run through all th'vins;  
Inconstancy falls-off, ere it begins:

What is in *Silua's* face, but I may spie  
More fresh in *Iulia's*, with a constant eye?

*Val.* Come, come: a hand from either:  
Let me be blest to make this happy close:

'Twere pittie two such friends should be long foes.

*Pro.* Beare witnes (heauen) I haue my wish for euer.

*Iul.* And I mine.

*Out-l.* A prize: a prize: a prize.

*Val.* Forbeare, forbeare I say: It is my Lord the *Duke*.  
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,  
Banish'd *Valentine*.

*Duke.* Sir *Valentine*?

*Tbu.* Yonder is *Silua*: and *Silua's* mine.

*Val.* *Thurio* giue backe; or else embrace thy death:  
Come not within the measure of my wrath:  
Doe not name *Silua* thine: if once againe,  
*Verona* shall not hold thee: heere she stands,  
Take but possession of her, with a Touch:  
I dare thee, but to breath vpon my Loue.

*Tbur.* Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:  
I hold him but a foole that will endanger  
His Body, for a Girle that loues him not:  
I claime her not, and therefore she is thine.

*Duke.* The more degenerate and base art thou  
To make such meanes for her, as thou hast done,  
And leave her on such slight conditions.

Now, by the honor of my Ancestry,  
I doe applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,  
And thinke thee worthy of an Empresse loue:  
Know then, I heere forget all former grieues,  
Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,  
Plead a new state in thy vn-riual'd merit,  
To which I thus subscribe: Sir *Valentine*,  
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriu'd,  
Take thou thy *Silua*, for thou hast deferu'd her.

*Val.* I thank your Grace, y gift hath made me happy:  
I now beseech you (for your daughters sake)  
To grant one Boone that I shall aske of you.

*Duke.* I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be.

*Val.* These banish'd men, that I haue kept withall,  
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:  
Forgiue them what they haue committed here,  
And let them be recall'd from their Exile:  
They are reformed, ciuill, full of good,  
And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)

*Duke.* Thou hast preuail'd, I pardon them and thee:  
Dispose of them, as thou knowst their deserts.  
Come, let vs goe, we will include all iarres,  
With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare solemnity.

*Val.* And as we walke along, I dare be bold  
With our discourse, to make your Grace to smile.  
What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)

*Duke.* I thinke the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes.

*Val.* I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy.

*Duke.* What meane you by that saying?

*Val.* Please you, Ile tell you, as we passe along,  
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd:  
Come *Protbeus*, 'tis your pennance, but to heare  
The story of your Loues discovered.  
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,  
One Feast, one house, one mutuall happinesse.

*Exeunt.*

### The names of all the Actors.

*Duke:* Father to *Silua*.

*Valentine.* } the two Gentlemen.

*Protbeus.* }

*Antonio:* father to *Protbeus*.

*Thurio:* a foolish riuall to *Valentine*.

*Eglamoure:* Agent for *Silua* in her escape.

*Host:* where *Iulia* lodges.

*Out-lawes* with *Valentine*.

*Speed:* a clownish seruant to *Valentine*.

*Launce:* the like to *Protbeus*.

*Pantbion:* seruant to *Antonio*.

*Iulia:* beloued of *Protbeus*.

*Silua:* beloued of *Valentine*.

*Lucetta:* waighting-woman to *Iulia*.

FINIS.

THE



# T H E Merry Wiues of Windfor.

*Actus primus, Scena prima.*

*Iustice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Euans, Master Falsaffe, Bardolph, Nym, Pistoll, Anne Page, Iesse Ford, Mistresse Page, Simple.*

*Shallow.*

*Ir Hugh, perswade me not: I will make a Star-chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir Iohn Falstaffe, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow Esquire.* (Coram.

*In the County of Gloucester, Iustice of Peace and I (Cofen Slender) and Cust-alorum.*

*I, and Rato Iorum too; and a Gentleman borne r Parson) who writes himselfe Armigero, in any Varrant, Quittance, or Obligation, Armigero.*

*I that I doe, and haue done any time these three yeeeres.*

*All his successors (gone before him) hath don't: I his Ancestors (that come after him) may: they use the dozen white Lucres in their Coate.*

*It is an olde Coate.*

*The dozen white Lowfes doe become an old well: it agrees well passant: It is a familiar beast to and signifies Loue.*

*The Lufe is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish, is an old*

*I may quarter (Coz).*

*You may, by marrying.*

*It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.*

*Not a whit.*

*Yes per-lady: if he ha's a quarter of your coat, is but three Skirts for your selfe, in roy simple coate; but that is all one: if Sir Iohn Falstaffe haue itted disparagements vnto you, I am of the Church ill be glad to do my beneuolence, to make attone- and compromises betweene you.*

*The Councell shall heare it, it is a Riot.*

*It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot: there eare of Got in a Riot: The Councell (looke you) eare to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a take your viza-ments in that.*

*Ha; o' my life, if I were yong againe, the sword end it.*

*It is petter that friends is the sword, and end there is also another deuce in my praine, which enture prings goot discretions with it. There is Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, is pretty virginity.*

*Mistris Anne Page? she has browne haire, and a small like a woman.*

*Euans. It is that ferry perfon for all the orld, as iust as you will desire, and seuen hundred pounds of Moneyes, and Gold, and Siluer, is her Grand-fire vpon his death-bed, (Got deliuer to a ioyfull resurrection) giue, when she is able to ouertake seuentene yeeeres old. It were a goot motion, if we leaue our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage betweene Master Abraham, and Mistris Anne Page.*

*Slender. Did her Grand-fire leaue her seauen hundred pound?*

*Euans. I, and her father is make her a petter penny.*

*Slender. I know the young Gentlewoman, she has good gifts.*

*Euans. Seuen hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.*

*Shallow. Wel, let vs see honest Mr Page: is Falstaffe there?*

*Euans. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe despise a lye, as I doe despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true: the Knight Sir Iohn is there, and I beseech you be ruled by your well-willers: I will peate the doore for Mr Page. What hoa? Got-please your house heere.*

*Mr Page. Who's there?*

*Euans. Here is go't's plesing and your friend, and Iustice Shallow, and heere yong Master Slender: that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.*

*Mr Page. I am glad to see your Worships well: I thanke you for my Venison Master Shallow.*

*Shallow. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good doe it your good heart: I wish'd your Venison better, it was ill kill'd: how doth good Mistresse Page? and I thank you alwaies with my heart, la: with my heart.*

*Mr Page. Sir, I thanke you.*

*Shallow. Sir, I thanke you: by yes, and no I doe.*

*Mr Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.*

*Slender. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir, I heard say he was out-run on Cotfall.*

*Mr Page. It could not be iudg'd, Sir.*

*Slender. You'll not confesse: you'll not confesse.*

*Shallow. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault: 'tis a good dogge.*

*Mr Page. A Cur, Sir.*

*Shallow. Sir: hee's a good dog, and a faire dog, can there be more said? he is good, and faire. Is Sir Iohn Falstaffe heere?*

*Mr Page. Sir, hee is within: and I would I could doe a good office betweene you.*

*Euans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speake.*

*Shallow. He hath wrong'd me (Master Page.)*

*Mr Page. Sir, he doth in some fort confesse it.*

D 2

Sha.

*Sbal.* If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so (*M. Page*?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: beleue me, *Robert Shallow* Esquire, faith he is wronged.

*Ma. Pa.* Here comes *Sir Iohn*.

*Fal.* Now, Master *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

*Sbal.* Knight, you haue beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

*Fal.* But not kiss'd your Keepers daughter?

*Sbal.* Tut, a pin: this shall be answer'd.

*Fal.* I will answere it strait, I haue done all this: That is now answer'd.

*Sbal.* The Councell shall know this.

*Fal.* 'Twere better for you if it were known in councell: you'll be laugh'd at.

*Eu.* *Pauca verba*; (*Sir Iohn*) good worts.

*Fal.* Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter haue you against me?

*Slen.* Marry fir, I haue matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catching Rascalls, *Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Pistol*.

*Bar.* You Banbery Cheefe.

*Slen.* I, it is no matter.

*Pist.* How now, *Mephostophilus*?

*Slen.* I, it is no matter.

*Nym.* Slice, I say; *pauca, pauca*: Slice, that's my humor.

*Slen.* Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, *Cofen*?

*Eu.* Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnderstand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vnderstand; that is, Master *Page* (fidelicet Master *Page*), & there is my selfe, (fidelicet my selfe) and the three party is (lastly, and finally) mine Host of the Gater.

*Ma. Pa.* We three to hear it, & end it between them.

*Euan.* Ferry goo't, I will make a priefe of it in my note-booke, and we wil afterwards orke vpon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

*Fal.* *Pistol*.

*Pist.* He heares with eares.

*Euan.* The Teuill and his Tam: what phraze is this? he heares with care? why, it is affectations.

*Fal.* *Pistol*, did you picke *M. Slenders* purse?

*Slen.* I, by these gloues did hee, or I would I might neuer come in mine owne great chamber againe else, of seauen groates in mill-sixpences, and two *Edward* Shoe-boords, that cost me two shilling and two pence a peece of *Tead Miller*: by these gloues.

*Fal.* Is this true, *Pistol*?

*Euan.* No, it is false, if it is a picke-purse.

*Pist.* Ha, thou mountaine Forreyner: *Sir Iohn*, and Master mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of deniall in thy labras here; word of denial; froth, and scum thou lieft.

*Slen.* By these gloues, then 'twas he.

*Nym.* Be auid's fir, and passe good humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hooks humor on me, that is the very note of it.

*Slen.* By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an asse.

*Fal.* What say you *Scarlet*, and *Iohn*?

*Bar.* Why fir, (for my part) I say the Gentleman had drunke himselfe out of his fine sentences.

*Eu.* It is his fine fences: fie, what the ignorance is.

*Bar.* And being fap, fir, was (as they say) casheerd: and so conclusions pass the Car-cires.

*Slen.* I, you spake in Latten then to: but 'tinter; Ile nere be drunk whilst I liue againe, but ciuill, godly company for this tricke: if I be dr be drunke with those that haue the feare of God with drunken knaues.

*Euan.* So got-udge me, that is a vertuous mind

*Fal.* You heare all these matters deni'd, Ge you heare it.

*Mr. Page.* Nay daughter, carry the wine i drinke within.

*Slen.* Oh heauen: This is Mistresse *Anne Page*

*Mr. Page.* How now Mistris *Ford*?

*Fal.* *Mistris Ford*, by my troth you are very by your leaue good Mistris.

*Mr. Page.* Wife, bid these gentlemen welcom we haue a hot Venison pasty to dinner; Cor men, I hope we shall drinke downe all vnkindne

*Slen.* I had rather then forty shillings I had: of Songs and Sonnets heere: How now *Simple* haue you beene? I must wait on my selfe, mu haue not the booke of Riddles about you, haue ye

*Sim.* Booke of Riddles? why did you not l *Alice Short-cake* vpon Alhallowmas last, a for fore Michaelmas.

*Sbal.* Come Coz, come Coz, we stay for you with you Coz: marry this, Coz: there is as 'tw der, a kinde of tender, made a farre-off by *Sir H* doe you vnderstand me?

*Slen.* I Sir, you shall finde me reasonable; if I shall doe that that is reason.

*Sbal.* Nay, but vnderstand me.

*Slen.* So I doe Sir.

*Euan.* Giue eare to his motions; (*Mr. Slend* description the matter to you, if you be capacity

*Slen.* Nay, I will doe as my *Coxen Shallow* pray you pardon me, he's a Iustice of Peace in trie, simple though I stand here.

*Euan.* But that is not the question: the q concerning your marriage.

*Sbal.* I, there's the point Sir.

*Eu.* Marry is it: the very point of it, to Mi.

*Slen.* Why if it be so; I will marry her vpon sonable demands.

*Eu.* But can you affection the 'o-man, let vs to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcell of th therfore precisely, cā you carry your good wil to

*Sb.* *Cofen Abraham Slender*, can you loue her?

*Slen.* I hope fir, I will do as it shall become would doe reason.

*Eu.* Nay, got's Lords, and his Ladies, you m possitable, if you can carry-her your desires tow *Sbal.* That you must:

Will you, (vpon good dowry) marry her?

*Slen.* I will doe a greater thing then that, i request (*Cofen*) in any reason.

*Sbal.* Nay conceiue me, conceiue mee, (fsw what I doe is to pleasure you (*Cox*;) can you maid?

*Slen.* I will marry her (*Sir*) at your request there bee no great loue in the beginning, ye may decrease it vpon better acquaintance, w are married, and haue more occasion to know ther: I hope vpon familiarity will grow more but if you say mary-her, I will mary-her, that I dissolued, and dissolutely.

: is a fery difcretion-answere; faue the fall is in  
dissolately: the ort is (according to our mea-  
solutely: his meaning is good.

: I thinke my Cosen meant well.  
or else I would I might be hang'd (la.)  
lere comes faire Mistris Anne; would I were  
your fake, Mistris Anne.

The dinner is on the Table, my Father desires  
rships company.

will wait on him, (faire Mistris Anne.)  
d's plessed-wil: I wil not be abläce at the grace.

W'il't please your worship to come in, Sir?  
o, I thank you forsooth, hartely; I am very well.  
he dinner attends you, Sir.

I am not a-hungry, I thanke you, forsooth: goe,  
r all you are my man, goe wait vpon my Cosen  
: a iustice of peace sometime may be beholding  
riend, for a Man; I keepe but three Men, and a  
till my Mother be dead: but what though, yet  
ce a poore Gentleman borne.

I may not goe in without your worship: they  
fit till you come.

faith, he eate nothing: I thanke you as much as  
I did.

pray you Sir walke in.  
had rather walke here (I thanke you) I brui'd  
th'other day, with playing at Sword and Dag-  
h a Master of Fence (three veney's for a dish of  
trunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the smell  
meate since. Why doe your dogs barke so? be-  
sares ith' Towne?

I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.  
loue the sport well, but I shall as soone quarrell  
any man in England: you are afraid if you see the  
ose, are you not?

I indeede Sir.  
hat's meate and drinke to me now: I haue seene  
loofe, twenty times, and haue taken him by the  
: but (I warrant you) the women haue so cride  
:kt at it, that it past: But women indeede, cannot  
: , they are very ill-fauour'd rough things.

'a. Come, gentle M. Slender, come; we stay for you.  
le eate nothing, I thanke you Sir.

'a. By cocke and pie, you shall not choofe, Sir:  
ome.

lay, pray you lead the way.

'a. Come on, Sir.

fistris Anne: your selfe shall goe first.

Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.

'ruely I will not goe first: truly-la: I will not  
that wrong.

I pray you Sir.

le rather be vnmanly, then troublesome: you  
r selfe wrong indeede-la. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Euans, and Simple.*

Go your waies, and aske of Doctor Caius house,  
is the way; and there dwels one Mistris Quickly;  
s in the manner of his Nurse; or his dry-Nurse; or  
ke; or his Laundry; his Washer, and his Ringer.  
Vell Sir.

*Eu.* Nay, it is petter yet: giue her this letter; for it is  
a'oman that altogethers acquaintäce with Mistris Anne  
Page; and the Letter is to desire, and require her to soli-  
cite your Masters desires, to Mistris Anne Page: I pray  
you be gon: I will make an end of my dinner; ther's Pip-  
pins and Cheefe to come. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Falstaffe, Host, Bardolfe, Nym, Pistol, Page.*

*Fal.* Mine Host of the Garter?

*Ho.* What saies my Bully Rooke? speake schollerly,  
and wisely.

*Fal.* Truly mine Host; I must turne away some of my  
followers.

*Ho.* Discard, (bully Hercules) casheere; let them wag;  
trot, trot.

*Fal.* I fit at ten pounds a weeke.

*Ho.* Thou'rt an Emperour (*Cesar, Keiser and Pbeazar*)  
I will entertaine *Bardolfe*: he shall draw; he shall tap; said  
I well (bully *Hector*)?

*Fa.* Doe so (good mine Host).

*Ho.* I haue spoke: let him follow: let me see thee froth,  
and liue: I am at a word: follow.

*Fal.* *Bardolfe*, follow him: a *Tapster* is a good trade:  
an old Cloake, makes a new Ierkin: a wither'd Seruing-  
man, a fresh Tapster: goe, adew.

*Ba.* It is a life that I haue desir'd: I will thrive.

*Pist.* O bafe hungarian wight: wilt y the spigot wield.

*Ni.* He was gotten in drink: is not the humor cöceited?

*Fal.* I am glad I am so acquit of this Tinderbox: his  
Thefts were too open: his filching was like an vnskillfull  
Singer, he kept not time.

*Ni.* The good humor is to steale at a minutes rest.

*Pist.* Conuay: the wise it call: Steale! foh: a fico for  
the phraze.

*Fal.* Well firs, I am almost out at heeles.

*Pist.* Why then let Kibes ensue.

*Fal.* There is no remedy: I must conicatch, I must shift.

*Pist.* Yong Rauens must haue foode.

*Fal.* Which of you know *Ford* of this Towne?

*Pist.* I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

*Fal.* My honest Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

*Pist.* Two yards, and more.

*Fal.* No quips now *Pistol*: (Indeede I am in the waste  
two yards about: but I am now about no waste: I am a-  
bout thrift) briefly: I doe meane to make loue to *Fords*  
wife: I spie entertainment in her: shee discourfes: shee  
carues: she giues the leere of inuitation: I can construe  
the action of her famillier stile, & the hardest voice of her  
behavior (to be english'd rightly) is, *I am Sir Iohn Falstaff.*

*Pist.* He hath studied her will; and translated her will:  
out of honesty, into English.

*Ni.* The Anchor is deepe: will that humor passe?

*Fal.* Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her  
husbands Purse: he hath a legend of Angels.

*Pist.* As many diuels entertaine: and to her Boy say I.

*Ni.* The humor rises: it is good: humor me the angels.

*Fal.* I haue writ me here a letter to her: & here ano-  
ther to *Pages* wife, who euen now gaue mee good eyes  
too; examin'd my parts with most iudicious illiads: some-  
times the beame of her view, guilded my foote: some-  
times my portly belly.

*Piff.* Then did the Sun on dung-hill shine.

*Ni.* I thanke thee for that humour.

*Fal.* O she did so course o're my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did seeme to scorch me vp like a burning-glasse: here's another letter to her: She beares the Purse too: She is a Region in *Guiana*: all gold, and bountie: I will be Cheaters to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to mee: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both: Goe, beare thou this Letter to Mistris *Page*; and thou this to Mistris *Ford*: we will thrue (Lads) we will thrue.

*Piff.* Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become, And by my side weare Steele? then *Lucifer* take all.

*Ni.* I will run no bafe humor: here take the humor-Letter; I will keepe the hauior of reputation.

*Fal.* Hold Sirha, beare you these Letters tightly, Saile like my *Pinnaffe* to these golden shores.

Rogues, hence, auant, vanish like haile-stones; goe, Trudge; plod away ith' hoofs: seeke shelter, packe: *Falstaffe* will learne the honor of the age, French-thrift, you Rogues, my selfe, and skirted *Page*.

*Piff.* Let Vultures gripe thy guts: for gourd, and Fullam holds: & high and low beguiles the rich & poore, Tester ile haue in pouch when thou shalt lacke, Bafe *Pbrygian* Turke.

*Ni.* I haue operations, Which be humors of reuenge.

*Piff.* Wilt thou reuenge?

*Ni.* By Welkin, and her Star.

*Piff.* With wit, or Steele?

*Ni.* With both the humors, I:

I will discusse the humour of this Loue to *Ford*.

*Piff.* And I to *Page* shall eke vnfold

How *Falstaffe* (varlet vile)

His Doue will proue; his gold will hold, And his soft couch defile.

*Ni.* My humour shall not coole: I will incense *Ford* to deale with poyson: I will possesse him with yellowneffe, for the reuolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

*Piff.* Thou art the *Mars* of *Malecontents*: I second thee: troope on. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter Mistris Quickly, Simple, Iohn Rugby, Doctor, Caius, Fenton.*

*Qu.* What, *Iohn Rugby*, I pray thee goe to the Cafe-ment, and see if you can see my Master, Master Doctor *Caius* comming: if he doe (I'faith) and finde any body in the house; here will be an old abusing of Gods patience, and the Kings English.

*Ru.* Ile goe watch.

*Qu.* Goe, and we'll haue a posset for't soone at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire: An honest, willing, kinde fellow, as euer seruant shall come in house withall: and I warrant you, no tel-tale, nor no breede-bate: his worst fault is, that he is giuen to prayer; hee is something peeuisht that way: but no body but has his fault: but let that passe. *Peter Simple*, you say your name is?

*Si.* I: for fault of a better.

*Qu.* And Master *Slender*'s your Master?

*Si.* I forsooth.

*Qu.* Do's he not weare a great round Beard, Glouers pairing-knife?

*Si.* No forsooth: he hath but a little wee-face a little yellow Beard: a Caine colourd Beard.

*Qu.* A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

*Si.* I forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his ha any is betweene this and his head: he hath fough a Warrener.

*Qu.* How say you: oh, I should remember him he not hold vp his head (as it were?) and strut in hi  
*Si.* Yes indeede do's he.

*Qu.* Well, heauen fend *Anne Page*, no worfe fo Tell Master Parson *Euans*, I will doe what I can fe Master: *Anne* is a good girle, and I wish—

*Ru.* Out alas: here comes my Master.

*Qu.* We shall all be shent: Run in here, good man: goe into this Clofset: he will not stay long. *Iohn Rugby?* *Iohn*: what *Iohn* I say? goe *Iohn*, g quire for my Master, I doubt he be not well, th comes not home: (and downe, downe, adowne'a. &c.

*Ca.* Vat is you fing? I doe not like des-toyes you goe and vetch me in my Clofset, vnboyteene a Box, a greene-a-Box: do intend vat I speake? a g a-Box.

*Qu.* I forsooth ile fetch it you: I am glad hee went not in himselfe: if he had fou yong man he would haue bin horne-mad.

*Ca.* *Fe, fe, fe, mai foy, il fait for ebando, le man Court la grand affaires.*

*Qu.* Is it this Sir?

*Ca.* *Ouy mette le au mon pocket, de-peech quickly:* Vere is dat knaue *Rugby*?

*Qu.* What *Iohn Rugby*, *Iohn*?

*Ru.* Here Sir.

*Ca.* You are *Iohn Rugby*, aad you are *Lacks*! Come, take-a-your Rapier, and come after my h the Court.

*Ru.* 'Tis ready Sir, here in the Porch.

*Ca.* By my trot: I tarry too long: od's-me: *qu oublie*: dere is some Simples in my Clofset, dat I for the varld I shall leaue behinde.

*Qu.* Ay-me, he'll finde the yong man there, & b

*Ca.* O *Diable, Diable*: vat is in my Clofset?

Villanie, La-roone: *Rugby*, my Rapier.

*Qu.* Good Master be content.

*Ca.* Wherefore shall I be content—a?

*Qu.* The yong man is an honest man.

*Ca.* What shall de honest man do in my Clofset is no honest man dat shall come in my Clofset.

*Qu.* I befeech you be not so flegmaticke: he: truth of it. He came of an errand to mee, from *Hugh*.

*Ca.* Vell.

*Si.* I forsooth: to desire her to—

*Qu.* Peace, I pray you.

*Ca.* Peace-a-your tongue: speake-a-your Tale.

*Si.* To desire this honest Gentlewoman (your to speake a good word to Mistris *Anne Page*, for n ster in the way of Marriage.

*Qu.* This is all indeede-la: but ile nere put m; in the fire, and neede not.

*Ca.* Sir *Hugh* send-a you? *Rugby*, ballow me paper: tarry you a littell-a-while.

I am glad he is so quiet : if he had bin through-  
d, you should haue heard him so loud, and so me-  
y : but notwithstanding man, Ile doe yoe your  
what good I can : and the very yea, & the no is, y  
Doctor my Master, (I may call him my Master,  
ou, for I keepe his house ; and I wash, ring, brew,  
owre, dresse meat and drinke, make the beds, and  
my selfe.)

'Tis a great charge to come vnder one bodies

Are you a-uis'd o'that? you shall finde it a great  
and to be vp early, and down late : but notwith-  
; (to tell you in your eare, I wold haue no words  
my Master himselfe is in loue with Mistris Anne  
but notwithstanding that I know *Ans* mind, that's  
heere nor there.

You, lack 'Nape : giue-a this Letter to Sir  
y gar it is a challenge : I will cut his throat in de  
and I will teach a scurvy lack-a-nape Priest to  
or make : — you may be gon : it is not good  
y here : by gar I will cut all his two stones : by  
shall not haue a stone to throw at his dogge.

Alas : he speaks but for his friend.

It is no matter-a ver dat : do not you tell-a-me  
all haue Anne Page for my selfe ? by gar, I will  
lack-Priest : and I haue appointed mine Host of  
er to measure our weapon : by gar, I wil my selfe  
Anne Page.

Sir, the maid loues you, and all shall bee well :  
ft giue folkes leaue to prate : what the good-ier.

Rugby, come to the Court with me : by gar, if  
not Anne Page, I shall turne your head out of my  
ollow my heeles, Rugby.

You shall haue *An*-fooles head of your owne :  
now *Ans* mind for that : neuer a woman in *Wind*-  
wes more of *Ans* minde then I doe, nor can doe  
en I doe with her, I thanke heauen.

n. Who's with in there, ho?

Who's there, I troa? Come neere the house I  
1.

How now (good woman) how dost thou ?

The better that it pleases your good Worship  
?

What newes? how do's pretty Mistris Anne?

In truth Sir, and thee is pretty, and honest, and  
and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by  
; I praise heauen for it.

Shall I doe any good thinkst thou ? shall I not  
y suit?

Troth Sir, all is in his hands aboue : but not-  
iding (Master Fenton) Ile be sworne on a booke  
res you : haue not your Worship a wart aboue  
: ?

Yes marry haue I, what of that?

Wel, thereby hangs a tale : good faith, it is such  
*Naw* ; (but (I detest) an honest maid as euer  
read : wee had an howres talke of that wart ; I  
uer laugh but in that maids company : but (in-  
bee is giuen too much to Allicholy and musing :  
you — well — goe too —

Well : I shall see her to day : hold, there's mo-  
thee : Let mee haue thy voice in my behalfe : if  
st her before me, commend me. —

Will I? I faith that wee will : And I will tell  
orship more of the Wart, the next time we haue  
ice, and of other wooers.

Fen. Well, fare-well, I am in great haste now.

Qui. Fare-well to your Worship : truly an honest  
Gentleman : but Anne loues him not : for I know *Ans*  
minde as well as another do's : out vpon't : what haue I  
forgot. Exit.

## Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Master Page, Master  
Ford, Pistoll, Nim, Quickly, Host, Shallow.

Mist. Page. What, haue scap'd Loue-letters in the  
holly-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subiect  
for them? let me see?

Aske me no reason why I loue you, for though Loue vse Rea-  
son for his precisian, bee admits him not for his Counsaillour :  
you are not yong, no more am I : goe to then, there's simpatbie :  
you are merry, so am I : ha, ha, then there's more simpatbie :  
you loue sacke, and so do I : would you desire better simpatbie ?  
Let it suffice thee (Mistris Page) at the least if the Loue of  
Souldier can suffice, that I loue thee : I will not say pittie mee,  
'tis not a Souldier-like phrase ; but I say, loue me :

By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night :  
Or any kinde of light, with all his might,  
For thee to fight. Iohn Falstaffe.

What a Herod of Iurie is this? O wicked, wicked world :  
One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age  
To show himselfe a yong Gallant? What an vnwaied  
Behauiour hath this Flemish drunkard pickt (with  
The Deuills name) out of my conuersation, that he dares  
In this manner assay me? why, hee hath not bene thrice  
In my Company : what should I say to him? I was then  
Frugall of my mirth : (heauen forgie mee :) why Ile  
Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe  
of men : how shall I be reueng'd on him? for reueng'd I  
will be? as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Mist. Ford. Mistris Page, trust me, I was going to your  
house.

Mist. Page. And trust me, I was comming to you : you  
looke very ill.

Mist. Ford. Nay, Ile nere beleee that ; I haue to shew  
to the contrary.

Mist. Page. Faith but you doe in my minde.

Mist. Ford. Well : I doe then : yet I say, I could shew  
you to the contrary : O Mistris Page, giue mee some  
counsaile.

Mist. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mi. Ford. O woman : if it were not for one trifling re-  
spect, I could come to such honour.

Mist. Page. Hang the trifle (woman) take the honour :  
what is it? dispendce with trifles : what is it?

Mi. Ford. If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall  
moment, or so : I could be knighted.

Mi. Page. What thou liest? Sir Alice Ford? these  
Knights will hacke, and so thou shouldst not alter the ar-  
ticle of thy Gentry.

Mi. Ford. Wee burne day-light : heere, read, read :  
perceiue how I might bee knighted, I shall thinke the  
worfe of fat men, as long as I haue an eye to make diffe-  
rence of mens liking : and yet hee would not sweare :  
praise

praise womens modesty: and gaue such orderly and well-behaued reproofe to al vncomelineffe, that I would haue sworne his disposition would haue gone to the truth of his words: but they doe no more adhere and keep place together, then the hundred Psalmes to the tune of Greensleeues: What tempest (I troa) threw this Whale, (with so many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a'shoare at Windsor? How shall I bee reuenged on him? I thinke the best way were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust haue melted him in his owne greace: Did you euer heare the like?

*Mis. Page.* Letter for letter; but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs: to thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, heere's the twyn-brother of thy Letter: but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine neuer shall: I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blanke-space for different names (sure more): and these are of the second edition: hee will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what hee puts into the presse, when he would put vs two: I had rather be a Giantesse, and lye vnder Mount *Pelion*: Well; I will find you twentie lasciuious Turtles ere one chaste man.

*Mis. Ford.* Why this is the very fame: the very hand: the very words: what doth he thinke of vs?

*Mis. Page.* Nay I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine owne honesty: Ile entertaine my selfe like one that I am not acquainted withall: for sure vnlesse hee know some straine in mee, that I know not my selfe, hee would neuer haue boarded me in this furie.

*Mi. Ford.* Boarding, call you it? Ile bee sure to keepe him aboue decke.

*Mi. Page.* So will I: if hee come vnder my hatches, Ile neuer to Sea againe: Let's bee reueng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting: giue him a show of comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till hee hath pawn'd his hories to mine Host of the Garter.

*Mi. Ford.* Nay, I wil consent to act any villany against him, that may not fully the charinesse of our honesty: oh that my husband saw this Letter: it would giue eternall food to his ielousie.

*Mis. Page.* Why look where he comes; and my good man too: hee's as farre from ielousie, as I am from giuing him cause, and that (I hope) is an vnmeasurable distance.

*Mis. Ford.* You are the happier woman.

*Mis. Page.* Let's confult together against this greasie Knight: Come hither.

*Ford.* Well: I hope, it be not so.

*Pis.* Hope is a curtail-dog in some affaires: Sir *Iohn* affects thy wife.

*Ford.* Why sir, my wife is not young.

*Pis.* He woos both high and low, both rich & poor, both yong and old, one with another (*Ford*) he loues the Gally-mawfry (*Ford*) perpend.

*Ford.* Loue my wife?

*Pis.* With liuer, burning hot: preuent: Or goe thou like Sir *Alecon* he, with

Ring-wood at thy heeles: O, odious is the name.

*Ford.* What name Sir?

*Pis.* The horne I say: Farewell:

Take heed, haue open eye, for theeues doe foot by night. Take heed, ere sommer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do sing.

Away sir Corporall *Nim*:

Beleeue it (*Page*) he speakes sence.

*Ford.* I will be patient: I will find out this.

*Nim.* And this is true: I like not the humor of lying: hee hath wronged mee in some humors: I should haue borne the humour'd Letter to her: but I haue a sword: and it shall bite vpon my necessitie: he loues your wife; There's the short and the long: My name is Corporall *Nim*: I speak, and I auouch; 'tis true: my name is *Nim*: and *Falstaffe* loues your wife: adieu, I loue not the humour of bread and cheefe: adieu.

*Page.* The humour of it (quoth'a?) heere's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

*Ford.* I will seeke out *Falstaffe*.

*Page.* I neuer heard such a drawling-affecting rogue.

*Ford.* If I doe finde it: well.

*Page.* I will not beleeue such a *Cataian*, though the Priest o' th' Towne commended him for a true man.

*Ford.* 'T was a good sensible fellow: well.

*Page.* How now *Meg*?

*Mis. Page.* Whether goe you (*George*?) harke you.

*Mis. Ford.* How now (*sweet Frank*) why art thou melancholy?

*Ford.* I melancholy? I am not melancholy:

Get you home: goe.

*Mis. Ford.* Faith, thou hast some crochets in thy head, Now: will you goe, *Mistress Page*?

*Mis. Page.* Haue with you: you'll come to dinner *George*? Looke who comes yonder: shee shall bee our Messenger to this paltry Knight.

*Mis. Ford.* Trust me, I thought on her: shee'll fit it.

*Mis. Page.* You are come to see my daughter *Anne*?

*Qui.* I forsooth: and I pray how do's good *Mistresse Anne*?

*Mis. Page.* Go in with vs and see: we haue an houres talke with you.

*Page.* How now Master *Ford*?

*Ford.* You heard what this knaue told me, did you not?

*Page.* Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

*Ford.* Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

*Page.* Hang 'em slaues: I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it: But these that accuse him in his intent towards our wiues, are a yoake of his discarded men: very rogues, now they be out of seruice.

*Ford.* Were they his men?

*Page.* Marry were they.

*Ford.* I like it neuer the better for that,

Do's he lye at the Garter?

*Page.* I marry do's he: if hee should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turne her loose to him; and what hee gets more of her, then sharpe words, let it lye on my head.

*Ford.* I doe not misdoubt my wife: but I would bee loath to turne them together: a man may be too confident: I would haue nothing lye on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

*Page.* Looke where my ranting-Host of the Garter comes: there is eyther liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when hee looks so merrily: How now mine Host?

*Host.* How now Bully-Rooke: thou'rt a Gentleman Cauceiro Iustice, I say.

*Sbal.* I follow, (mine Host) I follow: Good-euen, and twenty (good Master *Page*.) Master *Page*, wil you go with vs? we haue sport in hand.

*Host.* Tell him Cauceiro-Iustice: tell him Bully-Rooke.

*Sbal.* Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir *Hugh* the Welch Priest, and *Caius* the French Doctor.

*Ford.* Good

*Ford.* Good mine Host o'th'Garter: a word with you.

*Host.* What saist thou, my Bully-Rooke?

*Shal.* Will you goe with vs to behold it? My merry Host hath had the meafuring of their weapons; and (I thinke) hath appointed them contrary places: for (beleeue mee) I heare the Parfon is no lefter: harke, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

*Host.* Haft thou no suit against my Knight? my guesst-Caualeire?

*Shal.* None, I protest: but Ile giue you a pottle of burn'd sacke, to giue me recourse to him, and tell him my name is *Broome*: onely for a iest.

*Host.* My hand, (Bully:) thou shalt haue egress and regresse, (said I well?) and thy name shall be *Broome*. It is a merry Knight: will you goe An-heires?

*Shal.* Haue with you mine Host.

*Page.* I haue heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier.

*Shal.* Tut fir: I could haue told you more: In these times you stand on distance: your Passes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (*Master Page*) 'tis heere, 'tis heere: I haue seene the time, with my long-sword, I would haue made you fowre tall fellows skippe like Rattes.

*Host.* Heere boyes, heere, heere: shall we wag?

*Page.* Haue with you: I had rather heare them scold, then fight.

*Ford.* Though *Page* be a secure foole, and stands so firmly on his wifes frailty; yet, I cannot put-off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at *Pages* house: and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will looke further into't, and I haue a disguise, to sound *Falstaffe*; if I finde her honest, I loofe not my labor: if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed.

*Exeunt.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Falstaffe, Pistoll, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe, Ford.*

*Fal.* I will not lend thee a penny.

*Pist.* Why then the world's mine Oyfter, which I, with sword will open.

*Fal.* Not a penny: I haue beene content (Sir,) you should lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grated vp-on my good friends for three Repreues for you, and your Coach-fellow *Nim*; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a Geminy of Baboones: I am dam'd in hell, for swearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes. And when *Mistresse Briget* lost the handle of her Fan, I took't vpon mine honour thou hadst it not.

*Pist.* Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fiftene pence?

*Fal.* Reason, you rogue, reason: thinkst thou Ile endanger my soule, gratis? at a word, hang no more about mee, I am no gibbet for you: goe, a short knife, and a throng, to your Mannor of *Pickt-batch*: goe, you'll not beare a Letter for mee you rogue? you stand vpon your honor: why, (thou vnconfinable basenefse) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the termes of my honor precise: I, I, I my selfe sometimes, leauing the feare of heauen on

the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am faine to shuffle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-sconce your raggs; your Cat-a-Mountaine-lookes, your red-lattice phraises, and your bold-beating-oathes, vnder the shelter of your honor? you will not doe it? you?

*Pist.* I doe relent: what would thou more of man?

*Robin.* Sir, here's a woman would speake with you.

*Fal.* Let her approach.

*Qui.* Giue your worship good morrow.

*Fal.* Good-morrow, good-wife.

*Qui.* Not so, and't please your worship.

*Fal.* Good maid then.

*Qui.* Ile be sworne,

As my mother was the first houre I was borne.

*Fal.* I doe beleeue the swearer; what with me?

*Qui.* Shall I vouch-safe your worship a word, or two?

*Fal.* Two thousand (faire woman) and ile vouchsafe thee the hearing.

*Qui.* There is one *Mistresse Ford*, (Sir) I pray come a little neerer this waies: I my selfe dwell with *M. Doctor Caius*:

*Fal.* Well, on; *Mistresse Ford*, you say.

*Qui.* Your worship saies very true: I pray your worship come a little neerer this waies.

*Fal.* I warrant thee, no-bodie heares: mine owne people, mine owne people.

*Qui.* Are they so? heauen-bleffe them, and make them his Seruants.

*Fal.* Well; *Mistresse Ford*, what of her?

*Qui.* Why, Sir; shee's a good-creature; Lord, Lord, your Worship's a wanton: well: heauen forgiue you, and all of vs, I pray——

*Fal.* *Mistresse Ford*: come, *Mistresse Ford*.

*Qui.* Marry this is the short, and the long of it: you haue brought her into such a Canaries, as 'tis wonderfull: the best Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at *Windsor*) could neuer haue brought her to such a Canarie: yet there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly; all Muske, and so rushing, I warrant you, in filke and golde, and in such alligant termes, and in such wine and fuger of the best, and the fairest, that would haue wonne any womans heart: and I warrant you, they could neuer get an eye-winke of her: I had my selfe twentie Angels giuen me this morning, but I desie all Angels (in any such sort, as they say) but in the way of honesty: and I warrant you, they could neuer get her so much as sippe on a cup with the prowdest of them all, and yet there has beene Earles: nay, (which is more) Pensioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

*Fal.* But what saies shee to mee? be briefe my good shee-*Mercurie*.

*Qui.* Marry, she hath receiv'd your Letter: for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she giues you to notifie, that her husband will be absence from his house, betweene ten and eleuen.

*Fal.* Ten, and eleuen.

*Qui.* I, forsooth: and then you may come and see the picture (she sayes) that you wot of: *Master Ford* her husband will be from home: alas, the sweet woman-leads an ill life with him: hee's a very iealousie-man; she leads a very frampold life with him, (good hart.)

*Fal.* Ten, and eleuen.

Woman



Woman, commend me to her, I will not faile her.

*Qui.* Why, you say well : But I haue another messenger to your worship : Mistrisse *Page* hath her heartie commendations to you to : and let mee tell you in your eare, shee's as fartuous a ciuill modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not misse you morning nor euening prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, who ere bee the other : and shee bade me tell your worship, that her husband is sel-dome from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I neuer knew a woman so doate vpon a man ; surely I thinke you haue charmes, la : yes in truth.

*Fal.* Not I, I assure thee ; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I haue no other charmes.

*Qui.* Blessing on your heart for't.

*Fal.* But I pray thee tell me this : has *Fords* wife, and *Pages* wife acquainted each other, how they loue me ?

*Qui.* That were a iest indeed : they haue not so little grace I hope, that were a trickie indeed : But Mistris *Page* would desire you to fend her your little *Page* of all loues : her husband has a maruellous infectiō to the little *Page* : and truly Master *Page* is an honest man : neuer a wife in *Windsor* leades a better life then she do's : doe what shee will, say what she will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will : and truly she deserues it ; for if there be a kinde woman in *Windsor*, she is one : you must fend her your *Page*, no remedie.

*Fal.* Why, I will.

*Qu.* Nay, but doe so then, and looke you, hee may come and goe betweene you both : and in any case haue a nay-word, that you may know one anothers minde, and the Boy neuer neede to vnderstand any thing ; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickednes : olde folkes you know, haue discretion, as they say, and know the world.

*Fal.* Farethee-well, commend mee to them both : there's my purse, I am yet thy debter : Boy, goe along with this woman, this newes distracts me.

*Pff.* This Punccke is one of *Cupids* Carriers, Clap on more failes, pursue : vp with your fights :

Giue fire : she is my prize, or Ocean whelme them all.

*Fal.* Saist thou so (old *Iacke*) go thy waies : Ile make more of thy olde body then I haue done : will they yet looke after thee ? wilt thou after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer ? good Body, I thanke thee : let them say 'tis grossely done, so it bee fairely done, no matter.

*Bar.* Sir *Iohn*, there's one Master *Broome* below would faine speake with you, and be acquainted with you ; and hath sent your worship a mornings draught of Sacke.

*Fal.* *Broome* is his name ?

*Bar.* I Sir.

*Fal.* Call him in : such *Broomes* are welcome to mee, that ore-flowes such liquor : ah ha, Mistrisse *Ford* and Mistrisse *Page*, haue I encompass'd you ? goe to, *via*.

*Ford.* Blessie you sir.

*Fal.* And you sir : would you speake with me ?

*Ford.* I make bold, to presse, with so little preparation vpon you.

*Fal.* You'r welcome, what's your will ? giue vs leaue Drawer.

*Ford.* Sir, I am a Gentleman that haue spent much, my name is *Broome*.

*Fal.* Good Master *Broome*, I desire more acquaintance of you.

*Ford.* Good Sir *Iohn*, I sue for yours : not to charge you, for I must let you vnderstand, I thinke my selfe in

better plight for a Lender, then you are : the whi something emboldned me to this vnseason'd in for they say, if money goe before, all waies open.

*Fal.* Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on

*Ford.* Troth, and I haue a bag of money hee bleas me : if you will helpe to beare it (Sir *Iohn*) to or halfe, for easing me of the carriage.

*Fal.* Sir, I know not how I may deferue to I Porter.

*Ford.* I will tell you sir, if you will giue mee t ring.

*Fal.* Speake (good Master *Broome*) I shall be be your Seruant.

*Ford.* Sir, I heare you are a Scholler : (I will t with you) and you haue been a man long knowne though I had neuer so good means as desire, to m selfe acquainted with you. I shall discouer a t you, wherein I must very much lay open mine o perfection : but (good Sir *Iohn*) as you haue one on my follies, as you heare them vnfolded, turne into the Register of your owne, that I may passe reproofe the easier, sith you your selfe know how is to be such an offender.

*Fal.* Very well Sir, proceed.

*Ford.* There is a Gentlewoman in this Town husbands name is *Ford*.

*Fal.* Well Sir.

*Ford.* I haue long lou'd her, and I protest to : stowed much on her : followed her with a doas seruance : Ingros'd opportunities to meete her : uery slight occasion that could but nigardly gi fight of her : not only bought many presents to g but haue giuen largely to many, to know wt would haue giuen : briefly, I haue pursu'd her, hath pursued mee, which hath beene on the win occasions : but whatsoeuer I haue merited, either minde, or in my meanes, meede I am sure I haue none, vnlesse Experience be a lewell, that I haue sed at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me this,

"*Loue like a shadow flies, when substance Loue pur*  
"*Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues*"

*Fal.* Haue you receiu'd no promise of satisfas her hands ?

*Ford.* Neuer.

*Fal.* Haue you importun'd her to such a purpose

*Ford.* Neuer.

*Fal.* Of what qualitie was your loue then ?

*Ford.* Like a fair house, built on another mans so that I haue lost my edifice, by mistaking th where I erected it.

*Fal.* To what purpose haue you vnfolded this to

*For.* When I haue told you that, I haue told : Some say, that though she appeare honest to met other places shee enlargeth her mirth so farre, th is shrewd construction made of her. Now (Sir *I* is the heart of my purpose : you are a gentleman cellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great tance, authenticke in your place and person, g allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and preparations.

*Fal.* O Sir.

*Ford.* Beleeue it, for you know it : there is spend it, spend it, spend more ; spend all I ha

giue me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this *Fords* wife : vie your Art of wooing ; win her to consent to you : if any man may, you may as soone as any.

*Fal.* Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to your selfe very preposterously.

*Ford.* O, vnderstand my drift : she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soule dares not present it selfe : shee is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand ; my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves, I could driue her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattaild against me : what say you too't, Sir *Iohn*?

*Fal.* Master *Broome*, I will first make bold with your money : next, giue mee your hand : and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy *Fords* wife.

*Ford.* O good Sir.

*Fal.* I say you shall.

*Ford.* Want no money (Sir *Iohn*) you shall want none.

*Fal.* Want no *Mistresse Ford* (Master *Broome*) you shall want none : I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her owne appointment, euen as you came in to me, her assistant, or goe-betweene, parted from me : I say I shall be with her betweene ten and eleuen : for at that time the ielous-rascally-knaue her husband will be forth : come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

*Ford.* I am blest in your acquaintance : do you know *Ford* Sir?

*Fal.* Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knaue) I know him not : yet I wrong him to call him poore : They say the ielous wittolly-knaue hath masses of money, for the which his wife feesmes to me well-fauour'd : I will vse her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffer, & ther's my haruest-home.

*Ford.* I would you knew *Ford*, sir, that you might auoid him, if you saw him.

*Fal.* Hang him, mechanically-falt-butler rogue; I will scare him out of his wits : I will awe-him with my cudgell : it shall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds horns: Master *Broome*, thou shalt know, I will predominate o-uer the pezzant, and thou shalt lye with his wife. Come to me soone at night : *Ford*'s a knaue, and I will aggravate his stile : thou (Master *Broome*) shalt know him for knaue, and Cuckold. Come to me soone at night.

*Ford.* What a damn'd Epicurian-Rascal is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience : who saies this is improuident ielousie? my wife hath sent to him, the howre is fixt, the match is made : would any man haue thought this? see the hell of hauing a false woman : my bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawed at, and I shall not onely receiue this villanous wrong, but stand vnder the adoption of abominable termes, and by him that does mee this wrong : Termes, names : *Amaimon* sounds well : *Lucifer*, well : *Barbasen*, well : yet they are Diuels additions, the names of fiends : But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Diuell himselfe hath not such a name. *Page* is an Ass, a secure Ass; hee will trust his wife, hee will not be ielous : I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter, Parson *Hugh* the *Welshman* with my Cheefe, an *Irishman* with my Aqua-vitæ-bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her selfe. Then the plots, then the rumi-

uates, then the deuises : and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect ; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heauen bee prais'd for my ielousie : eleuen o'clocke the howre, I will preuent this, detect my wife, bee reueng'd on *Falstaffe*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it, better three houres too soone, then a my-nute too late : fie, fie, fie : Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

*Exi.*

## Scena Tertia.

Enter *Caius*, *Rugby*, *Page*, *Shallow*, *Slender*, *Hof.*

*Caius.* Lacke *Rugby*.

*Rug.* Sir.

*Caius.* Vat is the clocke, *Iack*.

*Rug.* 'Tis past the howre (Sir) that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

*Cai.* By gar, he has saue his soule, dat he is no-come : hee has pray his Pible well, dat he is no-come : by gar (*Iack Rugby*) he is dead already, if he be come.

*Rug.* Hee is wife Sir : hee knew your worship would kill him if he came.

*Cai.* By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I will kill him : take your Rapier, (*Iacke*) I will tell you how I will kill him.

*Rug.* Alas sir, I cannot fence.

*Cai.* Villanie, take your Rapier.

*Rug.* Forbeare : heer's company.

*Hof.* 'Blesse thee, bully-Doctor.

*Shal.* 'Saue you M'. Doctor *Caius*.

*Page.* Now good M'. Doctor.

*Slen.* 'Giue you good-morrow, sir.

*Caius.* Vat be all you one, two, tree, fowre, come for?

*Hof.* To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee traueise, to see thee heere, to see thee there, to see thee passe thy puncto, thy stock, thy reuerse, thy distance, thy montant : Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? ha Bully? what saies my *Esculapius*? my *Galien*? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-Stale? is he dead?

*Cai.* By gar, he is de Coward-Lack-Priest of de world : he is not show his face.

*Hof.* Thou art a Castalion-king-Vrinnall : *Hector* of *Greece* (my Boy)

*Cai.* I pray you beare witnessse, that me haue stay, fixe or seuen, two tree howres for him, and hee is no-come.

*Shal.* He is the wiser man (M.Docto)rhe is a curer of soules, and you a curer of bodies : if you should fight, you goe against the haire of your professions : is it not true, Master *Page*?

*Page.* Master *Shallow* ; you haue your selfe beene a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

*Shal.* Body-kins M. *Page*, though I now be old, and of the peace ; if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one : though wee are Iustices, and Doctors, and Church-men (M. *Page*) wee haue some falt of our youth in vs, we are the sons of women (M. *Page*.)

*Page.* 'Tis true, M<sup>r</sup>. *Shallow*.

*Shal.* It wil be found so, (M. *Page*) : M. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home : I am sworn of the peace : you haue show'd your selfe a wise Physician, and Sir *Hugh* hath showne himselfe a wife and patient Churchman : you must goe with me, M. Doctor.

*Hof.* Par-

*Hof.* Pardon, Gueft-Iuftice ; a Mounſieur Mocke-water.

*Cai.* Mock-water? vat is dat?

*Hof.* Mock-water, in our Engliſh tongue, is Valour (Bully.)

*Cai.* By gar, then I haue as much Mock-water as de Engliſhman : ſcurry-lack-dog-Prieſt : by gar, mee vill cut his eares.

*Hof.* He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)

*Cai.* Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

*Hof.* That is, he will make thee 'amends.

*Cai.* By-gar, me doe looke hee ſhall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill haue it.

*Hof.* And I will prouoke him to't, or let him wag.

*Cai.* Me tanck you for dat.

*Hof.* And moreover, (Bully) but firſt, Mr. Ghueſt, and M. Page, & eeke Caualeiro Slender, goe you through the Towne to Frogmore.

*Page.* Sir Hugh is there, is he?

*Hof.* He is there, ſee what humor he is in : and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields : will it doe well?

*Sbal.* We will doe it.

*All.* Adieu, good M. Doctor.

*Cai.* By-gar, me vill kill de Prieſt, for he ſpeake for a lack-an-Ape to Anne Page.

*Hof.* Let him die : ſheath thy impatience : throw cold water on thy Choller : goe about the fields with mee through Frogmore, I will bring thee where Miſtris Anne Page is, at a Farm-houſe a Feaſting : and thou ſhalt wooe he r : Cride-game, ſaid I well?

*Cai.* By gar, mee dancke you vor dat : by gar I loue you : and I ſhall procure 'a you de good Gueſt : de Earle, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

*Hof.* For the which, I will be thy aduerſary toward Anne Page : ſaid I well?

*Cai.* By-gar, 'tis good : vell ſaid.

*Hof.* Let vs wag then.

*Cai.* Come at my heeles, Lack Rugby.

*Exeunt.*

### Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter Evans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hof, Caius, Rugby.*

*Evans.* I pray you now, good Maſter Slenders ſeruing-man, and friend Simple by your name ; which way haue you look'd for Maſter Caius, that calls himſelfe Doctor of Phiſicke.

*Sim.* Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward : every way : olde Windſor way, and every way but the Towne-way.

*Euan.* I moſt ſeheremently deſire you, you will alſo looke that way.

*Sim.* I will fir.

*Euan.* 'Pleſſe my ſoule : how full of Chollors I am, and tremping of minde : I ſhall be glad if he haue deceiued me : how melancholies I am? I will knog his Vrinalls about his knaues coſtard, when I haue good opportunities for the orke : 'Pleſſe my ſoule : To ſhallow Ruiers to wboſe falls : melodious Birds ſing Madrigalls : There will we make our Peds of Roſes : and a thouſand fragrant poſies. To ſhallow : 'Mercie on mee, I haue a great diſpoſitions to cry.

*Melodious birds ſing Madrigalls : — When as I ſat in Pa-bilon : and a thouſand vagram Poſies. To ſhallow, &c.*

*Sim.* Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

*Euan.* Hee's welcome : To ſhallow Ruiers, to wboſe falls : Heauen proſper the right : what weapons is he?

*Sim.* No weapons, Sir : there comes my Maſter, Mr. Shallow, and another Gentleman ; from Frogmore, ouer the ſtile, this way.

*Euan.* Pray you giue mee my gowne, or elſe keep it in your armes.

*Sbal.* How now Maſter Parfon? good morrow good Sir Hugh : keepe a Gameſter from the dice, and a good Student from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

*Sen.* Ah ſweet Anne Page.

*Page.* 'Sawe you, good Sir Hugh.

*Euan.* 'Pleſſe you from his mercy-fake, all of you.

*Sbal.* What? the Sword, and the Word?

*Doe you ſtudy them both, Mr. Parfon?*

*Page.* And youthfull ſtill, in your doublet and hoſt, this raw-rumaticke day?

*Euan.* There is reaſons, and cauſes for it.

*Page.* We are come to you, to doe a good office, Mr. Parfon.

*Euan.* Fery-well : what is it?

*Page.* Yonder is a moſt reuerend Gentleman ; who (be-like) hauing receiued wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his owne grauity and patience, that euer you ſaw.

*Sbal.* I haue liued foure-score yeeres, and vpward : I neuer heard a man of his place, grauity, and learning, ſo wide of his owne reſpect.

*Euan.* What is he?

*Page.* I thinke you know him : Mr. Doctor Caius the renowned French Phyſician.

*Euan.* Got's-will, and his paſſion of my heart : I had as lief you would tell me of a meſſe of porridge.

*Page.* Why?

*Euan.* He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen, and hee is a knaue beſides : a cowardly knaue, as you would deſires to be acquainted withall.

*Page.* I warrant you, hee's the man ſhould fight with him.

*Sen.* O ſweet Anne Page.

*Sbal.* It appeares ſo by his weapons : keepe them a-funder : here comes Doctor Caius.

*Page.* Nay good Mr. Parfon, keepe in your weapon.

*Sbal.* So doe you, good Mr. Doctor.

*Hof.* Diſarme them, and let them queſtion : let them keepe their limbs whole, and hack our Engliſh.

*Cai.* I pray you let-a-mee ſpeake a word with your eare ; wherefore vill you not meet-a me?

*Euan.* Pray you vſe your patience in good time.

*Cai.* By-gar, you are de Coward : de lack dog : Iohn Ape.

*Euan.* Pray you let vs not be laughing-ſtocks to other mens humors : I deſire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends : I will knog your Vrinall about your knaues Cogs-combe.

*Cai.* 'Diable : lack Rugby : mine Hof de Iarteer : haue I not ſtay for him, to kill him? haue I not at de place I did appoint?

*Euan.* As I am a Chriſtians-ſoule, now looke you : this is the place appointed, Ile bee iudgement by mine Hof of the Garter.

*Hof.* Peace, I ſay, Gallia and Gaule, French & Welch, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.

*Cai. I,*

*Cai.* I, dat is very good, excellant.

*Hof.* Peace, I say : heare mine Hof of the Garter, Am I politicke? Am I subtle? Am I a Machiuell? Shall I loofe my Doctōr? No, hee giues me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I loofe my Parfon? my Priest? my Sir *Hugh*? No, he giues me the Prouerbes, and the No-verbs. Giue me thy hand (Celestiall) so : Boyes of Art, I haue decei'd you both : I haue directed you to wrong places : your hearts are mighty, your skinnies are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the issue : Come, lay their swords to pawne : Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

*Sbal.* Trust me, a mad Hof : follow Gentlemen, follow.

*Sen.* O sweet *Anne Page*.

*Cai.* Ha' do I perceiue dat? Haue you make-a-de-sot of vs, ha, ha?

*Eua.* This is well, he has made vs his vlowting-stog : I desire you that we may be friends : and let vs knog our praines together to be reuenge on this same scall-scurvy-cogging-companion the Hof of the Garter.

*Cai.* By gar, with all my heart : he promise to bring me where is *Anne Page* : by gar he deceiue me too.

*Euan.* Well, I will smite his noddles : pray you follow.

## Scena Secunda.

*Miss. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hof, Euan, Caius.*

*Miss. Page.* Nay keepe your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader : whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your masters heeles?

*Rob.* I had rather (forsooth) go before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarf. (Courtier.)

*M. Pa.* O you are a flattering boy, now I see you'll be a *Ford*. Well met mistress *Page*, whether go you.

*M. Pa.* Truly Sir, to see your wife, is she at home?

*Ford.* I, and as idle as the may hang together for want of company : I thinke if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

*M. Pa.* Be sure of that, two other husbands.

*Ford.* Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?

*M. Pa.* I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what do you cal your Knights name *Rob. Sir Iohn Falstaffe.* (sirrah?)

*Ford.* Sir *Iohn Falstaffe.*

*M. Pa.* He, he, I can neuer hit on's name ; there is such a league betweene my Goodman, and he : is your Wife at *Ford.* Indeed she is. (home indeed?)

*M. Pa.* By your leave sir, I am sicke till I see her.

*Ford.* Has *Page* any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleepe, he hath no vse of them : why this boy will carrie a letter twentie mile as easie, as a Canon will shoot point-blanke twelue score : hee peeces out his wiues inclination : he giues her folly motion and aduantage : and now she's going to my wife, & *Falstaffe* boy with her : A man may heare this shovre sing in the winde ; and *Falstaffe* boy with her : good plots, they are laide, and our reuolted wiues share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vaile of modestie from the so-seeming *Miss. Page*, divulge *Page* himselfe for a secure and

wilfull *Afteen*, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry ayme. The clocke giues me my Qu, and my assurance bids me search, there I shall finde *Falstaffe* : I shall be rather prais'd for this, then mock'd, for it is as possitiue, as the earth is firme, that *Falstaffe* is there : I will go.

*Sbal.* *Page, &c.* Well met *M<sup>r</sup> Ford.*

*Ford.* Trust me, a good knotte ; I haue good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me.

*Sbal.* I must excuse my selfe *M<sup>r</sup> Ford.*

*Sen.* And so must I Sir, We haue appointed to dine with Mistress *Anne*, And I would not breake with her for more money Then Ile speake of.

*Sbal.* We haue linger'd about a match betweene *An Page*, and my cozen *Slender*, and this day wee shall haue our answer.

*Sen.* I hope I haue your good will Father *Page.*

*Page.* You haue *M<sup>r</sup> Slender*, I stand wholly for you, But my wife (*M<sup>r</sup> Doctōr*) is for you altogether.

*Cai.* I be-gar, and de Maid is loue-a-me : my nursh-a-Quickly tell me so must.

*Hof.* What say you to yong *M<sup>r</sup> Fenton*? He capers, he dances, he has eies of youth : he writes verses, hee speakes holliday, he smels April and May, he wil carry't, he will carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

*Page.* Not by my consent I promise you. The Gentleman is of no hauing, hee kept companie with the wilde Prince, and *Pointz* : he is of too high a Region, he knows too much : no, hee shall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of my substance : if he take her, let him take her simply : the wealth I haue waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

*Ford.* I beseech you heartily, some of you goe home with me to dinner : besides your cheere you shall haue sport, I will shew you a monster : *M<sup>r</sup> Doctōr*, you shal go, so shall you *M<sup>r</sup> Page*, and you Sir *Hugh*.

*Sbal.* Well, fare you well :

We shall haue the freer welling at *M<sup>r</sup> Pages*.

*Cai.* Go home *Iohn Rugby*, I come anon.

*Hof.* Farewell my hearts, I will to my honest Knight *Falstaffe*, and drinke Canarie with him.

*Ford.* I thinke I shall drinke in Pipe-wine first with him, Ile make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

*All.* Haue with you, to see this Monster. *Exeunt*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter M. Ford, M. Page, Seruants, Robin, Falstaffe, Ford, Page, Caius, Euan.*

*Miss. Ford.* What *Iohn*, what *Robert*.

*M. Page.* Quickly, quickly : Is the Buck-basket—

*Miss. Ford.* I warrant. What *Robin* I say.

*Miss. Page.* Come, come, come.

*Miss. Ford.* Heere, set it downe.

*M. Pag.* Giue your men the charge, we must be briefe, *M. Ford.* Marrie, as I told you before (*Iohn & Robert*) be ready here hard-by in the Brew-house, & when I so dainly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders : y done, trudge with it in all haft, and carry it among the Whitsters in *Dotebet Mead*, and there empty it in the muddie ditch, close by the Thames side.

*M. Page.* You will do it?

(direction.)

*M. Ford.* I ha told them ouer and ouer, they lacke no

E

Be

Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

*M. Page.* Here comes little *Robin*. (with you?)

*Mist. Ford.* How now my *Eyas-Musket*, what newes  
*Rob.* My *M. Sir Iohn* is come in at your backe doore

(*Mist. Ford.* and requests your company.

*M. Page.* You little *Iack-a-lent*, haue you bin true to vs  
*Rob.* I, Ile be sworne: my Master knowes not of your  
being heere: and hath threatned to put me into euerla-  
sting liberty, if I tell you of it: for he sweares he'll turne  
me away.

*Mist. Pag.* Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine  
shall be a Tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new dou-  
blet and hose. Ile go hide me.

*Mi. Ford.* Do so: go tell thy Master, I am alone: *Mis-  
tris Page*, remember you your *Qu.*

*Mist. Pag.* I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hisse me.

*Mist. Ford.* Go-too then: we'll vse this vnwholsome  
humidity, this groffe-watry Pumpion; we'll teach him  
to know Turtles from Iayes.

*Fal.* Haue I caught thee, my heavenly Iewell? Why  
now let me die, for I haue liu'd long enough: This is the  
period of my ambition: O this blessed houre.

*Mist. Ford.* O sweet *Sir Iohn*.

*Fal.* *Mist. Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (*Mist.  
Ford*) now shall I sin in my wish; I would thy Husband  
were dead, Ile speake it before the best Lord, I would  
make thee my Lady.

*Mist. Ford.* I your Lady *Sir Iohn*? Alas, I should bee a  
pittifull Lady.

*Fal.* Let the Court of France shew me such another:  
I see how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou  
hast the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes  
the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian  
admittance.

*Mist. Ford.* A plaine Kerchiefe, *Sir Iohn*:

My browes become nothing else, nor that well neither.

*Fal.* Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make  
an absolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy foote,  
would giue an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi-  
circled Farthingale. I see what thou wert if Fortune thy  
foe, were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou canst not  
hide it.

*Mist. Ford.* Beleuee me, ther's no such thing in me.

*Fal.* What made me loue thee? Let that perfwade  
thee. Ther's something extraordinary in thee: Come, I  
cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a-manie  
of these lisping-hauthorne buds, that come like women  
in mens apparrell, and smell like Bucklers-berry in sim-  
ple time: I cannot, but I loue thee, none but thee; and  
thou deseru'st it.

*M. Ford.* Do not betray me fir, I fear you loue *M. Page*.

*Fal.* Thou mightst as well say, I loue to walke by the  
Counter-gate, which is as hatefull to me, as the reeke of  
a Lime-kill.

*Mist. Ford.* Well, heauen knowes how I loue you,  
And you shall one day finde it.

*Fal.* Keepe in that minde, Ile deserue it.

*Mist. Ford.* Nay, I must tell you, so you doe;  
Or else I could not be in that minde.

*Rob.* *Mist. Ford*, *Mist. Ford*: heere's *Mist. Page* at  
the doore, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly,  
and would needs speake with you presently.

*Fal.* She shall not see me, I will enconce me behinde  
the Arras.

*M. Ford.* Pray you do so, she's a very tatling woman.  
Whats the matter? How now?

*Mist. Page.* O *mist. Ford* what haue you done?

You'r sham'd, y'are ouerthrowne, y'are vndone for euer.

*M. Ford.* What's the matter, good *mist. Ford*?

*M. Page.* O weladay, *mist. Ford*, hauing an honest man  
to your husband, to giue him such cause of suspection.

*M. Ford.* What cause of suspection?

*M. Page.* What cause of suspection? Out vpon you:  
How am I mistooke in you?

*M. Ford.* Why (alas) what's the matter?

*M. Page.* Your husband's comming hether (Woman)  
with all the Officers in Windsor, to search for a Gentle-  
man, that he sayes is heere now in the house; by your  
consent to take an ill aduantage of his absence: you are  
vndone.

*M. Ford.* 'Tis not so, I hope.

*M. Page.* Pray heauen it be not so, that you haue such  
a man heere: but 'tis most certaine your husband's com-  
ming, with halfe Windsor at his heeles, to serch for such  
a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your selfe  
cleere, why I am glad of it: but if you haue a friend here,  
conuey, conuey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your  
senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to  
your good life for euer.

*M. Ford.* What shall I do? There is a Gentleman my  
deere friend: and I feare not mine owne shame so much,  
as his perill. I had rather then a thousand pound he were  
out of the house.

*M. Page.* For shame, neuer stand (you had rather, and  
you had rather:) your husband's heere at hand, bethinke  
you of some conueyance: in the house you cannot hide  
him. Oh, how haue you decei'd me? Looke, heere is a  
basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep  
in heere, and throw fowle linnen vpon him, as if it wert  
going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, send him by  
your two men to *Datchet-Meade*.

*M. Ford.* He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

*Fal.* Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't:  
Ile in, Ile in: Follow your friends counsell, Ile in.

*M. Page.* What *Sir Iohn Faistaffe*? Are these your Let-  
ters, Knight?

*Fal.* I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in  
heere: ile neuer—

*M. Page.* Helpe to couer your master (Boy:) Cal  
your men (*Mist. Ford.*) You dissembling Knight.

*M. Ford.* What *Iohn*, *Robert*, *Iohn*; Go, take vp the  
cloathes heere, quickly: Wher's the Cowle-staffe? Looke  
how you drumble? Carry them to the Landresse in *Dat-  
chet mead*: quickly, come.

*Ford.* 'Pray you come nere: if I suspect without cause  
Why then make sport at me, then let me be your left,  
I deserue it: How now? Whether beare you this?

*Ser.* To the Landresse forsooth?

*M. Ford.* Why, what haue you to doe whether the  
beare it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

*Ford.* Bucke? I would I could wash my selfe of y Buck  
Bucke, bucke, bucke, I bucke: I warrant you Bucke,  
And of the season too; it shall appeare.

Gentlemen, I haue dream'd to night, Ile tell you m  
dreame: heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, ascend m  
Chambers, search, seeke, finde out: Ile warrant wee'l  
vnkennele the Fox. Let me stop this way first: so, no  
vncape.

*Page.* Good master *Ford*, be contented:  
You wrong your selfe too much.

*Ford.* True (master *Page*) vp Gentlemen,  
You shall see sport anon:

Follow me Gentlemen.

*Euans.* This is fery fantastick humors and iealousies.

*Cains.* By gar, 'tis no-the fashion of France :  
It is not iealous in France.

*Page.* Nay follow him (Gentlemen) see the yssue of his searsh.

*Miss. Page.* Is there not a double excellency in this ?

*Miss. Ford.* I know not which pleases me better,  
That my husband is deceiued, or Sir *Iohn*.

*Miss. Page.* What a taking was hee in, when your husband askt who was in the basket ?

*Miss. Ford.* I am halfe affraid he will haue neede of washing : so throwing him into the water, will doe him a benefit.

*Miss. Page.* Hang him dishonest rascall : I would all of the same straine, were in the same distresse.

*Miss. Ford.* I thinke my husband hath some speciall suspicion of *Falstaffs* being heere : for I neuer saw him so grosse in his iealousie till now.

*Miss. Page.* I will lay a plot to try that, and wee will yet haue more trickes with *Falstaffe* : his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

*Miss. Ford.* Shall we send that foolish Carion, *Mist. Quickly* to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and giue him another hope, to betray him to another punishment ?

*Miss. Page.* We will do it : let him be sent for to morrow eight a clocke to haue amends.

*Ford.* I cannot finde him : may be the knaue bragg'd of that he could not compasse.

*Miss. Page.* Heard you that ?

*Miss. Ford.* You vfe me well, *M. Ford* ? Do you ?

*Ford.* I, I do so.

*M. Ford.* Heauen make you better then your thoughts

*Ford.* Amen.

*Miss. Page.* You do your selfe mighty wrong (*M. Ford*)

*Ford.* I, I : I must beare it.

*Eu.* If there be any pody in the house, & in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses : heauen forgive my sins at the day of iudgement.

*Cains.* Be gar, nor I too : there is no-bodies.

*Page.* Fy, fy, *M. Ford*, are you not asham'd ? What spirit, what diuell suggests this imagination ? I wold not ha your distemper in this kind, for y welth of *Windsor castle*.

*Ford.* 'Tis my fault (*M. Page*) I suffer for it.

*Euans.* You suffer for a pad conscience : your wife is as honest a o'mans, as I will desires among fise thousand, and fise hundred too.

*Cai.* By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

*Ford.* Well, I promis'd you a dinner : come, come, walk in the Parke, I pray you pardon me : I wil hereafter make knowne to you why I haue done this. Come wife, come *Miss. Page*, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartly pardon me.

*Page.* Let's go in Gentlemen, but (trust me) we'll mock him : I doe inuite you to morrow morning to my house to breakfast : after we'll a Birding together, I haue a fine Hawke for the both. Shall it be so :

*Ford.* Any thing.

*Eu.* If there is one, I shall make two in the Companie

*C.* If there be one, or two, I shall make-a-theturd.

*Ford.* Pray you go, *M. Page*.

*Eu.* I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lowse knaue, mine Host.

*Cai.* Dat is good by gar, withall my heart.

*Eu.* A lowse knaue, to haue his gibes, and his mockeries.

*Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Fenton, Anne, Page, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page, Miss. Page.*

*Fen.* I see I cannot get thy Fathers loue,  
Therefore no more turne me to him (sweet Nan.)

*Anne.* Alas, how then ?

*Fen.* Why thou must be thy selfe.

He doth obiect, I am too great of birth,  
And that my state being gall'd with my expence,  
I seeke to heale it onely by his wealth.

Besides these, other barres he layes before me,

My Riots past, my wilde Societies,

And tels me 'tis a thing impossible

I should loue thee, but as a property.

*An.* May be he tels you true.

No, heauen so speed me in my time to come,

Albeit I will confesse, thy Fathers wealth

Was the first motiue that I woo'd thee (*Anne* :)

Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valew

Then stampes in Gold, or summes in sealed bagges :

And 'tis the very riches of thy selfe,

That now I ayme at.

*An.* Gentle *M. Fenton*,

Yet seeke my Fathers loue, still seeke it fir,

If opportunity and humblest suite

Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.

*Sbal.* Breake their talke *Mistris Quickly*,

My Kinsman shall speake for himselfe.

*Slen.* Ile make a shaft or a bolt on't, slid, tis but ventu-

*Sbal.* Be not dismaid.

(ring.)

*Slen.* No, she shall not dismay me :

I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

*Qui.* Hark ye, *M. Slender* would speake a word with you

*An.* I come to him. This is my Fathers choice :

O what a world of vilde ill-fauour'd faults

Lookes handsome in three hundred pounds a yeere ?

*Qui.* And how do's good Maister *Fenton* ?

Pray you a word with you.

*Sbal.* Shee's comming ; to her Coz :

O boy, thou hadst a father.

*Slen.* I had a father (*M. An*) my vnckle can tel you good uests of him : pray you Vnckle, tel *Mist. Anne* the iest how my Father stole two Geese out of a Pen, good Vnckle.

*Sbal.* *Mistris Anne*, my Cozen loues you.

*Slen.* I that I do, as well as I loue any woman in Gloucestershire.

*Sbal.* He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.

*Slen.* I that I will, come cut and long-taile, vnder the degree of a Squire.

*Sbal.* He will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds ioynture.

*Anne.* Good Maister *Shallow* let him woo for himselfe.

*Sbal.* Marrie I thanke you for it : I thanke you for that good comfort : she calls you (Coz) Ile leaue you.

*Anne.* Now Maister *Slender*.

*Slen.* Now good *Mistris Anne*.

*Anne.* What is your will ?

*Slen.* My will ? Odd's-hart-linga, that's a prettie iest indeede : I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Heauen :) I am not such a sickely creature, I giue Heauen praise.

E 2

*An.*

*Anne.* I meane (M. *Slender*) what wold you with me?

*Slen.* Truly, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and my vnclie hath made motions: if it be my lucke, so; if not, happy man bee his dole, they can tell you how things go, better then I can: you may aske your father, heere he comes.

*Page.* Now M<sup>r</sup> *Slender*; Loue him daughter *Anne*.

Why how now? What does M<sup>r</sup> *Fenton* here?

You wrong me Sir, thus still to haunt my house.

I told you Sir, my daughter is disposd of.

*Fen.* Nay M<sup>r</sup> *Page*, be not impatient.

*Miss. Page.* Good M. *Fenton*. come not to my child.

*Page.* She is no match for you.

*Fen.* Sir, will you heare me?

*Page.* No, good M. *Fenton*.

Come M. *Shallow*: Come sonne *Slender*, in;

Knowing my minde, you wrong me (M. *Fenton*.)

*Qui.* Speake to Mistris *Page*.

*Fen.* Good Mistr. *Page*, for that I loue your daughter

In such a righteous fashon as I do,

Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manners,

I must aduance the colours of my loue,

And not retire. Let me haue your good will.

*An.* Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole.

*Miss. Page.* I meane it not, I seeke you a better husband.

*Qui.* That's my master, M. Doctor.

*An.* Alas I had rather be set quick i'th earth,  
And bowld to death with Turnips.

*Miss. Page.* Come, trouble not your selfe good M.

*Fenton*, I will not be your friend, nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loues you,

And as I finde her, so am I affected:

Till then, farewell Sir, she must needs go in,

Her father will be angry.

*Fen.* Farewell gentle Mistris: farewell *Nan*.

*Qui.* This is my doing now: Nay, saide I, will you  
catt away your childe on a Foole, and a Physitian:

Looke on M. *Fenton*, this is my doing.

*Fen.* I thanke thee: and I pray thee once to night,  
Giue my sweet *Nan* this Ring: there's for thy paines.

*Qui.* Now heauen send thee good fortune, a kinde  
heart he hath: a woman would run through fire & wa-  
ter for such a kinde heart. But yet, I would my Maister  
had Mistris *Anne*, or I would M. *Slender* had her: or (in  
sooth) I would M. *Fenton* had her; I will do what I can  
for them all three, for so I haue promis'd, and Ile bee as  
good as my word, but specially for M. *Fenton*. Well, I  
must of another errand to Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* from my two  
Mistresses: what a beast am I to slacke it. *Exeunt*

### Scena Quinta.

*Enter Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.*

*Fal.* Bardolfe I say.

*Bar.* Heere Sir.

*Fal.* Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a toft in't.

Haue I liu'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of  
butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel,  
if I be seru'd such another trick, Ile haue my braines  
'tane out and butter'd, and giue them to a dogge for a  
New-yeares gift. The rogues slighted me into the riuer  
with as little remorse, as they would haue drown'de a

blinde bitches Puppies, fifteene i'th litter: and y  
know by my size, that I haue a kinde of alacrity  
ing: if the bottom were as deepe as hell, I shoul  
I had beene drown'd, but that the shore was sh  
shallow: a death that I abhorre: for the water f  
man; and what a thing should I haue beene,  
had beene swel'd? I should haue beene a Moun  
Mummie.

*Bar.* Here's M. *Quickly* Sir to speake with you.

*Fal.* Come, let me poure in some Sack to the  
water: for my bellies as cold as if I had swallow'  
bals, for pilles to coole the reins. Call her in.

*Bar.* Come in woman.

*Qui.* By your leaue: I cry you mercy?

Giue your worship good morrow.

*Fal.* Take away these Challices:

Go, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely.

*Bard.* With Egges, Sir?

*Fal.* Simple of it selfe: Ile no Pullet-Sperme  
brewage. How now?

*Qui.* Marry Sir, I come to your worship from

*Fal. Miss. Ford?* I haue had Ford enough: I was  
into the Ford; I haue my belly full of Ford.

*Qui.* Alas the day, (good-heart) that was  
fault: she do's so take on with her men; they r  
their erection.

*Fal.* So did I mine, to build vpon a foolish

*Qui.* Well, she laments Sir for it, that it wor  
your heart to see it: her husband goes this mo  
birding; she desires you once more to come to  
twene eight and nine: I must carry her word q  
she'll make you amends I warrant you.

*Fal.* Well, I will visit her, tell her so: and bi  
thinke what a-man is: Let her consider his frail  
then iudge of my merit.

*Qui.* I will tell her.

*Fal.* Do so. Betweene nine and ten saist thou

*Qui.* Eight and nine Sir.

*Fal.* Well, be gone: I will not misse her.

*Qui.* Peace be with you Sir.

*Fal.* I meruaile I heare not of M<sup>r</sup> *Broome*: he  
word to stay within: I like his money well.  
Oh, heere he comes.

*Ford.* Blesse you Sir.

*Fal.* Now M. *Broome*, you come to know  
What hath past betweene me, and *Ford's* wife.

*Ford.* That indeed (Sir *Iohn*) is my business.

*Fal.* M. *Broome* I will not lye to you,  
I was at her house the houre she appointed me.

*Ford.* And sped you Sir?

*Fal.* very ill-fauouredly M. *Broome*.

*Ford.* How so sir, did she change her determi

*Fal.* No (M. *Broome*) but the peaking Curnuto l  
band (M. *Broome*) dwelling in a continual larum c  
fie, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after  
embrace, kist, protested, & (as it were) spoke the  
of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his  
nions, thither prouoked and instigated by his di  
and (forsooth) to serch his house for his wiues Lo

*Ford.* What? While you were there?

*Fal.* While I was there.

*Ford.* And did he search for you, & could not fi

*Fal.* You shall heare. As good lucke would  
comes in one *Miss. Page*, giues intelligence of *F*  
proch: and in her inuention, and *Ford's* wiues dist  
they conuey'd me into a bucke-basket.

A Buck-basket?

*Eu.* : a Buck-basket : ram'd mee in with foule  
and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greasie  
that (Maister Broome) there was the rankest  
of villanous smell, that euer offended no-

And how long lay you there?

*Eu.* : you shall heare (Maister Broome) what I  
ferd, to bring this woman to euill, for your  
eing thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of  
aues, his Hindes, were cald forth by their Mi-  
carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to  
ane : they tooke me on their shoulders : met  
us knaue their Maister in the doore ; who  
m once or twice what they had in their Baf-  
quak'd for feare least the Lunatique Knaue  
ue search'd it : but Fate (ordaining he should  
kold) held his hand : well, on went hee, for  
and away went I for foule Cloathes : But  
ie sequell (Maister Broome) I suffered the pangs  
feuerall deaths : First, an intollerable fright,  
sted with a iealous rotten Bell-weather :  
be compas'd like a good Bilbo in the circum-  
f a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head. And  
e stopt in like a strong distillation with stink-  
thes, that fretted in their owne grease :  
f that, a man of my Kidney ; thinke of that,  
as subiect to heate as butter ; a man of conti-  
olution, and thaw : it was a miracle to scape  
n. And in the height of this Bath (when I  
: then halfe stew'd in grease (like a Dutch-  
: be throwne into the Thames, and  
glowing-hot, in that ferge like a Horfe-  
nke of that ; hissing hot : thinke of that (Maister

a good sadnesse Sir, I am sorry, that for my sake  
sufferd all this.

then is desperat : You'll vndertake her no

latter Broome : I will be throwne into *Etna*,  
beene into Thames, ere I will leaue her thus ;  
band is this morning gone a Birding : I  
eiuied from her another ambassie of mee-  
rixt eight and nine is the houre (Maister

'Tis past eight already Sir.

it? I will then addresse mee to my appoint-  
ome to mee at your conuenient leisure, and  
I know how I speede : and the conclusion  
crowned with your enjoying her : adieu : you  
: her (Maister Broome) Maister Broome, you shall  
Ford.

Hum : ha? Is this a vision? Is this a dreame?  
pe? Maister Ford awake, awake Maister Ford :  
ole made in your best coate (Maister Ford) this  
married ; this 'tis to haue Lynnen, and Buck-  
Well, I will proclaime my selfe what I am :  
v take the Leacher : hee is at my house : hee  
ape me : 'tis impossible hee should : hee can-  
e into a halfe-penny purse, nor into a Pepper-  
but least the Diuell that guides him, should  
I, I will search impossible places : though  
m, I cannot auoide ; yet to be what I would  
not make me tame : If I haue hornes, to make  
let the prouerbe goe with me, Ile be borne-  
*Exeunt.*

*Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.*

*Enter Mistris Page, Quickly, William, Euans.*

*Mist.Pag.* Is he at M.Fords already think'ft thou?

*Qui.* Sure he is by this ; or will be presently ; but  
truely he is very couragious mad, about his throwing  
into the water. Mistris Ford desires you to come so-  
dainely.

*Mist.Pag.* Ile be with her by and by : Ile but bring  
my yong-man here to Schoole : looke where his Maister  
comes ; 'tis a playing day I see : how now Sir *Hugh*, no  
Schoole to day?

*Eua.* No : Maister *Slender* is let the Boyes leaue to play.

*Qui.* 'Blessing of his heart.

*Mist.Pag.* Sir *Hugh*, my husband saies my sonne pro-  
fits nothing in the world at his Booke : I pray you aske  
him some questions in his Accidence.

*Eu.* Come hither *William* ; hold vp your head ; come.

*Mist.Pag.* Come-on Sirha ; hold vp your head ; an-  
swere your Maister, be not afraid.

*Eua.* *William*, how many Numbers is in *Nownes*?

*Will.* Two.

*Qui.* Truely, I thought there had bin one Number  
more, because they say od's-*Nownes*.

*Eua.* Peace, your tatlings. What is (*Faire*) *William*?

*Will.* *Pulcher*.

*Qu.* *Powcats*? there are fairer things then *Powcats*,  
sure.

*Eua.* You are a very simplicitie o'man : I pray you  
peace. What is (*Lapù*) *William*?

*Will.* A Stone.

*Eua.* And what is a Stone (*William*?)

*Will.* A Peeble.

*Eua.* No ; it is *Lapù* : I pray you remewber in your  
praine.

*Will.* *Lapù*.

*Eua.* That is a good *William* : what is he (*William*) that  
do's lend Articles.

*Will.* Articles are borrowed of the Pronoun ; and be  
thus declined. *Singulariter nominatio hic, hæc, boc.*

*Eua.* *Nominatio big, bag, bog* : pray you marke : *ge-  
nitio bini* : Well : what is your *Accusatiue-case*?

*Will.* *Accusatiuo binc.*

*Eua.* I pray you haue your remembrance (childe) *Ac-  
cusatiuo bing, bang, bog.*

*Qu.* Hang-bog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

*Eua.* Leaue your prables (o'man) What is the *Foca-  
tiue case* (*William*?)

*Will.* *O, Vocatiuo, O.*

*Eua.* Remember *William*, *Focatiue*, is caret.

*Qu.* And that's a good roote.

*Eua.* O' man, forbear.

*Mist.Pag.* Peace.

*Eua.* What is your *Genitiue case plur all* (*William*?)

*Will.* *Genitiue case?*

*Eua.* I.

*Will.* *Genitiue borum, barum, borum.*

*Qu.* 'Vengeance of Ginyes case ; fie on her ; neuer  
name her (childe) if she be a whore.

*Eua.* For shame o'man.

*Qu.* You doe ill to teach the childe such words : hee  
teaches him to hic, and to hac ; which they'll doe fast  
enough of themselves, and to call *borum* ; fie vpon you.



*Euans.* O'man, art thou Lunatic? Haft thou no vnderstandings for thy Cases, & the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures, as I would desires.

*Mi. Page.* Pre'thee hold thy peace.

*Eu.* Shew me now (*William*) some declensions of your Pronounes.

*Will.* Forsooth, I haue forgot.

*Eu.* It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Qui*, your *Que*, and your *Quod*, you must be preeches: Goe your waies and play, go.

*M. Pag.* He is a better scholler then I thought he was.

*Eu.* He is a good sprag-memory: Farewel *Mi. Page*.

*Mi. Page.* Adieu good Sir *Hugh*:

Get you home boy, Come we stay too long. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Falstaffe, Mi. Ford, Mi. Page, Seruants, Ford, Page, Caius, Euans, Shallow.*

*Fal. Mi. Ford,* Your sorrow hath eaten vp my sufferance; I see you are obsequious in your loue, and I professe requitall to a haire's breadth, not onely *Mi. Ford*, in the simple office of loue, but in all the accustrement, complement, and ceremony of it: But are you sure of your husband now?

*Mi. Ford.* Hee's a birding (sweet Sir *Iohn*.)

*Mi. Page.* What ho, gossip *Ford*: what ho.

*Mi. Ford.* Step into th'chamber, Sir *Iohn*.

*Mi. Page.* How now (sweete heart) whose at home besides your selfe?

*Mi. Ford.* Why none but mine owne people.

*Mi. Page.* Indeed?

*Mi. Ford.* No certainly: Speake louder.

*Mi. Page.* Truly, I am so glad you haue no body here.

*Mi. Ford.* Why?

*Mi. Page.* Why woman, your husband is in his olde lines againe: he so takes on yonder with my husband, so railes against all married mankind; so curses all *Eues* daughters, of what complexion soeuer; and so buffettes himselfe on the forehead: crying peere-out, peere-out, that any madnesse I euer yet beheld, seem'd but tame-nesse, ciuility, and patience to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat Knight is not heere.

*Mi. Ford.* Why, do's he talke of him?

*Mi. Page.* Of none but him, and sweares he was carried out the last time hee search'd for him, in a Basket: Protests to my husband he is now heere, & hath drawne him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspition: But I am glad the Knight is not heere; now he shall see his owne foolerie.

*Mi. Ford.* How neere is he *Mistris Page*?

*Mi. Page.* Hard by, at street end; he wil be here anon.

*Mi. Ford.* I am vndone, the Knight is heere.

*Mi. Page.* Why then you are vtterly sham'd, & hee's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him: Better shame, then murder.

*Mi. Ford.* Which way should he go? How should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket againe?

*Fal.* No, Ile come no more i'th Basket: May I not go out ere he come?

*Mi. Page.* Alas: three of *M. Ford's* brothers watch the doore with Pistols, that none shall issue out: otherwise you might slip away ere hee came: But what make you heere?

*Fal.* What shall I do? Ile creepe vp into the chimney.

*Mi. Ford.* There they alwaies vs to discharge their Birding-peeces: creepe into the Kill-hole.

*Fal.* Where is it?

*Mi. Ford.* He wil seeke there on my word: Neyther Presse, Coffin, Chest, Trunke, Well, Vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the house.

*Fal.* Ile go out then.

*Mi. Ford.* If you goe out in your owne semblance, you die Sir *Iohn*, vnlesse you go out disguis'd.

*Mi. Ford.* How might we disguise him?

*Mi. Page.* Alas the day I know not, there is no womans gowne bigge enough for him: otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchiefe, and so escape.

*Fal.* Good hearts, deuise something: any extremitie, rather then a mischiefe.

*Mi. Ford.* My Maids Aunt the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gowne about.

*Mi. Page.* On my word it will serue him: shee's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: run vp Sir *Iohn*.

*Mi. Ford.* Go, go, sweet Sir *Iohn*: *Mistris Page* and I will looke some linnen for your head.

*Mi. Page.* Quicke, quicke, wee'll come dresse you straight: put on the gowne the while.

*Mi. Ford.* I would my husband would meete him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford*; he sweares she's a witch, forbad her my house, and hath threatned to beate her.

*Mi. Page.* Heaven guide him to thy husbands cudgell: and the diuell guide his cudgell afterwards.

*Mi. Ford.* But is my husband comming?

*Mi. Page.* I in good sadnesse is he, and talkes of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

*Mi. Ford.* Wee'l try that: for Ile appoint my men to carry the basket againe, to meete him at the doore with it, as they did last time.

*Mi. Page.* Nay, but hee'l be heere presently: let's go dresse him like the witch of *Brainford*.

*Mi. Ford.* Ile first direct direct my men, what they shall doe with the basket: Goe vp, Ile bring linnen for him straight.

*Mi. Page.* Hang him dishonest Varlet,

We cannot misfue enough:

We'll leaue a prooffe by that which we will doo,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not acte that often, iest, and laugh,

'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh.

*Mi. Ford.* Go Sirs, take the basket againe on your shoulders: your Master is hard at doore: if hee bid you set it downe, obey him: quickly, dispatch.

1 *Ser.* Come, come, take it vp.

2 *Ser.* Pray heauen it be not full of Knight againe.

1 *Ser.* I hope not, I had lief as beare so much lead.

*Ford.* I, but if it proue true (*M. Page*) haue you any way then to vnfoole me againe. Set downe the basket villaine: some body call my wife: Youth in a basket: Oh you Panderly Rascals, there's a knot: a gin, a packe, a conspiracie against me: Now shall the diuel be sham'd. What wife I say: Come, come forth: behold what honest

you send forth to bleaching.  
y, this passes *M. Ford*: you are not to goe  
ger, you must be pinnion'd.  
hy, this is Lunaticks: this is madde, as a

eed *M. Ford*, this is not well indeed.  
lay I too Sir, come hither *Mistress Ford*, Mi-  
c honest woman, the modest wife, the vertu-  
that hath the ieaious foole to her husband:  
hout cause (*Mistress*) do I?  
l. Heauen be my witnesse you doe, if you  
any dishonesty.  
ll said Brazon-face, hold it out: Come forth

is passes.

. Are you not asham'd, let the cloths alone.  
all finde you anon.  
varcasonable; will you take vp your wiues  
me, away.

pty the basket I say.

Why man, why?

ster *Page*, as I am a man, there was one con-  
my house yesterday in this basket: why  
be there againe, in my house I am sure he is:  
nce is true, my ieaiousie is reasonable, pluck  
ie linnen.

. If you find a man there, he shall dye a Fleas

er's no man.

my fidelity this is not well *M. Ford*: This

*Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the  
of your owne heart: this is ieaiousies.

ll, hee's not heere I seeke for.

nor no where else but in your braine.

pe to search my house this one time: if I find  
eeke, shew no colour for my extremity: Let  
be your Table-sport: Let them say of me, as  
ord, that search'd a hollow Wall-nut for his  
an. Satisfie me once more, once more serch

What hoa (*Mistress Page*), come you and  
an downe: my husband will come into the

I woman? what old womans that?

Why it is my maids Aunt of *Brainford*.

witch, a Queane, an olde couzening queane:  
forbid her my house. She comes of errands  
e are simple men, wee doe not know what's  
passe vnder the profession of Fortune-telling.

by Charmes, by Spels, by th'Figure, & such  
his is, beyond our Element: wee know no-  
re downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come

. Nay, good sweet husband, good Gentle-  
a strike the old woman.

. Come mother *Prat*, Come giue me your

*Prat*-her: Out of my doore, you Witch,  
you Baggage, you Poucat, you Runnion,  
e coniure you, Ile fortune-tell you.

. Are you not asham'd?

I haue kill'd the poore woman.

.d. Nay he will do it, 'tis a goodly credite

ng her witch.

*Eua*. By yea, and no, I thinke the o'man is a witch in-  
deede: I like not when a o'man has a great peard; I spie  
a great peard vnder his muffler.

*Ford*. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beseech you fol-  
low: see but the issue of my ieaiousie: If I cry out thus  
vpon no traile, neuer trust me when I open againe.

*Page*. Let's obey his humour a little further:

Come Gentlemen.

*Mist. Page*. Trust me he beate him most pittifully.

*Mist. Ford*. Nay by th'Masse that he did not: he beate  
him most vn-pittifully, me thought.

*Mist. Page*. Ile haue the cudgell hallow'd, and hung  
ore the Altar, it hath done meritorious seruice.

*Mist. Ford*. What thinke you? May we with the war-  
rant of woman-hood, and the witnesse of a good consci-  
ence, pursue him with any further reuenge?

*M. Page*. The spirit of wantonnesse is sure scar'd out  
of him, if the diuell haue him not in fee-simple, with  
fine and recouery, he will neuer (I thinke) in the way of  
waite, attempt vs againe.

*Mist. Ford*. Shall we tell our husbands how wee haue  
seru'd him.

*Mist. Page*. Yes, by all means: if it be but to scrape  
the figures out of your husbands braines: if they can find  
in their hearts, the poore vnuertuous fat Knight shall be  
any further afflicted, wee two will still bee the mini-  
sters.

*Mist. Ford*. Ile warrant, they'l haue him publicly  
sham'd, and me thinke there would be no period to the  
iest, should he not be publicly sham'd.

*Mist. Page*. Come, to the Forge with it, then shape it:  
I would not haue things coole. *Exeunt*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Host and Bardolfe.*

*Bar*. Sir, the Germane desires to haue three of your  
horses: the Duke himselfe will be to morrow at Court,  
and they are going to meet him.

*Host*. What Duke should that be comes so secretly?  
I heare not of him in the Court: let mee speake with the  
Gentlemen, they speake English?

*Bar*. I Sir? Ile call him to you.

*Host*. They shall haue my horses, but Ile make them  
pay: Ile saue them, they haue had my houses a week at  
commaund: I haue turn'd away my other guests, they  
must come off, Ile saue them, come. *Exeunt*

### Scena Quarta.

*Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress  
Ford, and Evans.*

*Eua*. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a o'man as e-  
uer I did looke vpon.

*Page*. And did he send you both these Letters at an  
infant?

*Mist. Page*. VWithin a quarter of an houre.

*Ford*. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what y' wilt:  
I rather will suspect the Sunne with gold,

Then thee with wantonnes: Now doth thy honor stand

(In

(In him that was of late an Heretike)  
As firme as faith.

*Page.* 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more:  
Be not as extreme in submission, as in offence,  
But let our plot go forward: Let our wiues  
Yet once againe (to make vs publike sport)  
Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow,  
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

*Ford.* There is no better way then that they spoke of.

*Page.* How? to fend him word they'll meete him in  
the Parke at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll neuer come.

*Eu.* You say he has bin throwne in the Riuers: and  
has bin greeuouly peaten, as an old o'man: me-thinkes  
there should be terrors in him, that he should not come:  
Me-thinkes his flesh is punish'd, hee shall haue no de-  
fires.

*Page.* So thinke I too.

*M.Ford.* Deuise but how you'll vse him whē he comes,  
And let vs two deuise to bring him thether.

*Misf.Page.* There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the  
Hunter (sometime a keeper heere in Windsor Forrest)  
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight  
Walke round about an Oake, with great rag'd-hornes,  
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,  
And make milch-kine yeeld blood, and shakes a chaine  
In a most hideous and dreadfull manner.  
You haue heard of such a Spirit, and well you know  
The superstitious idle-headed-Eld  
Recei'd, and did deliuer to our age  
This tale of *Herne* the Hunter, for a truth.

*Page.* Why yet there want not many that do feare  
In deepe of night to walke by this *Hernes* Oake:  
But what of this?

*Misf.Ford.* Marry this is our deuise,  
That *Falstaffe* at that Oake shall meete with vs.

*Page.* Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,  
And in this shape, when you haue brought him thether,  
What shall be done with him? What is your plot?

*Misf.Pa.* That likewise haue we thought vpon: & thus:  
*Nan Page* (my daughter) and my little sonne,  
And three or foure more of their growth, wee'll dresse  
Like *Vrchins*, *Ouphes*, and *Fairies*, greene and white,  
With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads,  
And rattles in their hands; vpon a sodaine,  
As *Falstaffe*, she, and I, are newly met,  
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once  
With some diffused song: Vpon their sight  
We two, in great amazement will flye:  
Then let them all encircle him about,  
And Fairy-like to pinch the vnclane Knight;  
And aske him why that houre of Fairy Reuell,  
In their so sacred pathes, he dares to tread  
In shape prophane.

*Ford.* And till he tell the truth,  
Let the supposed *Fairies* pinch him, sound,  
And burne him with their Tapers.

*Misf.Page.* The truth being knowne,  
We'll all present our selues; dis-horne the spirit,  
And mocke him home to Windsor.

*Ford.* The children must  
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll neu'r doo't.

*Eu.* I will teach the children their behauiours: and I  
will be like a lacke-an-Apes also, to burne the Knight  
with my Taber.

*Ford.* That will be excellent,  
He go buy them vizards.

*Misf.Page.* My *Nan* shall be the *Queene* of all  
*Fairies*, finely attired in a robe of white.

*Page.* That like will I go buy, and in that time  
Shall *M. Slender* steale my *Nan* away,  
And marry her at *Eaton*: go, send to *Falstaffe* straight.

*Ford.* Nay, Ile to him againe in name of *Broome*,  
Hee'll tell me all his purpose: sure hee'll come.

*Misf.Page.* Feare not you that: Go get vs proper  
And tricking for our *Fayries*.

*Euans.* Let vs about it,  
It is admirable pleasures, and ferry honest knaueries.

*Misf.Page.* Go *Misf.Ford*,  
Send quickly to Sir *Iohn*, to know his minde:  
Ile to the Doctor, he hath my good will,  
And none but he to marry with *Nan Page*:  
That *Slender* (though well landed) is an Ideot:  
And he, my husband best of all affects:  
The Doctor is well monied, and his friends  
Potent at Court: he, none but he shall haue her,  
Though twenty thousand worthier come to craue her.

## Scena Quinta.

Enter *Hof*, *Simple*, *Falstaffe*, *Bardolfe*, *Euans*,  
*Caius*, *Quickly*.

*Hof.* What wouldst thou haue? (*Boore*) what? (thic  
skin) speake, breathe, discusse: breefe, short, quick  
snap.

*Simp.* Marry Sir, I come to speake with Sir *Iohn Fa-  
staffe* from *M. Slender*.

*Hof.* There's his Chamber, his House, his Castle  
his standing-bed and truckle-bed: 'tis painted abou  
with the story of the Prodigall, fresh and new: go, knock  
and call: hee'll speake like an *Anthropophaginian* vnt  
thee: Knocke I say.

*Simp.* There's an olde woman, a fat woman gone v  
into his chamber: Ile be so bold as stay Sir till she com  
downe: I come to speake with her indeed.

*Hof.* Ha? A fat woman? The Knight may be robb'd  
Ile call. Bully-Knight, Bully Sir *Iohn*: speake from th  
Lungs Military: Art thou there? It is thine Hof, thin  
Ephefian calls.

*Fal.* How now, mine Hof?

*Hof.* Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tries the commin  
downe of thy fat-woman: Let her descend (*Bully*) le  
her descend: my Chambers are honourable: Fie, priu  
cy? Fie.

*Fal.* There was (mine Hof) an old-fat-woman eue  
now with me, but she's gone.

*Simp.* Pray you Sir, was't not the Wife-woman o  
*Brainford*?

*Fal.* I marry was it (*Muffel-shell*) what would yo  
with her?

*Simp.* My Master (*Sir*) my master *Slender*, sent to be  
seeing her go thorough the streets, to know (*Sir*) whe  
ther one *Nim* (*Sir*) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the  
chaine, or no.

*Fal.* I spake with the old woman about it.

*Simp.* And what sayes she, I pray Sir?

*Fal.* Marry shee sayes, that the very same man tha  
beguil'd Master *Slender* of his Chaine, cozon'd him of it

*Simp.* I would I could haue spoken with the Woman  
her

I had other things to haue spoken with her  
him.  
What are they? let vs know.  
Come: quicke.  
Say not conceale them (Sir.)  
Conceale them, or thou di'st.  
By fir, they were nothing but about Mistress  
Ford, to know if it were my Masters fortune to  
win or no.  
'Tis his fortune.  
What Sir?

Haue her, or no: goe; say the woman told  
me I be bold to say so Sir?  
I: like who more bold.  
Thanke your worship: I shall make my Master  
these tydings.  
You are clearkly: thou art clearkly (Sir John)  
A wise woman with thee?  
What there was (mine Host) one that hath taught  
me, then euer I learn'd before in my life: and  
ling for it neither, but was paid for my lear-

it alas (Sir) cozonage: meere cozonage.  
Here be my horses? speake well of them var-

in away with the cozoners: for so soone as  
found Eaton, they threw me off, from behinde  
me, in a slough of myre; and set spurres, and  
e three Germane-duels; three Doctor Fau-

they are gone but to meete the Duke (villaine)  
'they be fled: Germanes are honest men.  
'Here is mine Host?

'What is the matter Sir?

I haue a care of your entertainments: there is a  
nine come to Towne, tels mee there is three  
nans, that has cozend all the Hosts of Readins,  
bead; of Cole-brooke, of horses and money: I  
good will (looke you) you are wife, and full  
and vouting-stocks: and 'tis not conuenient  
be cozoned. Fare you well.

'Tis mine Host de lartee?

ere (Master Doctor) in perplexitie, and doubt-  
ma.

annot tell what is that: but it is tell-a-me, that  
grand preparation for a Duke de Iamanie: by  
der is no Duke that the Court is know, to  
tell you for good will: adieu.

ay and cry, (villaine) goe: assist me Knight, I  
: fly, run: huy, and cry (villaine) I am vn-

would all the world might be cozond, for I  
e cozond and beaten too: if it should come  
of the Court, how I haue beene transformed;  
my transformation hath beene washd, and  
they would melt mee out of my fat drop by  
liquor Fishermens-boots with me: I warrant  
I whip me with their fine wits, till I were as  
as a dride-peare: I neuer prosper'd, since I  
my selfe at Primero: well, if my winde were  
tough; I would repent: Now? Whence come

om the two parties forfooth.  
e Diuell take one partie, and his Dam the  
so they shall be both bestowd; I haue suf-

fer'd more for their fakes; more then the villanous in-  
constancy of mans disposition is able to beare.

Qui. And haue not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; spe-  
cially one of them; Mistress Ford (good heart) is beaten  
blacke and blew, that you cannot see a white spot about  
her.

Fal. What tell'st thou mee of blacke, and blew? I  
was beaten my selfe into all the colours of the Raine-  
bow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch  
of Braine-ford, but that my admirable dexteritie of wit,  
my counterfeiting the action of an old woman deliuer'd  
me, the knaue Constable had set me ith' Stocks, ith' com-  
mon Stocks, for a Witch.

Qui, Sir: let me speake with you in your Chamber,  
you shall heare how things goe, and (I warrant) to your  
content: here is a Letter will say somewhat: (good-  
hearts) what a-doe here is to bring you together? Sure,  
one of you do's not serue heauen well, that you are so  
cross'd.

Fal. Come vp into my Chamber.

Exeunt.

## Scena Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talke not to mee, my minde is  
heauy: I will giue ouer all.

Fen. Yet heare me speake: assist me in my purpose,  
And (as I am a gentleman) ile giue thee  
A hundred pound in gold, more then your losse.

Host. I will heare you (Master Fenton) and I will (at  
the least) keepe your counsell.

Fen. From time to time, I haue acquainted you  
With the deare loue I beare to faire Anne Page,  
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection,  
(So farre forth, as her selfe might be her chooser)  
Euen to my wish; I haue a letter from her  
Of such contents, as you will wonder at;  
The mirth whereof, so larded with my matter,  
That neither (singly) can be manifested  
Without the shew of both: fat Falstaffe  
Hath a great Scene; the image of the left  
Ile show you here at large (harke good mine Host):

To night at Hernes-Oke, iust 'twixt twelue and one,  
Must my sweet Nan present the Faerie-Queene:  
The purpose why, is here: in which disguise  
VVhile other lefts are something ranke on foote,  
Her father hath commanded her to slip  
Away with Slender, and with him, at Eaton  
Immediately to Marry: She hath consented: Now Sir,  
Her Mother, (euen strong against that match  
And firme for Doctor Caius) hath appointed  
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,  
While other sports are tasking of their mindes,  
And at the Deanry, where a Priest attends  
Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot  
She seemingly obedient) likewise hath  
Made promise to the Doctor: Now, thus it rests,  
Her Father meanes she shall be all in white;  
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time  
To take her by the hand, and bid her goe,  
She shall goe with him: her Mother hath intended  
(The better to deuote her to the Doctor;  
For they must all be mask'd, and vizarded)

That

That quaint in greene, she shall be loofe en-roab'd,  
With Ribonds-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;  
And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,  
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,  
The maid hath giuen consent to go with him.

*Hof.* Which meanes she to deceiue? Father, or Mother.

*Fen.* Both (my good Hof) to go along with me:  
And heere it rests, that you'll procure the Vicar  
To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelve, and one,  
And in the lawfull name of marrying,  
To giue our hearts vnited ceremony.

*Hof.* Well, husband your deuice; Ile to the Vicar,  
Bring you the Maid, you shall not lacke a Priest.

*Fen.* So shall I euermore be bound to thee;  
Besides, Ile make a present recompence. *Exeunt*

### Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter Falstaffe, Quickly, and Ford.*

*Fal.* Pre'thee no more prattling: go, Ile hold, this is  
the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers:  
Away, go, they say there is Diuinity in odde Numbers,  
either in natiuity, chance, or death: away.

*Qui.* Ile prouide you a chaine, and Ile do what I can  
to get you a paire of hornes.

*Fall.* Away I say, time weares, hold vp your head &  
mince. How now M. Broome? Master Broome, the mat-  
ter will be knowne to night, or neuer. Bee you in the  
Parke about midnight, at Hernes-Oake, and you shall  
see wonders.

*Ford.* Went you not to her yesterday (Sir) as you told  
me you had appointed?

*Fal.* I went to her (Master Broome) as you see, like a  
poore-old-man, but I came from her (Master Broome)  
like a poore-old-woman; that same knaue (Ford hir hus-  
band) hath the finest mad diuell of ieaousie in him (Mas-  
ter Broome) that euer govern'd Frensie. I will tell you,  
he beate me greuously, in the shape of a woman: (for in  
the shape of Man (Master Broome) I feare not Goliath  
with a Weauers beame, because I know also, life is a  
Shuttle) I am in hast, go along with mee, Ile tell you all  
(Master Broome:) since I pluckt Geese, plaide Trewant,  
and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till  
lately. Follow mee, Ile tell you strange things of this  
knaue Ford, on whom to night I will be reuenged, and I  
will deliuer his wife into your hand. Follow, strange  
things in hand (M. Broome) follow. *Exeunt.*

### Scæna Secunda.

*Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.*

*Page.* Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Castle-ditch,  
till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember son *Slender*, my

*Sen.* I forsooth, I haue spoke with her, & we haue  
a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her  
in white, and cry Mum; she cries Budget, and by that

we know one another.

*Shal.* That's good too: But what needes either your  
Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well  
enough. It hath strooke ten a'clocke.

*Page.* The night is darke, Light and Spirits will be-  
come it wel: Heauen prosper our sport. No man means  
euill but the deuill, and we shal know him by his hornes.  
Lets away: follow me. *Exeunt.*

### Scæna Tertia.

*Enter Miss. Page, Miss. Ford, Cains.*

*Miss. Page.* M<sup>r</sup> Doctor, my daughter is in green, when  
you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her  
to the Deanerie, and dispatch it quickly: go before into  
the Parke: we two must go together.

*Cai.* I know vat I haue to do, adieu.

*Miss. Page.* Fare you well (Sir): my husband will not  
reioyce so much at the abuse of *Falstaffe*, as he will chafe  
at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no mat-  
ter; better a little chiding, then a great deale of heart-  
breaque.

*Miss. Ford.* Where is *Nan* now? and her troop of Fai-  
ries? and the Welch-deuill Herne?

*Miss. Page.* They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Hernes  
Oake, with obscur'd Lights; which at the very instant  
of *Falstaffe*s and our meeting, they will at once display to  
the night.

*Miss. Ford.* That cannot choose but amaze him.

*Miss. Page.* If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If  
he be amaz'd, he will euery way be mock'd.

*Miss. Ford.* Wee'll betray him finely.

*Miss. Page.* Against such Lewdsters, and their lechery,  
Those that betray them, do no treachery.

*Miss. Ford.* The houre drawes-on: to the Oake, to the  
Oake. *Exeunt.*

### Scæna Quarta.

*Enter Euans and Fairies.*

*Euans.* Trib, trib Fairies: Come, and remember your  
parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and  
when I giue the watch-ords, do as I bid you: Come,  
come, trib, trib. *Exeunt.*

### Scæna Quinta.

*Enter Falstaffe, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, Euans,  
Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly,  
Slender, Fenton, Cains, Pistol.*

*Fal.* The Windsor-bell hath stroke twelue: the Mi-  
nute drawes-on: Now the hot-blooded-Gods assist me:  
Remember Ioue, thou wast a Bull for thy *Europa*, Loue  
set on thy hornes. O powerfull Loue, that in some re-  
spectes makes a Beast a Man: in som other, a Man a beast.  
You were also (Iupiter) a Swan, for the loue of *Leda*: O  
omnipotent

Loue, how nere the God drew to the com-  
Goofe: a fault done first in the forme of a  
oue, a beastly fault: ) and then another fault,  
blance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Ioue) a fowle-  
men Gods haue hot backs, what shall poore  
for me, I am heere a Windsor Stagge, and the  
(inke) i'th Forrest. Send me a coole rut-time  
who can blame me to pisse my Tallow? Who  
e? my Doe?

*I. Sir Iohn?* Art thou there (my Deere?)  
Deere?

*I. Doe,* with the blacke Scut? Let the skie  
roes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-  
ile-kissing Comfits, and snow Eringoes: Let  
: a tempest of prouocation, I will shelter mee

*Mistis Page* is come with me (sweet hart.)  
side me like a brib'd-Bucke, each a Haunch:  
me my sides to my selfe, my shoulders for the  
this walke; and my hornes I bequeath your  
Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like *Herne*

? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience,  
estituted. As I am a true spirit, welcome.

Alas, what noife?

Heauen forgieue our finnes.

What should this be?

*M. Page.* Away, away.

sinke the diuell will not haue me damn'd,  
yle that's in me should set hell on fire;  
neuer else crosse me thus.

*Enter Fairies.*

ries blacke, gray, Greene, and white,  
e-shine reuellers, and shades of night.

in heires of fixed destiny,

r office, and your quality.

goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes.

ies, list your names: Silence you airy toys.

Windsor-chimnies shalt thou leape;

s thou find'st vnra'd, and hearths vnswep't,

h the Maids as blew as Bill-berry,

Queen, hates Sluts, and Sluttery.

ey are Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die,

and couch: No man their workes must cie.

er's Bede? Go you, and where you find a maid

ie sleepe has thrice her prayers said,

ie Organs of her fantasie,

as found as carelesse infancie,

s sleepe, and thinke not on their sins,

s armes, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, & shins.

out, about:

Windsor Castle (Elues) within, and out.

lucke (Ouphes) on euery sacred roome,

y stand till the perpetuall doome,

wholsome, as in state 'tis fit,

e Owner, and the Owner it.

ll Chaires of Order, looke you scowre

of Balme; and euery precious flowre,

Instalment, Coate, and seu'rall Crest,

Blazon, euermore be blest.

ly-meadow-Fairies, looke you sing

: *Garters-Compasse*, in a ring,

re that it beares: Greene let it be,

e-fresh then all the Field to see:

*Soit Qui Mal-y-Pence*, write

tuffes, Flowres purple, blew, and white,

re-pearle, and rich embroderie,

Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee;

Fairies vie Flowres for their characterie.

Away, disperse: But till 'tis one a clocke,

Our Dance of Custome, round about the Oke

Of *Herne* the Hunter, let vs not forget. (set:

*Euan.* Pray you lock hand in hand: your selues in order

And twenty glow-wormes shall our Lanthornes bee

To guide our Measure round about the Tree.

But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.

*Fal.* Heauens defend me from that Welsh Fairy,

Least he transforme me to a peece of Cheese.

*Pist.* Vilde worme, thou wast ore-look'd euen in thy  
birth.

*Qui.* With Triall-fire touch me his finger end:

If he be chaste, the flame will backe descend

And turne him to no paine: but if he start,

It is the flesh of a corrupted hart.

*Pist.* A triall, come.

*Eua.* Come: will this wood take fire?

*Fal.* Oh, oh, oh.

*Qui.* Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire.

About him (Fairies) sing a scornfull rime,

And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

#### The Song.

*Fie on sinnefull phantasie: Fie on Lust, and Luxurie:*

*Last is but a bloody fire, kindled with vnchaste desire,*

*Fed in heart whose flames aspire,*

*As thoughts do blow them bigger and bigger.*

*Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: Pinch him for his villanie.*

*Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,*

*Till Candles, & Star-light, & Moone-shine be out.*

*Page.* Nay do not flye, I thinke we haue watcht you  
now: VVill none but *Herne* the Hunter serue your  
turne?

*M. Page.* I pray you come, hold vp the iest no higher.

Now (good Sir *Iohn*) how like you *Windsor* wiues?

See you these husband? Do not these faire yokes

Become the Forrest better then the Towne?

*Ford.* Now Sir, whose a Cuckold now?

*M<sup>r</sup> Broome, Falstaffes* a Knaue, a Cuckoldly knaue,

Heere are his hornes Master *Broome*:

And Master *Broome*, he hath enioyed nothing of *Fords*,

but his Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of

money, which must be paid to *M<sup>r</sup> Broome*, his horses are

arrested for it, *M<sup>r</sup> Broome*.

*M. Ford.* Sir *Iohn*, we haue had ill lucke: wee could

neuer meete: I will neuer take you for my Loue againe,

but I will alwayes count you my Deere.

*Fal.* I do begin to perceiue that I am made an Ass.

*Ford.* I, and an Oxe too: both the proofes are ex-

tant.

*Fal.* And these are not Fairies:

I was three or foure times in the thought they were not

Fairies, and yet the guiltinesse of my minde, the sodaine

surprize of my powers, droue the grossenesse of the fop-

perry into a recei'd beleefe, in despight of the teeth of

all rime and reason, that they were Fairies. See now

how wit may be made a Lacke-a-Lent, when 'tis vpon ill

employment.

*Euant.* Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*, serue Got, and leaue your

desires, and Fairies will not pinse you.

*Ford.* VVell said Fairy *Hugh*.

*Euan.* And leaue you your icalouzies too, I pray

you.

*Ford.*

*Ford.* I will neuer mistrust my wife againe, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

*Fal.* Haue I laid my braine in the Sun, and dri'de it, that it wants matter to preuent so grosse ore-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shal I haue a Coxcombe of Frize? 'Tis time I were choak'd with a peece of toasted Cheefe.

*Eu.* Seefe is not good to giue putter; your belly is al putter.

*Fal.* Seefe, and Putter? Haue I liu'd to stand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the Realme.

*Miss Page.* Why Sir *Iohn*, do you thinke though wee would haue thrust vertue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and haue giuen our selues without scruple to hell, that euer the deuill could haue made you our delight?

*Ford.* What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

*Miss Page.* A puffed man?

*Page.* Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable entrailes?

*Ford.* And one that is as slanderous as Sathan?

*Page.* And as poore as Iob?

*Ford.* And as wicked as his wife?

*Euan.* And giuen to Fornications, and to Tauernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and swearings, and starings? Pribles and prables?

*Fal.* Well, I am your Theame: you haue the start of me, I am deiected: I am not able to answer the Welch Flannell, Ignorance it selfe is a plummet ore me, vse me as you will.

*Ford.* Marry Sir, wee'll bring you to Windsor to one *M<sup>r</sup> Broome*, that you haue cozon'd of money, to whom you should haue bin a Pander: ouer and aboue that you haue suffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

*Page.* Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou shalt eat a posset to night at my house, wher I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her *M<sup>r</sup> Slender* hath married her daughter.

*Miss Page.* Doctors doubt that;

If *Anne Page* be my daughter, she is (by this) Doctour *Caius* wife.

*Slender.* Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page*.

*Page.* Sonne? How now? How now Sonne, Haue you dispatch'd?

*Slender.* Dispatch'd? Ile make the best in Glostershire know on't: would I were hang'd la, else.

*Page.* Of what sonne?

*Slender.* I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Mistris *Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not bene i'th Church, I would haue swing'd him, or hee should haue swing'd me. If I did not thinke it had bene *Anne Page*, would I might neuer stirre, and 'tis a Post-masters Boy.

*Page.* Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong.

*Slender.* What neede you tell me that? I think so, I tooke a Boy for a Girl: If I had bene married to (for all he was in womans apparrell) I would not had him.

*Page.* Why this is your owne folly, Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

*Slender.* I went to her in greene, and cried Mum, she cride budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and it was not *Anne*, but a Post-masters boy.

*Miss Page.* Good *George* be not angry, I knew your purpose: turn'd my daughter into white, and decde she is now with the Doctor at the Deanrie, there married.

*Cai.* Ver is Mistris *Page*: by gar I am cozoned, married oon Garlooon, a boy; oon pesant, by gar. A it is not *An Page*, by gar, I am cozened.

*M. Page.* VVhy? did you take her in white?

*Cai.* I bee gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, Ile rail Windsor.

*Ford.* This is strange: Who hath got the right?

*Page.* My heart misgiues me, here comes *M<sup>r</sup> Fenton* How now *M<sup>r</sup> Fenton*?

*Anne.* Pardon good father, good my mother pardon.

*Page.* Now Mistris:

How chance you went not with *M<sup>r</sup> Slender*?

*M. Page.* Why went you not with *M<sup>r</sup> Doctor*, mai

*Fenton.* You do amaze her: heare the truth of it, You would haue married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in loue: The truth is, she and I (long since contracted) Are now so sure that nothing can dissolue vs: Th'offence is holy, that she hath committed, And this deceit looses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or vnduteous title, Since therein she doth euitate and shun A thousand irreligious curst houres Which forced marriage would haue brought vpon her

*Ford.* Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedie:

In Loue, the heauens themselues do guide the state, Money buyes Lands, and wiues are sold by fate.

*Fal.* I am glad, though you haue tane a special: to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

*Page.* Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heauen giue ioy, what cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

*Fal.* When night-dogges run, all sorts of Deere chac'd.

*Miss Page.* Well, I will muse no further: *M<sup>r</sup> Fenton* Heauen giue you many, many merry dayes: Good husband, let vs euery one go home, And laugh this sport ore by a Countrie fire, Sir *Iohn* and all.

*Ford.* Let it be so (Sir *Iohn*):

To Master *Broome*, you yet shall hold your word, For he, to night, shall lye with Mistris *Ford*: E.

FINIS.



# MEASURE,

## For Measure.

*Actus primus, Scena prima.*

*Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords.*

*Duke.*

*Escalus.*

*Efc.* My Lord. (fold,

*Duk.* Of Gouernment, the properties to vn-

Would seeme in me t'affect speech & discourse,

put to know, that your owne Science

(in that) the lifts of all aduice

gth can give you : Then no more remaines

, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,

them worke : The nature of our People,

*is Institutions*, and the Termes

imon Iustice, y'are as pregnant in

and practise, hath enriched any

remember : There is our Commission,

hich, we would not haue you warpe ; call hither,

I come before vs *Angelo* :

pure of vs thinke you, he will beare.

must know, we haue with speciall foule

him our absence to supply ;

n our terror, drest him with our loue,

en his Deputation all the Organs

wne powre : What thinke you of it ?

f any in *Vienna* be of worth

rgoe such ample grace, and honour,

*d Angelo.*

*Enter Angelo.*

Looke where he comes.

Alwayes obedient to your Graces will,

o know your pleasure.

*Angelo :*

a kinde of Character in thy life,

th'observer, doth thy history

fold : Thy selfe, and thy belongings

thine owne so proper, as to wasse

e vpon thy vertues ; they on thee :

doth with vs, as we, with Torchcs doe,

t them for themselves : For if our vertues

goe forth of vs, 'twere all alike

had them not : Spirits are not finely touch'd,

ne issues : nor nature neuer lends

illect scruple of her excellence,

a thrifty goddesse, she determines

e the glory of a creditour,

inks, and vse ; but I do bend my speech

To one that can my part in him aduertise ;

Hold therefore *Angelo* :

In our remoue, be thou at full, our selfe :

Mortallitie and Mercie in *Vienna*

Liue in thy tongue, and heart : Old *Escalus*

Though first in question, is thy secondary.

Take thy Commission.

*Ang.* Now good my Lord

Let there be some more test, made of my mettle,

Before so noble, and so great a figure

Be stamp't vpon it.

*Duk.* No more euasion :

We haue with a leauen'd, and prepared choice

Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honors :

Our haste from hence is of so quicke condition,

That it prefers it selfe, and leaues vnquestion'd

Matters of needfull value : We shall write to you

As time, and our concernings shall importune,

How it goes with vs, and doe looke to know

What doth befall you here. So fare you well :

To th' hopefull execution doe I leaue you,

Of your Commissions.

*Ang.* Yet giue leaue (my Lord,)

That we may bring you something on the way.

*Duk.* My haste may not admit it,

Nor neede you (on mine honor) haue to doe

With any scruple : your scope is as mine owne,

So to inforce, or qualifie the Lawes

As to your soule seemes good : Giue me your hand,

Ile priuily away : I loue the people,

But doe not like to stage me to their eyes :

Though it doe well, I doe not relish well

Their lowd applause, and Aues vehement :

Nor doe I thinke the man of safe discretion

That do's affect it. Once more fare you well.

*Ang.* The heauens giue safety to your purposes.

*Efc.* Lead forth, and bring you backe in happi-  
nesse. *Exit.*

*Duk.* I thanke you, fare you well.

*Efc.* I shall desire you, Sir, to giue me leaue

To haue free speech with you ; and it concerns me

To looke into the bottome of my place :

A powre I haue, but of what strength and nature,

I am not yet instructed.

*Ang.* 'Tis so with me : Let vs with-draw together,

And we may soone our satisfaction haue

Touching that point.

*Efc.* Ile wait vpon your honor.

F

*Exeunt.*

*Scena*



## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.*

*Luc.* If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the Dukes fall vpon the King.

*1. Gent.* Heauen grant vs its peace, but not the King of Hungaries.

*2. Gent.* Amen.

*Luc.* Thou conclud'st like the Sanctimonious Pirat, that went to sea with the ten Commandements, but scrap'd one out of the Table.

*2. Gent.* Thou shalt not Steale?

*Luc.* I, that he raz'd.

*1. Gent.* Why? 'twas a commandement, to command the Captaine and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steale: There's not a Souldier of vs all, that in the thank-giuing before meate, do rallish the petition well, that praies for peace.

*2. Gent.* I neuer heard any Souldier dislike it.

*Luc.* I beleue thee: for I thinke thou neuer was't where Grace was said.

*2. Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

*1. Gent.* What? In meeter?

*Luc.* In any proportion: or in any language.

*1. Gent.* I thinke, or in any Religion.

*Luc.* I, why not? Grace, is Grace, despight of all controuersie: as for example; Thou thy selfe art a wicked villaine, despight of all Grace.

*1. Gent.* Well: there went but a paire of sheeres betweene vs.

*Luc.* I grant: as there may betweene the Lifts, and the Veluet. Thou art the Lift.

*1. Gent.* And thou the Veluet; thou art good veluet; thou'rt a three pild-peece I warrant thee: I had as lief be a Lyft of an English Kerfey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French Veluet. Do I speake feelingly now?

*Luc.* I thinke thou do'st: and indeed with most painfull feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine owne confession, learne to begin thy health; but, whilst I liue forget to drinke after thee.

*1. Gent.* I think I haue done my selfe wrong, haue I not?

*2. Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

*Enter Barwde.*

*Luc.* Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes. I haue purchas'd as many diseases vnder her Rooffe, As come to

*2. Gent.* To what, I pray?

*Luc.* Iudge.

*2. Gent.* To three thousand Dollours a yeare.

*1. Gent.* I, and more.

*Luc.* A French crowne more.

*1. Gent.* Thou art alwayes figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error, I am sound.

*Luc.* Nay, not (as one would say) healthy: but so sound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feast of thee.

*1. Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the most profound Ciatica?

*Barwd.* Well, well: there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth fise thousand of you all.

*2. Gent.* Who's that I pray'thee?

*Barwd.* Marry Sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

*1. Gent.* Claudio to prison? 'tis not so.

*Barwd.* Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him a faw him carried away: and which is more, with three daies his head to be chop'd off.

*Luc.* But, after all this fooling, I would not haue Art thou fure of this?

*Barwd.* I am too fure of it: and it is for getting Iulietta with childe.

*Luc.* Beleue me this may be: he promis'd to me two howres since, and he was euer precise in keeping.

*2. Gent.* Besides you know, it drawes somthin to the speech we had to such a purpose.

*1. Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the procl

*Luc.* Away: let's goe learne the truth of it.

*Barwd.* Thus, what with the war; what with the what with the gallows, and what with pouerty, Custom-thrunke. How now? what's the new you.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clo.* Yonder man is carried to prison.

*Barw.* Well: what has he done?

*Clo.* A Woman.

*Barw.* But what's his offence?

*Clo.* Groping for Trowts, in a peculiar Riuer.

*Barw.* What? is there a maid with child by him?

*Clo.* No: but there's a woman with maid by you haue not heard of the proclamation, haue you?

*Barw.* What proclamation, man?

*Clo.* All howles in the Suburbs of Vienna m pluck'd downe.

*Barwd.* And what shall become of those in the

*Clo.* They shall stand for seed: they had got to, but that a wife Burger put in for them.

*Barwd.* But shall all our houses of resort in the urbs be puld downe?

*Clo.* To the ground, Mistria.

*Barwd.* Why heere's a change indeed in the Co wealth: what shall become of me?

*Clo.* Come: feare not you: good Counsellor: no Clients: though you change your place, you not change your Trade: Ile bee your Tapster still rage, there will bee pitty taken on you; you tha worne your eyes almost out in the seruice, you w considered.

*Barwd.* What's to doe heere, Thomas Tapster withdraw?

*Clo.* Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the to prison: and there's Madam Iuliet.

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Prouost, Claudio, Iuliet, Officers, Lucio, & 2. G*

*Cla.* Fellow, why do'st thou show me thus to th Beare me to prison, where I am committed.

*Pro.* I do it not in euill disposition, But from Lord Angelo by speciall charge.

*Cla.* Thus can the demy-god (Authority) Make vs pay downe, for our offence, by waight The words of heauen; on whom it will, it will, On whom it will not (loe) yet still 'tis iust.

*Luc.* Why how now Claudio? whence comes t

*Cla.* From too much liberty, (my Lucio) Liberty As surfet is the father of much fast, So euery Scope by the immoderate vsf Turnes to restraint: Our Natures doe pursue

that rauyn downe their proper Bane,  
 quill, and when we drinke, we die.  
 I could speake so wisely vnder an arrest, I  
 d for certaine of my Creditors : and yet, to say  
 I had as lief haue the foppery of freedome, as  
 ality of imprisonment : what's thy offence,

'hat (but to speake of) would offend againe.  
 'hat, is't murder ?

cherie ?

ll it so.

way, Sir, you must goe.

ie word, good friend :

ord with you.

hundred :

doe you any good : Is *Lecbery* so look'd after ?

hus stands it with me : vpon a true contract  
 fision of *Julietas* bed,

r the Lady, she is fast my wife,

we doe the denunciation lacke

d Order. This we came not to,

propogation of a Dowre

g in the Coffer of her friends,

m we thought it meet to hide our Loue

had made them for vs. But it chanceth

h of our most mutuall entertainment

racter too grosse, it writ on *Juliet*.

ith childe, perhaps ?

happely, euen so.

ew Deputie, now for the Duke,

it be the fault and glimpse of newnes,

er that the body publike, be

hereon the Gouvernor doth ride,

ly in the Seate, that it may know

mmand ; lets it strait feele the spur :

the Tirranny be in his place,

Eminence that fills it vp

n : But this new Gouvernor

ie all the inrolled penalties

ue (like vn-scow'd Armor) hung by th' wall

hat nineteene Zodiacks haue gone round,

of them beene worne ; and for a name

the drowfie and neglected Act

me : 'tis surely for a name.

warrant it is : And thy head stands so tickle on

ers, that a milke-maid, if she be in loue, may

: Send after the Duke, and appeale to him.

iaue done so, but hee's not to be found.

(*Lucio*) doe me this kinde seruice :

my sister should the Cloyster enter,

: receiue her approbation.

her with the danger of my state,

er, in my voice, that she make friends

ie't deputie : bid her selfe assay him,

at hope in that : for in her youth

prone and speechlesse dialect,

oue men : beside, she hath prosperous Art

will play with reason, and discourse,

she can perswade.

pray thee may ; as well for the encouragement

e, which else would stand vnder greuous im-

is for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be

ld bee thus foolishly lost, at a game of ticke-

to her.

hanke you good friend *Lucio*.

*Luc.* Within two houres.

*Cl.* Come Officer, away.

*Exeunt.*

### Scena Quarta.

*Enter Duke and Frier Thomas.*

*Duk.* No : holy Father, throw away that thought,  
 Beleue not that the dribling dart of Loue  
 Can pierce a compleat bosome : why, I desire thee  
 To giue me secret harbour, hath a purpose  
 More graue, and wrinkled, then the aimes, and ends  
 Of burning youth.

*Fri.* May your Grace speake of it ?

*Duk.* My holy Sir, none better knowes then you

How I haue euer lou'd the life remoued

And held in idle price, to haunt assemblies

Where youth, and cost, witlesse brauery keeps.

I haue deliuerd to Lord *Angelo*

(A man of stricture and firme abstinence)

My absolute power, and place here in *Vienna*,

And he supposes me trauaild to *Poland*,

(For so I haue strewd it in the common eare)

And so it is recei'd : Now (pious Sir)

You will demand of me, why I do this.

*Fri.* Gladly, my Lord.

*Duk.* We haue strict Statutes, and most biting Laws,

(The needfull bits and curbes to headstrong weedes,)

Which for this foureteene yeares, we haue let slip,

Euen like an ore-growne Lyon in a Cae

That goes not out to prey : Now, as fond Fathers,

Hauing bound vp the threatning twigs of birch,

Onely to sticke it in their childrens sight,

For terror, not to vse : in time the rod

More mock'd, then fear'd : so our Decrees,

Dead to infliction, to themselues are dead,

And libertie, plucks Iustice by the nose ;

The Baby beates the Nurse, and quite athwart

Goes all decorum.

*Fri.* It rested in your Grace

To vnloose this tyde-vp Iustice, when you pleas'd :

And it in you more dreadfull would haue seem'd

Then in Lord *Angelo*.

*Duk.* I doe feare : too dreadfull :

Sith 'twas my fault, to giue the people scope,

'Twould be my tirrany to strike and gall them,

For what I bid them doe : For, we bid this be done

When euill deedes haue their permissiue passe,

And not the punishment : therefore indeede (my father)

I haue on *Angelo* impos'd the office,

Who may in th'ambush of my name, strike home,

And yet, my nature neuer in the fight

To do in slander : And to behold his sway

I will, as 'twere a brother of your Order,

Visit both Prince, and People : Therefore I pre'thee

Supply me with the habit, and instruct me

How I may formally in person beare

Like a true *Frier* : Moe reasons for this action

At our more leysure, shall I render you ;

Onely, this one : Lord *Angelo* is precise,

Stands at a guard with Enuie : scarce confesses

That his blood flowes : or that his appetite

Is more to bread then stone : hence shall we see

If power change purpose : what our Seemers be.

F 2

*Exit.*

*Scena*

## Scena Quinta.

*Enter Isabell and Francisca a Nun.**Isa.* And haue you *Nuns* no farther priuiledges?*Nun.* Are not these large enough?*Isa.* Yes truly; I speake not as desiring more,  
But rather wishing a more strict restraint  
Vpon the Sisterhood, the Votarists of Saint *Clare*.*Lucio within.**Luc.* Hoa? peace be in this place.*Isa:* Who's that which calls?*Nun.* It is a mans voice: gentle *Isabella*

Turne you the key, and know his businesse of him;

You may; I may not: you are yet vnsworne:

When you haue vowd, you must not speake with men,

But in the presence of the *Prioresse*;

Then if you speake, you must not show your face;

Or if you show your face, you must not speake.

He calls againe: I pray you answere him.

*Isa.* Peace and prosperitie: who is't that calls?*Luc.* Haile Virgin, (if you be) as those cheekes-Roses

Proclaime you are no lesse: can you so steed me,

As bring me to the sight of *Isabella*,

A Nouice of this place, and the faire Sister

To her vnhappy brother *Claudio*?*Isa.* Why her vnhappy Brother? Let me aske,

The rather for I now must make you know

I am that *Isabella*, and his Sister.*Luc.* Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greets you;

Not to be weary with you; he's in prison.

*Isa.* Woe me; for what?*Luc.* For that, which if my selfe might be his Iudge,

He should receiue his punishment, in thanks:

He hath got his friend with childe.

*Isa.* Sir, make me not your storie.*Luc.* 'Tis true; I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin,

With Maids to seeme the Lapwing, and to iest

Tongue, far from heart: play with all Virgins so:

I hold you as a thing en-skied, and fainted,

By your renouncement, an immortal spirit

And to be talk'd with in sincerity,

As with a Saint.

*Isa.* You doe blaspheme the good, in mocking me.*Luc.* Doe not belecue it: fewnes, and truth; tis thus,

Your brother, and his louer haue embrac'd;

As those that feed, grow full: as blossoming Time

That from the seednes, the bare fallow brings

To teeming foynon: euen so her plenteous wombe

Expresseth his full Tilth, and husbandry.

*Isa.* Some one with childe by him? my cosen *Juliet*?*Luc.* Is she your cosen?*Isa.* Adoptedly, as schoole-maids change their names

By vaine, though apt affection.

*Luc.* She it is.*Isa.* Oh, let him marry her.*Luc.* This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;

There many gentlemen (my selfe being one)

Propound, and hope of action: but we doe learne,

Those that know the very Nerues of State,

Carried out, were of an infinite distance

From the true meant designe: vpon his place,

*Bawd.*

(And with full line of his authority)

Gouernes Lord *Angelo*; A man, whose blood

Is very snow-broth: one, who neuer feelles

The wanton stings, and motions of the fence;

But doth rebate, and blunt his naturall edge

With profits of the minde: Studie, and fast

He (to giue feare to vs, and libertie,

Which haue, for long, run-by the hideous law,

As Myce, by Lyons) hath pickt out an act,

Vnder whose heauy fence, your brothers life

Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it,

And followes close the rigor of the Statute

To make him an example: all hope is gone,

Vnlesse you haue the grace, by your faire praier

To soften *Angelo*: And that's my pith of businesse

Twixt you, and your poore brother.

*Isa.* Doth he so,

Seeke his life?

*Luc.* Has censur'd him already,

And as I heare, the Prouost hath a warrant

For's execution.

*Isa.* Alas: what poore

Abilitie's in me, to doe him good.

*Luc.* Assay the powre you haue.*Isa.* My power? alas, I doubt.*Luc.* Our doubts are traitors

And makes vs loose the good we oft might win,

By fearing to attempt: Goe to Lord *Angelo*

And let him learne to know, when Maidens sue

Men giue like gods: but when they weepe and kneele,

All their petitions, are as freely theirs

As they themselues would owe them.

*Isa.* He see what I can doe.*Luc.* But speedily.*Isa.* I will about it strait;

No longer staying, but to giue the Mother

Notice of my affaire: I humbly thanke you:

Commend me to my brother: soone at night

He send him certaine word of my successe.

*Luc.* I take my leaue of you.*Isa.* Good sir, adieu.*Exeunt.*

## Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Angelo, Escalus, and seruants, Iustice.**Ang.* We must not make a scar-crow of the Law,

Setting it vp to feare the Birds of prey,

And let it keepe one shape, till custome make it

Their perarch, and not their terror.

*Esc.* I, but yet

Let vs be keene, and rather cut a little

Then fall, and bruiſe to death: alas, this gentleman

Whom I would saue, had a most noble father,

Let but your honour know

(Whom I belecue to be most strait in vertue)

That in the working of your owne affections,

Had time coheard with Place, or place with wishing,

Or that the resolute acting of our blood

Could haue attaind the effect of your owne purpose,

Whether you had not sometime in your life

Er'd in this point, which now you censure him,

And puld the Law vpon you.

*Ang.* 'Tis one thing to be tempted (*Escalus*)

Another

thing to fall : I not deny  
 passing on the Prisoners life  
 ie sworne-twelve haue a thiefe, or two  
 hen him they try; what's open made to Iustice,  
 ice ceizes; What knowes the Lawes  
 ues do passe on theeues? 'Tis very pregnant,  
 ll that we finde, we stoope, and take't,  
 re see it; but what we doe not see,  
 vpon, and neuer thinke of it.  
 not so extenuate his offence;  
 e had such faults; but rather tell me  
 that censure him, do so offend,  
 owne Iudgement patterne out my death,  
 ing come in partiall. Sir, he must dye.

*Enter Prouost.*

is it as your wisedome will.  
 Where is the Prouost?  
 here if it like your honour.  
 ee that *Claudio*  
 ed by nine to morrow morning,  
 his Confessor, let him be prepar'd,  
 the vtmost of his pilgrimage.  
 ell: heauen forgieue him; and forgieue vs all:  
 by sinne, and some by vertue fall:  
 from brakes of Ice, and answere none,  
 : condemned for a fault alone.  
 ter *Elbow, Froth, Clowne, Officers.*  
 me, bring them away: if these be good peo-  
 Common-weale, that doe nothing but vse their  
 common houes, I know no law: bring them

how now Sir, what's your name? And what's  
 r?

it please your honour, I am the poore Dukes  
 , and my name is *Elbow*; I doe leane vpon Iu-  
 nd doe bring in here before your good honor,  
 ious Benefactors.  
 benefactors? Well: What Benefactors are they?  
 not Malefactors?

it please your honour, I know not well what  
 But precise villainies they are, that I am sure of,  
 of all prophanation in the world, that good  
 ought to haue.

his comes off well: here's a wife Officer.

doe to: What quality are they of? *Elbow* is  
 e?

t thou not speake *Elbow*?

cannot Sir: he's out at *Elbow*.

What are you Sir?

e Sir: a Tapster Sir: parcell Baud: one that  
 ad woman: whose house Sir was (as they say)  
 wne in the Suborbs: and now thee professes a  
 ; which, I thinke is a very ill house too.

ow know you that?

y wife Sir? whom I detest before heauen, and  
 ur.

ow? thy wife?

Sir: whom I thanke heauen is an honest wo-

o'ft thou detest her therefore?

fay sir, I will detest my selfe also, as well as she,  
 house, if it be not a Bauds house, it is pittie of her  
 is a naughty house.

ow do'st thou know that, Constable?

arry sir, by my wife, who, if she had bin a wo-  
 linally giuen, might haue bin accus'd in forni-

cation, adultery, and all vnclineesse there.

*Esf.* By the womans meanes?

*Elb.* I sir, by Mistris *Quer-dons* meanes: but as she spit  
 in his face, so she defide him.

*Clo.* Sir, if it please your honor, this is not so.

*Elb.* Proue it before these varlets here, thou honora-  
 ble man, proue it.

*Esf.* Doe you heare how he misplaces?

*Clo.* Sir, she came in great with childe: and longing  
 (sauiug your honors reuerence) for stewood prewys; fir,  
 we had but two in the house, which at that very distant  
 time stood, as it were in a fruit dish (a dish of some three  
 pence; your honours haue seene such dishes) they are not  
 China-dishes, but very good dishes.

*Esf.* Go too: go too: no matter for the dish fir.

*Clo.* No indeede fir not of a pin; you are therein in  
 the right: but, to the point: As I say, this Mistris *Elbow*,  
 being (as I say) with childe, and being great bellied, and  
 longing (as I said) for prewys: and hauing but two in  
 the dish (as I said) Master *Froth* here, this very man, ha-  
 uing eaten the rest (as I said) & (as I say) paying for them  
 very honestly: for, as you know Master *Froth*, I could not  
 giue you three pence againe.

*Fro.* No indeede.

*Clo.* Very well: you being then (if you be remem-  
 bred) cracking the stones of the foresaid prewys.

*Fro.* I, so I did indeede.

*Clo.* Why, very well: I telling you then (if you be  
 remembred) that such a one, and such a one, were past  
 cure of the thing you wot of, vnlesse they kept very good  
 diet, as I told you.

*Fro.* All this is true.

*Clo.* Why very well then.

*Esf.* Come: you are a tedious foole: to the purpose:  
 what was done to *Elbowes* wife, that hee hath cause to  
 complaine of? Come me to what was done to her.

*Clo.* Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

*Esf.* No fir, nor I meane it not.

*Clo.* Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honours  
 leaue: And I beseech you, looke into Master *Froth* here  
 fir, a man of foure-score pound a yeare; whose father  
 died at *Hallowmas*: Was't not at *Hallowmas* Master  
*Froth*?

*Fro.* Allhallond-Eue.

*Clo.* Why very well: I hope here be trutthes: he Sir,  
 fitting (as I say) in a lower chaire, Sir, 'twas in the bunch  
 of Grapes, where indeede you haue a delight to sit, haue  
 you not?

*Fro.* I haue so, because it is an open roome, and good  
 for winter.

*Clo.* Why very well then: I hope here be trutthes.

*Ang.* This will last out a night in *Russia*  
 When nights are longest there: Ile take my leaue,  
 And leaue you to the hearing of the cause;  
 Hoping youle finde good cause to whip them all. *Exit.*

*Esf.* I thinke no lesse: good morrow to your Lord-  
 ship. Now Sir, come on: What was done to *Elbowes*  
 wife, once more?

*Clo.* Once Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

*Elb.* I beseech you Sir, aske him what this man did to  
 my wife.

*Clo.* I beseech your honor, aske me.

*Esf.* Well fir, what did this Gentleman to her?

*Clo.* I beseech you fir, looke in this Gentlemans face:  
 good Master *Froth* looke vpon his honor; 'tis for a good  
 purpose: doth your honor marke his face?

*Esc.* I fir, very well.

*Clo.* Nay, I beseech you marke it well.

*Esc.* Well, I doe so.

*Clo.* Doth your honor see any harme in his face?

*Esc.* Why no.

*Clo.* Ile be supposd vpon a booke, his face is the worst thing about him: good then: if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master *Froth* doe the Constables wife any harme? I would know that of your honour.

*Esc.* He's in the right (Constable) what say you to it?

*Elb.* First, and it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his Mistris is a respected woman.

*Clo.* By this hand Sir, his wife is a more respected person then any of vs all.

*Elb.* Varlet, thou leyst; thou leyst wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that thee was euer respected with man, woman, or childe.

*Clo.* Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

*Esc.* Which is the wiser here; *Iustice* or *Iniquitie*? Is this true?

*Elb.* O thou caytiffe: O thou varlet: O thou wicked *Hanniball*; I respected with her, before I was married to her? If euer I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship thinke mee the poore *Dukes* Officer: proue this, thou wicked *Hanniball*, or ile haue mine action of battry on thee.

*Esc.* If he tooke you a box 'oth'eare, you might haue your action of slander too.

*Elb.* Marry I thanke your good worship for it: what is't your Worshipps pleasure I shall doe with this wicked Caiiff?

*Esc.* Truly Officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover, if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou knowst what they are.

*Elb.* Marry I thanke your worship for it: Thou seest thou wicked varlet now, what's come vpon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.

*Esc.* Where were you borne, friend?

*Froth.* Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

*Esc.* Are you of fourescore pounds a yeere?

*Froth.* Yes, and 't please you fir.

*Esc.* So: what trade are you of, fir?

*Clo.* A Tapster, a poore widdowes Tapster.

*Esc.* Your Mistris name?

*Clo.* Mistris *Ouer-don*.

*Esc.* Hath she had any more then one husband?

*Clo.* Nine, fir: *Ouer-don* by the last.

*Esc.* Nine? come hether to me, Master *Froth*; Master *Froth*, I would not haue you acquainted with Tapsters; they will draw you Master *Froth*, and you will hang them: get you gon, and let me heare no more of you.

*Fro.* I thanke your worship: for mine owne part, I neuer come into any roome in a Tap-house, but I am drawne in.

*Esc.* Well: no more of it Master *Froth*: farewell: Come you hether to me, Mr. Tapster: what's your name Mr. Tapster?

*Clo.* *Pompey*.

*Esc.* What else?

*Clo.* *Bum*, Sir.

*Esc.* Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beaflieft fence, you are *Pompey* the

great; *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*; howsoeuer you colour it in being a Tapster, are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

*Clo.* Truly fir, I am a poore fellow that would liue.

*Esc.* How would you liue *Pompey*? by being a bawd? what doe you thinke of the trade *Pompey*? is it a lawfull trade?

*Clo.* If the Law would allow it, fir.

*Esc.* But the Law will not allow it *Pompey*; nor it shall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

*Clo.* Do's your Worship meane to geld and splay all the youth of the City?

*Esc.* No, *Pompey*.

*Clo.* Truly Sir, in my poore opinion they will too't then: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaues, you need not to feare the bawds.

*Esc.* There is pretty orders beginning I can tell you: It is but heading, and hanging.

*Clo.* If you head, and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeare together; you'll be glad to giue out a Commission for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten yeare, ile rent the fairest house in it after three pence a Bay: if you liue to see this come to passe, say *Pompey* told you so.

*Esc.* Thanke you good *Pompey*; and in requitall of your prophesie, harke you: I aduise you let me not finde you before me againe vpon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe *Pompey*, I shall beat you to your Tent, and proue a shrewd *Cesar* to you: in plaine dealing *Pompey*, I shall haue you whipt; so for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

*Clo.* I thanke your Worship for your good counsell; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. Whip me? no, no, let Carman whip his lade, The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. *Exit.*

*Esc.* Come hether to me, Master *Elbow*: come hither Master Constable: how long haue you bin in this place of Constable?

*Elb.* Seuen yeere, and a halfe fir.

*Esc.* I thought by the readinesse in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say seauen yeares together.

*Elb.* And a halfe fir.

*Esc.* Alas, it hath beene great paines to you: they do you wrong to put you so oft vpon't. Are there not men in your Ward sufficient to serue it?

*Elb.* Faith fir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choofe me for them; I do it for some peece of money, and goe through with all.

*Esc.* Looke you bring mee in the names of some fixe or seuen, the most sufficient of your parish.

*Elb.* To your Worshipps house fir?

*Esc.* To my house: fare you well: what's a clocke, thinke you?

*Iust.* Eleuen, Sir.

*Esc.* I pray you home to dinner with me.

*Iust.* I humbly thanke you.

*Esc.* It grieues me for the death of *Claudio* But there's no remedie:

*Iust.* Lord *Angelo* is seuer.

*Esc.* It is but needfull.

Mercy is not it selfe, that oft lookes so, Pardon is still the nurse of second woe: But yet, poore *Claudio*; there is no remedie. Come Sir.

*Exeunt.  
Scenes*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Prouost, Seruant.*

See's hearing of a Cause; he will come straight,  
 him of you.  
 Pray you doe; He know  
 ure, may be he will relent; alas  
 but as offended in a dreame,  
 , all Ages smack of this vice, and he  
 or't?

*Enter Angelo.*

Now, what's the matter *Prouost*?  
 a it your will *Claudio* shall die to morrow?  
 Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?  
 st thou aske againe?  
 Left I might be too rash:  
 our good correction, I haue seene  
 fter execution, Iudgement hath  
 ore his doome.  
 Goe to; let that be mine,  
 your office, or giue vp your Place,  
 shall well be spar'd.  
 I craue your Honours pardon:  
 all be done Sir, with the groaning *Juliet*?  
 try neere her howre.  
 Dispose of her  
 more fitter place; and that with speed.  
 Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,  
 ccesse to you.  
 Hath he a Sister?  
 I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid,  
 e shortlie of a Sister-hood,  
 readie.  
 Well: let her be admitted,  
 the Fornicatresse be remou'd,  
 haue needfull, but not lauish meanes,  
 all be order for't.

*Enter Lucio and Isabella.*

Saue your Honour. (will?)  
 Stay a little while: y'are welcome: what's your  
 I am a wofull Sutor to your Honour,  
 ut your Honor heare me.  
 Well: what's your suite.  
 There is a vice that most I doe abhorre,  
 st desire should meet the blow of Iustice;  
 ch I would not plead, but that I must,  
 ch I must not plead, but that I am  
 ;, twixt will, and will not.  
 Well: the matter?  
 I haue a brother is condemn'd to die,  
 leech you let it be his fault,  
 my brother.  
 Heauen giue thee moving graces.  
 Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it,  
 ery fault's condemnd ere it be done:  
 re the verie Cipher of a Function  
 the faults, whose fine stands in record,  
 goe by the Actor:  
 Oh iust, but seuerer Law:  
 rother then; heauen keepe your honour.  
 iue't not ore so: to him againe, entreat him,  
 iowne before him, hang vpon his gowne,  
 too cold: if you should need a pin,

You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:  
 To him, I say.

*Isab.* Must he needs die?*Ang.* Maiden, no remedie.

*Isab.* Yes: I doe thinke that you might pardon him,  
 And neither heauen, nor man grieue at the mercy.

*Ang.* I will not doe't.*Isab.* But can you if you would?*Ang.* Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe.

*Isab.* But might you doe't & do the world no wrong  
 If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,  
 As mine is to him?

*Ang.* Hee's sentenc'd, tis too late.*Luc.* You are too cold.

*Isab.* Too late? why no: I that doe speak a word  
 May call it againe: well, belecue this  
 No ceremony that to great ones longs,  
 Not the Kings Crowne; nor the deputed sword,  
 The Marshalls Truncheon, nor the Iudges Robe  
 Become them with one halfe so good a grace  
 As mercie does: If he had bin as you, and you as he,  
 You would haue slipt like him, but he like you  
 Would not haue beene so sterne.

*Ang.* Pray you be gone.

*Isab.* I would to heauen I had your potencie,  
 And you were *Isabell*: should it then be thus?  
 No: I would tell what 'twere to be a Iudge,  
 And what a prisoner.

*Luc.* I, touch him: there's the vaine.

*Ang.* Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law,  
 And you but waste your words.

*Isab.* Alas, alas:

Why all the foules that were, were forfeit once,  
 And he that might the vantage best haue tooke,  
 Found out the remedie: how would you be,  
 If he, which is the top of Iudgement, should  
 But iudge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that,  
 And mercie then will breathe within your lips  
 Like man new made.

*Ang.* Be you content, (faire Maid)

It is the Law, not I, condemne your brother,  
 Were he my kinsman, brother, or my sonne,  
 It should be thus with him: he must die to morrow.

*Isab.* To morrow? oh, that's fodaine,  
 Spare him, spare him:

Hee's not prepar'd for death; euen for our kitchens  
 We kill the fowle of season: shall we serue heauen  
 With lesse respect then we doe minister  
 To our grosse-felues? good, good my Lord, bethink you;  
 Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?  
 There's many haue committed it.

*Luc.* I, well said.

*Ang.* The Law hath not bin dead, thogh it hath slept  
 Those many had not dar'd to doe that euill  
 If the first, that did th' Edict infringe  
 Had answer'd for his deed: Now 'tis awake,  
 Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet  
 Lookes in a glasse that shewes what future euils  
 Either now, or by remissenesse, new concei'd,  
 And so in progresse to be hatc'd, and borne,  
 Are now to haue no successeue degrees,  
 But here they liue to end.

*Isab.* Yet shew some pittie.

*Ang.* I shew it most of all, when I shew Iustice;  
 For then I pittie those I doe not know,  
 Which a dismis'd offence, would after gauld

And

And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong  
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;  
Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.  
*Ifab.* So you must be y<sup>e</sup> first that gives this sentence,  
And hee, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent  
To haue a Giants strength: but it is tyrannous  
To vse it like a Giant.

*Luc.* That's well said.

*Ifab.* Could great men thunder  
As *Ioue* himselfe do's, *Ioue* would neuer be quiet,  
For every pelting petty Officer  
Would vse his heauen for thunder;  
Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen,  
Thou rather with thy sharpe and sulphurous bolt  
Splits the vn-wedgable and gnarled Oke,  
Then the soft Mertill: But man, proud man,  
Drest in a little briefe authoritie,  
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,  
(His glasse Essence) like an angry Ape  
Plaies such phantastique tricks before high heauen,  
As makes the Angels weepe: who with our spleenes,  
Would all themselues laugh mortall.

*Luc.* Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,  
Hee's comming: I perceiue't.

*Pro.* Pray heauen she win him.

*Ifab.* We cannot weigh our brother with our selfe,  
Great men may iest with Saints: tis wit in them,  
But in the lesse fowle prophanation.

*Luc.* Thou'rt i'th right (Girle) more o'that.

*Ifab.* That in the Captaine's but a chollericke word,  
Which in the Souldier is flat blasphemie.

*Luc.* Art auis'd o'that? more on't.

*Ang.* Why doe you put these sayings vpon me?

*Ifab.* Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,  
Hath yet a kinde of medicine in it selfe  
That skins the vice o'th top; goe to your bosome,  
Knock there, and aske your heart what it doth know  
That's like my brothers fault: if it confesse  
A naturall guiltinesse, such as is his,  
Let it not sound a thought vpon your tongue  
Against my brothers life.

*Ang.* Shee speakes, and 'tis such sence  
That my Sence breeds with it; fare you well.

*Ifab.* Gentle my Lord, turne backe.

*Ang.* I will bethinke me: come againe to morrow.

*Ifa.* Hark, how Ile bribe you: good my Lord turn back.

*Ang.* How? bribe me?

*If.* I, with such gifts that heauen shall share with you.

*Luc.* You had mar'd all else.

*Ifab.* Not with fond Sickles of the test'd-gold,  
Or Stones, whose rate are either rich, or poore  
As fancie values them: but with true prayers,  
That shall be vp at heauen, and enter there  
Ere Sunne rise: prayers from preferu'd soules,  
From fasting Maides, whose mindes are dedicate  
To nothing temporall.

*Ang.* Well: come to me to morrow.

*Luc.* Goe to: 'tis well; away.

*Ifab.* Heauen keepe your honour safe.

*Ang.* Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation,  
Where prayers croffe.

*Ifab.* At what hower to morrow,  
Shall I attend your Lordship?

*Ang.* At any time 'fore-noone.

*Ifab.* 'Sauc your Honour.

*Ang.* From thee: euen from thy vertue.

What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?  
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who sins most? ha?  
Not she: nor doth the tempt: but it is I,  
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,  
Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the flowre,  
Corrupt with vertuous season: Can it be,  
That Modesty may more betray our Sence  
Then womans lightnesse? hauing waste ground enough,  
Shall we desire to raze the Sanctuary  
And pitch our euils there? oh fie, fie, fie:  
What dost thou? or what art thou *Angelo*?  
Dost thou desire her sowly, for those things  
That make her good? oh, let her brother liue:  
Theeues for their robbery haue authority,  
When Iudges steale themselues: what, doe I loue her,  
That I desire to heare her speake againe?  
And feast vpon her eyes? what is't I dreame on?  
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,  
With Saints dost bait thy hooke: most dangerous  
Is that temptation, that doth goad vs on  
To sinne, in louing vertue: neuer could the Strumpet  
With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature  
Once stir my temper: but this vertuous Maid  
Subdues me quite: Euer till now  
When men were fond, I smild, and wondred how. *Exit.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Duke and Prouost.*

*Duke.* Haile to you, *Prouost*, so I thinke you are.

*Pro.* I am the *Prouost*: whats your will, good Frier?

*Duke.* Bound by my charity, and my blest order,  
I come to visite the afflicted spirits  
Here in the prison: doe me the common right  
To let me see them: and to make me know  
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister  
To them accordingly.

*Pro.* I would do more then that, if more were needfull

*Enter Juliet.*

Looke here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,  
Who falling in the flaws of her owne youth,  
Hath blisferd her report: She is with childe,  
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a yong man,  
More fit to doe another such offence,  
Then dye for this.

*Duk.* When must he dye?

*Pro.* As I do thinke to morrow.

I haue prouided for you, stay a while  
And you shall be conducted.

*Duk.* Repent you (faire one) of the sin you carry?

*Iul.* I doe; and beare the shame most patiently.

*Du.* Ile teach you how you shal araign your conscience  
And try your penitence, if it be sound,  
Or hollowly put on.

*Iul.* Ile gladly learne.

*Duk.* Loue you the man that wrong'd you?

*Iul.* Yes, as I loue the woman that wrong'd him.

*Duk.* So then it seemes your most offence full act  
Was mutually committed.

*Iul.* Mutually.

*Duk.* Then was your sin of heauier kinde then his.

*Iul.* I doe confesse it, and repent it (Father.)

*Du.* T<sub>4</sub>

*Duk.* 'Tis meet so (daughter) but least you do repent  
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,  
Which sorrow is alwaies toward our felues, not heauen,  
Showing we would not spare heauen, as we loue it,  
But as we stand in feare.

*Is.* I doe repent me, as it is an euill,  
And take the shame with ioy.

*Duke.* There rest :  
Your partner (as I heare) must die to morrow,  
And I am going with instruction to him :  
Grace goe with you, *Benedicite.*

*Is.* Must die to morrow ? oh iniurious Loue  
That respits me a life, whose very comfort  
Is still a dying horror.

*Pro.* 'Tis pity of him.

*Exit.*

*Exeunt.*

### Scena Quarta.

*Enter Angelo.*

*An.* When I would pray, & think, I thinke, and pray  
To seuerall subiects: heauen hath my empty words,  
Whilst my Inuention, hearing not my Tongue,  
Anchors on *Isabell*: heauen in my mouth,  
As if I did but onely chew his name,  
And in my heart the strong and swelling euill  
Of my conception : the state whereon I studied  
Is like a good thing, being often read  
Growne feard, and tedious : yea, my Grauitie  
Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,  
Could I, with boote, change for an idle plume  
Which the ayre beats for vaine : oh place, oh forme,  
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit  
Wrench awe from fooles, and tye the wiser soules  
To thy false seeming ? Blood, thou art blood,  
Let's write good Angell on the Deuills horne  
'Tis not the Deuills Crest : how now ? who's there ?

*Enter Seruant.*

*Ser.* One *Isabell*, a Sister, desires access to you.

*Ang.* Teach her the way : oh, heauens  
Why doe's my bloud thus muster to my heart,  
Making both it vnable for it selfe,  
And dispossessing all my other parts  
Of necessary fittestesse ?  
So play the foolish throngs with one that frownde,  
Come all to help him, and so stop the ayre  
By which hee should reuiue : and euen so  
The generall subiect to a wel-wilht King  
Quit their owne part, and in obsequious fondnesse  
Crowd to his preference, where their vn-taught loue  
Must needs appear offence : how now faire Maid.

*Enter Isabell.*

*Isab.* I am come to know your pleasure. (me,  
*An.* That you might know it, would much better please  
Then to demand what 'tis : your Brother cannot lue.

*Isab.* Euen so : heauen keepe your Honor.

*Ang.* Yet may he liue a while : and it may be  
As long as you, or I : yet he must die.

*Isab.* Vnder your Sentence ?

*Ang.* Yea.

*Isab.* When, I beseech you : that in his Reprieue  
(Longer, or shorter) he may be so fitted  
That his soule sicken not.

*Ang.* Ha ? fie, these filthy vices : It were as good

To pardon him, that hath from nature stolne  
A man already made, as to remit  
Their sawcie sweetnes, that do coyne heauens Image  
In stamps that are forbid : 'tis all as easie,  
Falsely to take away a life true made,  
As to put mettle in restrained meanes  
To make a false one.

*Isab.* 'Tis set downe so in heauen, but not in earth.

*Ang.* Say you so : then I shall poze you quickly.  
Which had you rather, that the most iust Law  
Now tooke your brothers life, and to redeeme him  
Giue vp your body to such sweet vnclannesse  
As she that he hath staid ?

*Isab.* Sir, beleeeue this.

I had rather giue my body, then my soule.

*Ang.* I talke not of your soule : our compell'd sins  
Stand more for number, then for accompt.

*Isab.* How say you ?

*Ang.* Nay Ile not warrant that : for I can speake  
Against the thing I say : Answer to this,  
I (now the voyce of the recorded Law)  
Pronounce a sentence on your Brothers life,  
Might there not be a charitie in sinne,  
To saue this Brothers life ?

*Isab.* Please you to doo't,  
Ile take it as a perill to my soule,  
It is no sinne at all, but charitie.

*Ang.* Please'd you to doo't, at perill of your soule  
Were equall poize of sinne, and charitie.

*Isab.* That I do beg his life, if it be sinne  
Heauen let me beare it : you granting of my suit,  
If that be sin, Ile make it my Morne-praier,  
To haue it added to the faults of mine,  
And nothing of your answer.

*Ang.* Nay, but heare me,  
Your sence pursues not mine : either you are ignorant,  
Or seeme so crafty ; and that's not good.

*Isab.* Let be ignorant, and in nothing good,  
But graciously to know I am no better.

*Ang.* Thus wisdom wishes to appeare most bright,  
When it doth taxe it selfe : As these blacke Masques  
Proclaime an en-shield beauty ten times louder  
Then beauty could displaied : But marke me,  
To be receiued plaine, Ile speake more grosse :  
Your Brother is to dye.

*Isab.* So.

*Ang.* And his offence is so, as it appears,  
Accountant to the Law, vpon that paine.

*Isab.* True.

*Ang.* Admit no other way to saue his life  
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,  
But in the losse of question) that you, his Sister,  
Finding your selfe desir'd of such a person,  
Whose credit with the Iudge, or owne great place,  
Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles  
Of the all-building-Law : and that there were  
No earthly meane to saue him, but that either  
You must lay downe the treasures of your body,  
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer :  
What would you doe ?

*Isab.* As much for my poore Brother, as my selfe ;  
That is : were I vnder the tearmes of death,  
Th'impression of keene whips, I'd weare as Rubies,  
And strip my selfe to death, as to a bed,  
That longing haue bin sicke for, ere I'd yeeld  
My body vp to shame.

*Ang.* That



*Ang.* Then must your brother die.

*Isa.* And 'twere the cheaper way :  
Better it were a brother dide at once,  
Then that a sister, by redeeming him  
Should die for euer.

*Ang.* Were not you then as cruell as the Sentence,  
That you haue slander'd so ?

*Isa.* Ignomie in ranfome, and free pardon  
Are of two houses : lawfull mercie,  
Is nothing kin to fowle redemption.

*Ang.* You seem'd of late to make the Law a tirant,  
And rather prou'd the sliding of your brother  
A merriment, then a vice.

*Isa.* Oh pardon me my Lord, it oft fals out  
To haue, what we would haue,  
We speake not ~~What~~ vve meane ;  
I something do excuse the thing I hate,  
For his aduantage that I dearely loue.

*Ang.* We are all fraile.

*Isa.* Else let my brother die,  
If not a fedarie but onely he  
Owe, and succed thy weaknesse.

*Ang.* Nay, women are fraile too.

*Isa.* I, as the glasses where they view themselves,  
Which are as easie broke as they make formes :  
Women? Helpe heauen ; men their creation marre  
In prostituting by them : Nay, call vs ten times fraile,  
For we are soft, as our complexions are,  
And credulous to false prints.

*Ang.* I thinke it well :

And from this testimonie of your owne sex  
(Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger  
Then faults may shake our frames) let me be bold ;  
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,  
That is a woman ; if you be more, you'r none.  
If you be one (as you are well exprest  
By all externall warrants) shew it now,  
By putting on the destin'd Liverie.

*Isa.* I haue no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,  
Let me entreate you speake the former language.

*Ang.* Plainlie conceiue I loue you.

*Isa.* My brother did loue *Iuliet*,  
And you tell me that he shall die for't.

*Ang.* He shall not *Isabell* if you giue me loue.

*Isa.* I know your vertue hath a licence in't,  
Which seemes a little fouler then it is,  
To plucke on others.

*Ang.* Beleue me on mine Honor,  
My words expresse my purpose.

*Isa.* Ha? Little honor, to be much beleue'd,  
And most pernitiuous purpose : Seeming, seeming.  
I will proclaime thee *Angelo*, looke for't.  
Signe me a present pardon for my brother,  
Or with an out-stretcht throat Ile tell the world aloud  
What man thou art.

*Ang.* Who will beleue thee *Isabell* ?  
My vnsoild name, th'austerenesse of my life,  
My vouch against you, and my place i'th State,  
Will so your accusation ouer-weigh,  
That you shall stiffe in your owne report,  
And smell of calumnie. I haue begun,  
And now I giue my sensuall race, the reine,  
Fit thy consent to my sharpe appetite,  
Lay by all nicetie, and proluxious blufhes  
That banish what they sue for : Redeeme thy brother,  
By yeelding vp thy bodie to my will,

Or else he must not onely die the death,  
But thy vnkindnesse shall his death draw out  
To lingring sufferance : Answer me to morrow,  
Or by the affection that now guides me most,  
Ile proue a Tirant to him. As for you,  
Say what you can ; my false, ore-weighs your true. *Exit*

*Isa.* To whom should I complaine? Did I tell this,  
Who would beleue me? O perillous mouthes  
That beare in them, one and the selfsame tongue,  
Either of condemnation, or approue,  
Bidding the Law make curtise to their will,  
Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,  
To follow as it drawes. Ile to my brother,  
Though he hath false by prompture of the blood,  
Yet hath he in him such a minde of Honor,  
That had he twentie heads to tender downe  
On twentie bloodie blockes, hee'd yeeld them vp,  
Before his sister should her bodie stoope  
To such abhorrd pollution.

Then *Isabell* liue chaste, and brother die ;  
"More then our Brother, is our Chastitie.

Ile tell him yet of *Angelo*'s request,  
And fit his minde to death, for his soules rest. *Exit.*

### Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter Duke, Claudio, and Prouost.*

*Du.* So then you hope of pardon from Lord *Angelo*?

*Cla.* The miserable haue no other medicine.

But onely hope : I haue hope to liue, and am prepar'd to die.

*Duke.* Be absolute for death : either death or life  
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life :  
If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing  
That none but fooles would keepe : a breath thou art,  
Seruile to all the skyie-influences,  
That dost this habitation where thou keepst  
Hourly afflict : Meerely, thou art death's foole,  
For him thou labourst by thy sight to shun,  
And yet runst toward him fill. Thou art not noble,  
For all th'accommodations that thou bearest,  
Are nurst by basenesse : Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,  
For thou dost feare the soft and tender forke  
Of a poore worme : thy best of rest is sleepe,  
And that thou oft prouoakst, yet gressellie fearst  
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy selfe,  
For thou exists on manie a thousand graines  
That issue out of dust. Happie thou art not,  
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,  
And what thou hast forgetst. Thou art not certaine,  
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,  
After the Moone : If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,  
For like an Asse, whose backe with Ingots bowes ;  
Thou bearest thy heauie riches but a iourne,  
And death vnloads thee ; Friend hast thou none.  
For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire  
The meere effusion of thy proper loines  
Do curse the Gowt, Sapego, and the Rheume  
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age  
But as it were an after-dinner's sleepe  
Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth  
Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes  
Of palsied-Eld : and when thou art old, and rich

Thou

neither heate, affection, limbe, nor beautie  
thy riches pleasant : what's yet in this  
res the name of life ? Yet in this life  
noe thousand deaths; yet death we feare  
kes these oddes, all euen.

humble thankes you.  
liue, I finde I seeke to die,  
cing death, finde life : Let it come on.

*Enter Isabella.*

What hoa? Peace heere; Grace, and good com-

Who's there ? Come in, the wish deserues a

Deere sir, ere long Ile visit you againe.  
Most holie Sir, I thanke you.

Ay businesse is a word or two with *Claudio*.  
And verie welcom : looke Signior, here's your

Prouost, a word with you.

As manie as you please.

Bring them to heare me speak, where I may be

Now sister, what's the comfort?

Why,

comforts are : most good, most good indeede,  
*Angelo* hauing affaires to heauen  
you for his swift Ambassador,  
you shall be an euermore Leiger;  
re your best appointment make with speed,  
now you set on.

Is there no remedie?

None, but such remedie, as to saue a head  
is a heart in twaine:

But is there anie?

Yes brother, you may liue;  
a diuellish mercie in the Iudge,  
implore it, that will free your life,  
ere you till death.

Perpetuall durance?

Iust, perpetuall durance, a restraint  
in all the worlds vastitie you had  
termin'd scope.

But in what nature?

In such a one, as you consenting too't,  
marke your honor from that trunkes you beare,  
leue you naked.

Let me know the point.

Oh, I do feare thee *Claudio*, and I quake,  
ou a feauerous life shouldst entertaine,  
or seuen winters more respect  
perpetuall Honor. Dar'st thou die?  
ce of death is most in apprehension,  
poore Beetle that we treade vpon  
all sufferance, finds a pang as great,  
as a Giant dies.

Why giue you me this shame?

you I can a resolution fetch  
twie tenderesse? If I must die,  
counter darknesse as a bride,  
gge it in mine armes.

here spake my brother : there my fathers graue

forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:

it too noble, to conserue a life  
appliances. This outward fainted Deputie,  
setled visage, and deliberate word  
with head, and follies doth emmew

As Falcon doth the Fowle, is yet a diuell:  
His filth within being cast, he would appeare  
A pond, as deepe as hell.

*Cla.* The prenzie, *Angelo*?

*Isa.* Oh 'tis the cunning Liuerie of hell,  
The damnest bodie to inuest, and couer  
In prenzie gardes; dost thou thinke *Claudio*,  
If I would yeeld him my virginitie  
Thou might'st be freed?

*Cla.* Oh heauens, it cannot be.

*Isa.* Yes, he would giu't thee; from this rank offence  
So to offend him still. This night's the time  
That I should do what I abhorre to name,  
Or else thou diest to morrow.

*Cla.* Thou shalt not do't.

*Isa.* O, were it but my life,  
I'de throw it downe for your deliuerance  
As frankly as a pin.

*Cla.* Thankes deere *Isabell*.

*Isa.* Be readie *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.

*Cla.* Yes. Has he affections in him,  
That thus can make him bite the Law by th'nose,  
When he would force it? Sure it is no sinne,  
Or of the deady seuen it is the least.

*Isa.* Which is the least?

*Cla.* If it were damnable, he being so wise,  
Why would he for the momentarie trickes  
Be perdurable fin'de? Oh *Isabell*.

*Isa.* What saies my brother?

*Cla.* Death is a fearefull thing.

*Isa.* And shamed life, a hatefull.

*Cla.* I, but to die, and go we know not where,  
To lie in cold obstruccion, and to rot,  
This sensible warme motion, to become  
A kneaded clod; And the delighted spirit  
To bath in fierie floods, or to recide  
In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,  
To be imprison'd in the viewlesse windes  
And blowne with restlesse violence round about  
The pendant world : or to be worse then worst  
Of those, that lawlesse and incertaine thought,  
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.  
The weariest, and most loathed worldly life  
That Age, Ache, periury, and imprisonment  
Can lay on nature, is a Paradise  
To what we feare of death.

*Isa.* Alas, alas.

*Cla.* Sweet Sister, let me liue.

What sinne you do, to saue a brothers life,  
Nature dispenses with the deede so farre,  
That it becomes a vertue.

*Isa.* Oh you beast,  
Oh faithlesse Coward, oh dishonest wretch,  
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?  
Is't not a kinde of Incest, to take life  
From thine owne sisters shame? What should I thinke,  
Heauen shield my Mother plaid my Father faire:  
For such a warped slip of wildernesse  
Nere issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,  
Die, perish: Might but my bending downe  
Repreeue thee from thy fate, it should proceede.  
Ile pray a thousand praiers for thy death,  
No word to saue thee.

*Cla.* Nay heare me *Isabell*.

*Isa.* Oh fie, fie, fie:

Thy sinn's not accidentall, but a Trade;

Mercy to thee would proue it selfe a Bawd,  
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

*Cl.* Oh heare me *Isabella*.

*Duk.* Vouchsafe a word, yong sister, but one word.

*Isa.* What is your Will.

*Duk.* Might you dispense with your leysure, I would by and by haue some speech with you : the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your owne benefit.

*Isa.* I haue no superfluous leysure, my stay must be stolen out of other affaires: but I will attend you a while.

*Duke.* Son, I haue ouer-heard what hath past between you & your sister. *Angelo* had neuer the purpose to corrupt her; onely he hath made an assay of her vertue, to practise his iudgement with the disposition of natures. She (hauing the truth of honour in her) hath made him that gracious deniall, which he is most glad to receiue: I am Confessor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true, therefore prepare your selfe to death: do not satisfie your resolution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you must die, goe to your knees, and make ready.

*Cl.* Let me ask my sister pardon, I am so out of loue with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

*Duke.* Hold you there: farewell: *Prouost*, a word with you.

*Pro.* What's your will (father?)

*Duk.* That now you are come, you will be gone: leaue me a while with the Maid, my minde promises with my habit, no losse shall touch her by my company.

*Pro.* In good time.

*Exit.*

*Duk.* The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good: the goodnes that is cheape in beauty, makes beauty briefe in goodnes; but grace being the soule of your complexion, shall keepe the body of it euer faire: the assault that *Angelo* hath made to you, Fortune hath conuaid to my vnderstanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at *Angelo*: how will you doe to content this Substitute, and to saue your Brother?

*Isab.* I am now going to resolute him: I had rather my brother die by the Law, then my sonne should be vnlawfullie borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke decei'd in *Angelo*: if euer he returne, and I can speake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or discouer his gouernment.

*Duke.* That shall not be much amisse: yet, as the matter now stands, he will auoid your accusation: he made triall of you onlie. Therefore fasten your care on my aduisings, to the loue I haue in doing good; a remedie presents it selfe. I doe make my selfe beleue that you may most vprightously do a poor wronged Lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from theangry Law; doe no staine to your owne gracious person, and much please the absent Duke, if peraduenture he shall euer returne to haue hearing of this businesse.

*Isab.* Let me heare you speake farther; I haue spirit to do any thing that appears not fowle in the truth of my spirit.

*Duke.* Vertue is bold, and goodnes neuer fearefull: Haue you not heard speake of *Mariana* the sister of *Fredericke* the great Souldier, who miscarried at Sea?

*Isa.* I haue heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.

*Duke.* Shee should this *Angelo* haue married: was affianced to her oath, and the nuptiall appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnitie, her brother *Fredericke* was wrackt at Sea, hauing in that

perished vessell, the dowry of his sister: but marke how heauily this befell to the poore Gentlewoman, there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his loue toward her, euer most kinde and naturall: with him the portion and finew of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with both, her combynate-husband, this well-seeming *Angelo*.

*Isab.* Can this be so? did *Angelo* so leaue her?

*Duke.* Left her in her teares, & dried not one of them with his comfort: swallowed his vowes whole, pretending in her, discoueries of dishonor: in few, bestow'd her on her owne lamentation, which she yet weares for his sake: and he, a marble to her teares, is washed with them, but relents not.

*Isab.* What a merit were it in death to take this poore maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man liue? But how out of this can shee auaile?

*Duke.* It is a rupture that you may easily heale: and the cure of it not onely saues your brother, but keeps you from dishonor in doing it.

*Isab.* Shew me how (good Father.)

*Duk.* This fore-named Maid hath yet in her continuance of her first affection: his vniust vnkindnesse (that in all reason should haue quenched her loue) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and vnruely: Goe you to *Angelo*, answere his requiring with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: onely referre your selfe to this aduantage; first, that your stay with him may not be long: that the time may haue all shadow, and silence in it: and the place answere to conuenience: this being granted in course, and now followes all: wee shall aduise this wronged maid to ffeed vp your appointment, goe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it selfe heereafter, it may compell him to her recompence; and heere, by this is your brother saued, your honor vntainted, the poore *Mariana* aduantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you thinke well to carry this as you may, the doublenes of the benefit defends the deceit from reproofe. What thinke you of it?

*Isab.* The image of it giues me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

*Duk.* It lies much in your holding vp: haste you speedily to *Angelo*, if for this night he intreat you to his bed, giue him promise of satisfaction: I will presently to *S. Lukes*, there at the moated-Grange recides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call vpon me, and dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

*Isab.* I thank you for this comfort: fare you well good father. *Exit.*

*Enter Elbow, Clowne, Officers.*

*Elb.* Nay, if there be no remedie for it, but that you will needes buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall haue all the world drinke browne & white bastard.

*Duk.* Oh heauens, what stoffe is heere.

*Clow.* 'Twas neuer merry world since of two vsuries the merriest was put downe, and the worser allow'd by order of Law; a fur'd gowne to keepe him warme; and furd with Foxe and Lamb-skins too, to signifie, that craft being richer then Innocency, stands for the facing.

*Elb.* Come your way fir: 'blesse you good Father Frier.

*Duk.* And you good Brother Father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

*Elb. Marry*

erry Sir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, I am to be a Theefe too Sir: for wee haue found Sir, a strange Pick-lock, which we haue sent outie.

ie, firrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd, hat thou caufest to be done, means to liue. Do thou but thinke o cram a maw, or cloath a backe a filthie vice: say to thy selfe, abhominable and beastly touches eate away my selfe, and liue: beleue thy liuing is a life, ly depending? Go mend, go mend. eed, it do's stinke in some fort, Sir: I would proue.

y, if the diuell haue giuen thee proofs for sin proue his. Take him to prison Officer: and Instruction must both worke de beast will profit.

must before the Deputy Sir, he ha's giuen ng: the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-ma-be a Whore-monger, and comes before him, good go a mile on his errand. hat we were all, as some would seeme to bee aults, as faults from seeming free.

*Enter Lucio.*

necke will come to your waft, a Cord fir. y comfort, I cry baile: Here's a Gentleman, d of mine.

ow now noble Pompey? What, at the wheels Art thou led in triumph? What is there none s Images newly made woman to bee had tting the hand in the pocket, and extracting What reply? Ha? What saist thou to this tter, and Method? Is't not drown'd i'th last What saist thou Trot? Is the world as it was ich is the vway? Is it sad, and few words? The trickie of it?

ill thus, and thus: still worse?

w doth my deere Morfell, thy Mistis? Pro- ill? Ha?

th fir, thee hath eaten vp all her beefe, and else in the tub.

y 'tis good: It is the right of it: it must be our fresh Whore, and your powder'd Baud, an onsequence, it must be so. Art going to pri-?

faith fir.

y 'tis not amisse Pompey: farewell: goe say thether: for debt Pompey? Or how?

: being a baud, for being a baud.

ell, then imprison him: If imprisonment be a baud, why 'tis his right. Baud is he doubt- of antiquity too: Baud borne. Farwell good omend me to the prison Pompey, you will husband now Pompey, you will keepe the

pe Sir, your good Worship will be my baile? indeed vvil I not Pompey, it is not the wear:

(Pompey) to encrease your bondage if you : patiently: Why, your mettle is the more: ie Pompey.

Frier.

und you.

's Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha? ne your waies fir, come.

Clo. You will not baile me then Sir?

Luc. Then Pompey, nor now: what newes abroad Frier? What newes?

Elb. Come your waies fir, come.

Luc. Goe to kennell (Pompey) goe:

What newes Frier of the Duke?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Luc. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia: other some, he is in Rome: but where is he thinke you?

Duke. I know not where: but wherefoeuer, I wish him well.

Luc. It was a mad fantasticall trickie of him to steale from the State, and vsurpe the beggerie hee was neuer borne to: Lord Angelo Dukes it well in his absence: he puts transgression too't.

Duke. He do's well in't.

Luc. A little more lenitie to Lecherie would doe no harme in him: Something too crabbed that way, Frier.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and seueritie must cure it.

Luc. Yes in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is vuell allied, but it is impossible to extirpe it quite, Frier, till eating and drinking be put downe. They say this Angelo vvas not made by Man and Woman, after this downe-right vway of Creation: is it true, thinke you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Luc. Some report, a Sea-maid spawn'd him. Some, that he vvas begot betweene two Stock-fishes. But it is certaine, that when he makes water, his Vrine is congeal'd ice, that I know to bee true: and he is a motion generatiue, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant fir, and speake apace.

Luc. Why, what a ruthlesse thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a Cod-peece, to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is absent haue done this? Ere he vould haue hang'd a man for the getting a hundred Bastards, he vould haue paide for the Nurfing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, hee knew the seruice, and that instructed him to mercie.

Duke. I neuer heard the absent Duke much detected for Women, he was not enclin'd that vway.

Luc. Oh Sir, you are deceiu'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Luc. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty: and his vfe was, to put a ducket in her Clack-dish; the Duke had Crochets in him. Hee would be drunke too, that let me informe you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Luc. Sir, I vvas an inward of his: a shie fellow vvas the Duke, and I beleue I know the cause of his vvithdrawing.

Duke. What (I prethee) might be the cause?

Luc. No, pardon: 'Tis a secret must bee lockt within the teeth and the lippes: but this I can let you vnderstand, the greater file of the subiect held the Duke to be vvife.

Duke. Wife? Why no question but he was.

Luc. A very superficiall, ignorant, vnweighing fellow

Duke. Either this is Enuie in you, Folly, or mistaking: The very streame of his life, and the businesse he hath helmed, must vpon a warranted neede, giue him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his owne bringings forth, and hee shall appeare to the enuious, a Scholler, a Statesman, and a Soldier: therefore you speake vnskillfully: or, if your knowledge bee more, it is much darkned in your malice.

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Luc.

*Luc.* Sir, I know him, and I loue him.

*Duke.* Loue talke with better knowledge, & knowledge with deare loue.

*Luc.* Come Sir, I know what I know.

*Duke.* I can hardly beleue that, since you know not what you speake. But if euer the Duke returne (as our praier is he may) let mee desire you to make your answer before him: if it bee honest you haue spoke, you haue courage to maintaine it; I am bound to call vpon you, and I pray you your name?

*Luc.* Sir my name is *Lucio*, wel known to the Duke.

*Duke.* He shall know you better Sir, if I may liue to report you.

*Luc.* I feare you not.

*Duke.* O, you hope the Duke will returne no more: or you imagine me to vnhurtfull an opposit: but indeed I can doe you little harme: You'll for-sweare this againe?

*Luc.* Ile be hang'd first: Thou art deceiu'd in mee Friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell if *Claudio* die to morrow, or no?

*Duke.* Why should he die Sir?

*Luc.* Why? For filling a bottle with a Tunne-dish: I would the Duke we talke of were return'd againe: this vngentur'd Agent will vn-people the Prouince with Continencie. Sparrowes must not build in his house-eeues, because they are lecherous: The Duke yet would haue darke deeds darkelie answered, hee would neuer bring them to light: would hee were return'd. Marrie this *Claudio* is condemned for vntruffing. Farwell good Friar, I prethee pray for me: The Duke (I say to thee againe) would eate Mutton on Fridaies. He's now past it, yet (and I say to thee) hee would mouth with a beggar, though the smelt browne-bread and Garlick: say that I said so: Farewell.

*Exit.*

*Duke.* No might, nor greatnesse in mortality Can censure scape: Back-wounding calumnie The whitest vertue strikes. What King so strong, Can tie the gall vp in the slanderous tong? But who comes heere?

*Enter Escalus, Prouost, and Bawd.*

*Esc.* Go, away with her to prison.

*Bawd.* Good my Lord be good to mee, your Honor is accounted a mercifull man: good my Lord.

*Esc.* Double, and trebble admonition, and still forfeite in the same kinde? This would make mercy sweare and play the Tirant.

*Pro.* A Bawd of eleuen yeares continuance, may it please your Honor.

*Bawd.* My Lord, this is one *Lucio's* information against me, Mistris *Kate Keespe-downe* was with childe by him in the Dukes time, he promis'd her marriage: his Childe is a yeere and a quarter olde come *Philip* and *Iacob*: I haue kept it my selfe; and see how hee goes about to abuse me.

*Esc.* That fellow is a fellow of much License: Let him be call'd before vs. Away with her to prison: Goe too, no more words. Prouost, my Brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd, *Claudio* must die to morrow: Let him be furnish'd with Diuines, and haue all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pitie, it should not be so with him.

*Pro.* So please you, this Friar hath bene with him, and aduis'd him for th'entertainment of death.

*Esc.* Good'euén, good Father.

*Duke.* Blisse, and goodnesse on you.

*Esc.* Of whence are you?

*Duke.* Not of this Countrie, though my chance is now To vse it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea, In speciall businesse from his Holinesse.

*Esc.* What newes abroad i'th World?

*Duke.* None, but that there is so great a Feauor on goodnesse, that the dissolution of it must cure it. No ueltie is onely in request, and as it is as dangerous to be aged in any kinde of course, as it is vertuous to be constant in any vndertaking. There is scarce truth enough aliue to make Societies secure, but Securitie enough to make Fellowships accurst: Much vpon this riddle runs the wisedome of the world: This newes is old enough, yet it is euerie daies newes. I pray you Sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

*Esc.* One, that about all other strifes, Contended especially to know himselfe.

*Duke.* What pleasure was he giuen to?

*Esc.* Rather reioicing to see another merry, then merrrie at anie thing which profest to make him reioice. A Gentleman of all temperance. But leaue wee him to his euents, with a praier they may proue prosperous, & let me desire to know, how you finde *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to vnderstand, that you haue lent him visitation.

*Duke.* He professes to haue receiued no sinister measure from his Iudge, but most willingly humbles himselfe to the determination of Iustice: yet had he fram'd to himselfe (by the instruction of his frailty) manie deceyuing promises of life, which I (by my good leisure) haue discredited to him, and now is he resolu'd to die.

*Esc.* You haue paid the heauens your Function, and the prisoner the verie debt of your Calling. I haue labour'd for the poore Gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modestie, but my brother-Iustice haue I found so seuer, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, hee is indeede Iustice.

*Duke.* If his owne life, Answer the straitnesse of his proceeding, It shall become him well: wherein if he chance to faile he hath sentenc'd himselfe.

*Esc.* I am going to visit the prisoner, Fare you well.

*Duke.* Peace be with you.

He who the sword of Heauen will beare, Should be as holy, as seueare: Patterne in himselfe to know, Grace to stand, and Vertue go: More, nor lesse to others paying, Then by selfe-offences weighing, Shame to him, whose cruell striking, Kils for faults of his owne liking: Twice trebble shame on *Angelo*, To vveede my vice, and let his grow. Oh, what may Man within him hide, Though Angel on the outward side? How may likeness made in crimes, Making practise on the Times, To draw with ydle Spiders strings Most ponderous and substantiall things? Craft against vice, I must applie. With *Angelo* to night shall lye His old betroathed (but despised;) So disguise shall by th'disguised Pay with falshood, false exacting, And performe an olde contracting.

*Exit*  
*Angelo*

## Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

*Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.*

ong. *Take, oh take those lips away,  
that so sweetly were forsworne,  
And those eyes : the break of day  
lights that doe mislead the Morne ;  
But my kisses bring againe, bring againe,  
Seales of love, but seal'd in vaine, seal'd in vaine.*

*Enter Duke.*

*Mar.* Breake off thy song, and haste thee quick away,  
Here comes a man of comfort, whose aduice  
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.  
I cry you mercie, Sir, and well could with  
You had not found me here so musical.  
Let me excuse me, and beleue me so,  
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

*Duk.* 'Tis good ; though Musick oft hath such a charme  
To make bad, good ; and good prouoke to harme.  
I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for mee here  
to day ; much vpon this time haue I promis'd here to  
meete.

*Mar.* You haue not bin enquir'd after : I haue sat  
here all day.

*Enter Isabell.*

*Duk.* I doe constantly beleue you : the time is come  
euen now. I shall craue your forbearance alittle, may be  
I will call vpon you anone for some aduantage to your  
selfe.

*Mar.* I am alwayes bound to you.

*Exit.*

*Duk.* Very well met, and well come :  
What is the newes from this good Deputie?

*Isab.* He hath a Garden circummur'd with Bricke,  
Whose westerne side is with a Vineyard back't ;  
And to that Vineyard is a planced gate,  
That makes his opening with this bigger Key :  
This other doth command a little doore,  
Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leades,  
There haue I made my promise, vpon the  
Heavy midle of the night, to call vpon him.

*Duk.* But shall you on your knowledge find this way ?

*Isab.* I haue t'ane a due, and wary note vpon't,  
With whispering, and most guiltie diligence,  
In action all of precept, he did show me  
The way twice ore.

*Duk.* Are there no other tokens  
Betweene you 'greed, concerning her obseruance?

*Isab.* No : none but onely a repaire ith' darke,  
And that I haue possesst him, my most stay  
Can be but brieue : for I haue made him know,  
I haue a Seruant comes with me along  
That staies vpon me ; whose perswasion is,  
I come about my Brother.

*Duk.* 'Tis well borne vp.

I haue not yet made knowne to Mariana

*Enter Mariana.*

A word of this : what hoa, within ; come forth,  
I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,  
She comes to doe you good.

*Isab.* I doe desire the like.

*Duk.* Do you perswade your selfe that I respect you ?

*Mar.* Good Frier, I know you do, and haue found it.

*Duke.* Take then this your companion by the hand  
Who hath a storie readie for your eare :  
I shall attend your leisure, but make haste  
The vaporous night approaches.

*Mar.* Wilt please you walke aside.

*Exit.*

*Duke.* Oh Place, and greatnes : millions of false eies  
Are sticke vpon thee : volumes of report  
Run with these false, and most contrarious Quest  
Vpon thy doings : thousand escapes of wit  
Make thee the father of their idle dreame,  
And racke thee in their fancies. Welcome, how agreed ?

*Enter Mariana and Isabella.*

*Isab.* Shee'll take the enterprize vpon her father,  
If you aduise it.

*Duke.* It is not my consent,  
But my entreaty too.

*Isa.* Little haue you to say  
When you depart from him, but soft and low,  
Remember now my brother.

*Mar.* Feare me not.

*Duk.* Nor gentle daughter, feare you not at all :  
He is your husband on a pre-contract :

To bring you thus together 'tis no sinne,  
Sith that the Iustice of your title to him  
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let vs goe,  
Our Corne's to reape, for yet our Tithes to fow. *Exeunt.*

## Scœna Secunda.

*Enter Prouost and Clowne.*

*Pro.* Come hither sirha ; can you cut off a mans head?

*Cl.* If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can :

But if he be a married man, he's his wiues head,  
And I can neuer cut off a womans head.

*Pro.* Come sir, leaue me your snatches, and yeeld mee  
a direct answere. To morrow morning are to die *Clau-*  
*dio* and *Barnardine* : heere is in our prison a common exe-  
cutioner, who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take  
it on you to assist him, it shall redeeme you from your  
Gyues : if not, you shall haue your full time of imprison-  
ment, and your deliuerance with an vnptied whipping;  
for you haue beene a notorious bawd.

*Cl.* Sir, I haue beene an vnlawfull bawd, time out of  
minde, but yet I will bee content to be a lawfull hang-  
man : I would bee glad to receiue some instruction from  
my fellow partner.

*Pro.* What hoa, *Abborson* : where's *Abborson* there ?

*Enter Abborson.*

*Abb.* Doe you call sir ?

*Pro.* Sirha, here's a fellow will helpe you to morrow  
in your execution : if you thinke it meet, compound with  
him by the yeere, and let him abide here with you, if not,  
use him for the present, and dismisst him, hee cannot  
plead his estimation with you : he hath beene a Bawd.

*Abb.* A Bawd Sir? sic vpon him, he will discredit our  
mysterie.

*Pro.* Goe too Sir, you waigh equallic : a feather will  
turne the Scale. *Exit.*

*Cl.* Pray sir, by your good fauor : for surely sir, a  
good fauor you haue, but that you haue a hanging look :  
Doe you call sir, your occupation a Mysterie ?

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*Abb. I,*

*Abb.* I Sir, a Mifterie.

*Clo.* Painting Sir, I haue heard say, is a Mifterie; and your Whores fir, being members of my occupation, v-fing painting, do proue my Occupation, a Mifterie: but what Mifterie there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

*Abb.* Sir, it is a Mifterie.

*Clo.* Prooue.

*Abb.* Euerie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

*Clo.* If it be too little for your theefe, your true man thinkes it bigge enough. If it bee too bigge for your Theefe, your Theefe thinkes it little enough: So euerie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

*Enter Prouost.*

*Pro.* Are you agreed?

*Clo.* Sir, I will serue him: For I do finde your Hang-man is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth oftner aske forgiuenesse.

*Pro.* You firrah, prouide your blocke and your Axe to morrow, foure a clocke.

*Abb.* Come on (Bawd) I will instruct thee in my Trade: follow.

*Clo.* I do desire to learne fir: and I hope, if you haue occasion to vse me for your owne turne, you shall finde me y'are. For truly fir, for your kinnesse, I owe you a good turne.

*Exit*

*Pro.* Call hether *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:

Th'one has my pitie; not a iot the other,  
Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

*Enter Claudio.*

Looke, here's the Warrant *Claudio*, for thy death,  
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow  
Thou must be made immortall. Where's *Barnardine*?

*Clo.* As fast lock'd vp in sleepe, as guiltlesse labour,  
When it lies starkely in the Trauellers bones,  
He will not wake.

*Pro.* Who can do good on him?  
Well, go, prepare your selfe. But harke, what noife?  
Heauen giue your spirits comfort: by, and by,  
I hope it is some pardon, or repreeue  
For the most gentle *Claudio*. Welcome Father.

*Enter Duke.*

*Duke.* The best, and wholsomst spirits of the night,  
Inuelpop you, good Prouost: who call'd heere of late?

*Pro.* None since the Curphew rung.

*Duke.* Not *Isabell*?

*Pro.* No.

*Duke.* They will then er't be long.

*Pro.* What comfort is for *Claudio*?

*Duke.* There's some in hope.

*Pro.* It is a bitter Deputie.

*Duke.* Not so, not so: his life is paralel'd  
Euen with the stroke and line of his great Iustice:  
He doth with holie abstinence subdue  
That in himselfe, which he spurres on his powre  
To qualifie in others: were he meal'd with that  
Which he corrects, then were he tirrannous,  
But this being so, he's iust. Now are they come.  
This is a gentle Prouost, sildome when  
The steeld Gaoler is the friend of men:  
How now? what noife? That spirit's posselt with haft,  
That wounds th'vnslitting Posterne with these strokes.

*Pro.* There he must stay vntil the Officer  
Arise to let him in: he is call'd vp.

*Duke.* Haue you no countermand for *Claudio* yet?

But he must die to morrow?

*Pro.* None Sir, none.

*Duke.* As neere the dawning Prouost, as it is,  
You shall heare more ere Morning.

*Pro.* Happely

You something know: yet I beleuee there comes  
No countermand: no such example haue we:  
Besides, vpon the verie siege of Iustice,  
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publike eare  
Profest the contrarie.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Duke.* This is his Lords man.

*Pro.* And heere comes *Claudio's* pardon.

*Mess.* My Lord hath sent you this note,  
And by mee this further charge;  
That you swerue not from the smallest Article of it,  
Neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.  
Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almost day.

*Pro.* I shall obey him.

*Duke.* This is his Pardon purchas'd by such fin,  
For which the Pardoner himselfe is in:  
Hence hath offence his quicke celeritie,  
When it is borne in high Authority.  
When Vice makes Mercie; Mercie's so extended,  
That for the faults loue, is th'offender friended.  
Now Sir, what neues?

*Pro.* I told you:

Lord *Angelo* (be-like) thinking me remisse  
In mine Office, awakens mee  
With this vnwonted putting on, methinks strangely:  
For he hath not vs'd it before.

*Duk.* Pray you let's heare.

*The Letter.*

*Whatsoever you may beare to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by foure of the clocke, and in the afternoone Barnardine: For my better satisfaction, let mee haue Claudius bread sent me by five. Let this be duly performed with a thought that more depends on it, then we must yet deliuer. Thus faile not to doe your Office, as you will answere it at your perill.*

What say you to this Sir?

*Duke.* What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in th'afternoone?

*Pro.* A Bohemian borne: But here nurst vp & bred,  
One that is a prisoner nine yeeres old.

*Duke.* How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliuer'd him to his libertie, or executed him? I haue heard it was euer his manner to do so.

*Pro.* His friends still wrought Repreeues for him:  
And indeed his fact till now in the government of Lord *Angelo*, came not to an vndoubtfull proofe.

*Duke.* It is now apparant?

*Pro.* Most manifest, and not denied by himselfe.

*Duke.* Hath he borne himselfe penitently in prison?  
How seemes he to be touch'd?

*Pro.* A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleepe, carelesse, wreakelesse, and fearelesse of what's past, present, or to come: insensible of mortality, and desperately mortall.

*Duke.* He wants aduice.

*Pro.* He wil heare none: he hath euermore had the liberty of the prison: giue him leaue to escape hence, hee would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many daies entirely drunke. We haue verie oft awak'd him, as if to carrie him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it, it hath not moued him at all.

*Duke.*

**Duke.** More of him anon : There is written in your row Prouoff, honesty and confidence ; if I reade it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me : but in the boldnes of my cunning, I will lay my selfe in hazard : *Claudio*, whom heere you haue warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the Law, then *Angelo* who hath sentenc'd him. To make you vnderstand this in a manifested effect, I craue but foure daies respite : for the which, you are to do me both a present, and a dangerous courtesie.

**Pro.** Pray Sir, in what ?

**Duke.** In the delaying death.

**Pro.** Alacke, how may I do it ? Having the houre limited, and an expresse command, vnder penaltie, to deliuer his head in the view of *Angelo* ? I may make my case as *Claudio's*, to crosse this in the smallest.

**Duke.** By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you, If my instructions may be your guide, Let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed, And his head borne to *Angelo*.

**Pro.** *Angelo* hath seene them both, And will discouer the fauour.

**Duke.** Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may adde to it ; Shaue the head, and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'd before his death : you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you vpon this, more then thanks and good fortune, by the Saint whom I professe, I will plead against it with my life.

**Pro.** Pardon me, good Father, it is against my oath.

**Duke.** Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the Deputie ?

**Pro.** To him, and to his Substitutes.

**Duke.** You will thinke you haue made no offence, if the Duke auouch the iustice of your dealing ?

**Pro.** But what likelihood is in that ?

**Duke.** Not a resemblance, but a certainty ; yet since I see you fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor perswasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further then I meant, to plucke all feares out of you. Looke you Sir, heere is the hand and Seale of the Duke : you know the Character I doubt not, and the Signet is not strange to you ?

**Pro.** I know them both.

**Duke.** The Contents of this, is the returne of the Duke ; you shall anon ouer-reade it at your pleasure : where you shall finde within these two daies, he will be heere. This is a thing that *Angelo* knowes not, for hee this very day receiues letters of strange tenor, perchance of the Dukes death, perchance entering into some Monasterie, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Looke, th'vnfolding Starre calles vp the Shepheard ; put not your selfe into amazement, how these things should be ; all difficulties are but ease vvhether they are knowne. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardine's* head : I will give him a present shrift, and aduise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolute you : Come away, it is almost cleere dawne. *Exit.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Clowne.*

**Cl.** I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our house of profession : one would thinke it vvere Mistrie

*ouer-dons* owne house, for heere be manie of her olde Customers. First, here's yong *Mr. Raffe*, hee's in for a commoditie of browne paper, and olde Ginger, nine score and seuentene pounds, of which hee made fise Markes readie money : marrie then, Ginger was not much in request, for the olde Women vvere all dead. Then is there heere one *Mr. Caper*, at the suite of Master *Three-Pile* the Mercer, for some foure suites of Peach-colour'd Satten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then haue vve heere, yong *Disie*, and yong *Mr. Deepe-vow*, and *Mr. Copperfurre*, and *Mr. Starue-Lackey* the Rapier and dagger man, and yong *Drop-beire* that kild lustie Pudding, and *Mr. Fortiblight* the Tilter, and braue *Mr. Shootie* the great Traueller, and wilde *Halfe-Canne* that stabb'd Pots, and I thinke fortie more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lords sake.

*Enter Abborson.*

**Abb.** Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hether.

**Cl.** *Mr. Barnardine*, you must rise and be hang'd, *Mr. Barnardine.*

**Abb.** What hoa *Barnardine.*

*Barnardine* wvithin.

**Bar.** A pox o'your throats : who makes that noyse there ? What are you ?

**Cl.** Your friends Sir, the Hangman :

You must be so good Sir to rise, and be put to death.

**Bar.** Away you Rogue, away, I am sleepeie.

**Abb.** Tell him he must awake,

And that quickly too.

**Cl.** Pray Master *Barnardine*, awake till you are executed, and sleepe afterwards.

**Ab.** Go in to him, and fetch him out.

**Cl.** He is coming Sir, he is coming : I heare his Straw ruffle.

*Enter Barnardine.*

**Abb.** Is the Axe vpon the blocke, sirrah ?

**Cl.** Verie readie Sir.

**Bar.** How now *Abborson* ?

What's the newes vwith you ?

**Abb.** Truly Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers : for looke you, the Warrants come.

**Bar.** You Rogue, I haue bin drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

**Cl.** Oh, the better Sir : for he that drinkes all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleepe the foundler all the next day.

*Enter Duke.*

**Abb.** Looke you Sir, heere comes your ghostly Father : do we iest now thinke you ?

**Duke.** Sir, induced by my charitie, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to aduise you, Comfort you, and pray with you.

**Bar.** Friar, not I : I haue bin drinking hard all night, and I will haue more time to prepare mee, or they shall beat out my braines with billets : I will not consent to die this day, that's certaine.

**Duke.** Oh sir, you must : and therefore I beseech you Looke forward on the iournie you shall go.

**Bar.** I sweare I will not die to day for anie mans perswasion.

**Duke.** But heare you :

**Bar.** Not a word : if you haue anie thing to say to me, come to my Ward : for thence will not I to day.

*Exit*

*Enter Prouoff.*

**Duke.** Vnfit to liue, or die : oh grauell heart.

G 3

*After*



After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.

*Pro.* Now Sir, how do you finde the prifoner?

*Duke.* A creature vnpre-par'd, vnmeet for death,  
And to transport him in the minde he is,  
Were damnable.

*Pro.* Heere in the prifon, Father,  
There died this morning of a cruell Feauor,  
One *Ragossine*, a most notorious Pirate,  
A man of *Claudio's* yeares : his beard, and head  
Iuft of his colour. What if we do omit  
This Reprobate, til he were wel enclin'd,  
And fatisfie the Deputie with the vifage  
Of *Ragossine*, more like to *Claudio*?

*Duke.* Oh, 'tis an accident that heauen prouides :  
Dispatch it prefently, the houre drawes on  
Prefix by *Angelo* : See this be done,  
And fent according to command, whiles I  
Perfwade this rude wretch willingly to die.

*Pro.* This fhall be done (good Father) prefently :  
But *Barnardine* muft die this afternoone,  
And how fhall we continue *Claudio*,  
To faue me from the danger that might come,  
If he were knowne aliué?

*Duke.* Let this be done,  
Put them in fecret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*,  
Ere twice the Sun hath made his iournall greeting  
To yond generation, you fhall finde  
Your fafetie manifefted.

*Pro.* I am your free dependant.

*Exit.*

*Duke.* Quicke, difpatch, and fend the head to *Angelo*  
Now wil I write Letters to *Angelo*,  
(The Prouoft he fhall beare them) whofe contents  
Shal witneffe to him I am neere at home :  
And that by great Iniunctions I am bound  
To enter publikey : him Ile defire  
To meet me at the confecrated Fount,  
A League below the Citie : and from thence,  
By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme.  
We fhall proceed with *Angelo*.

*Enter Prouoft.*

*Pro.* Heere is the head, Ile carrie it my felfe.

*Duke.* Conuenient is it : Make a fwift returne,  
For I would commune with you of fuch things,  
That want no eare but yours.

*Pro.* Ile make all fpede.

*Exit*

*Ifabell* witbin.

*Ifa.* Peace hoa, be heere.

*Duke.* The tongue of *Ifabell*. She's come to know,  
If yet her brothers pardon be come hither :  
But I will keepe her ignorant of her good,  
To make her heavenly comforts of difpaire,  
When it is leaft expected.

*Enter Ifabella.*

*Ifa.* Hoa, by your leaue.

*Duke.* Good morning to you, faire, and gracious  
daughter.

*Ifa.* The better giuen me by fo holy a man,  
Hath yet the Deputie fent my brothers pardon?

*Duke.* He hath releas'd him, *Ifabell*, from the world,  
His head is off, and fent to *Angelo*.

*Ifa.* Nay, but it is not fo.

*Duke.* It is no other,  
Shew your wifedome daughter in your clofe patience.

*Ifa.* Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eies.

*Duk.* You fhall not be admitted to his fight.

*Ifa.* Vnhappie *Claudio*, wretched *Ifabell*,

Iniurious world, moft damned *Angelo*.

*Duke.* This nor hurts him, nor profits you a iot,  
Forbeare it therefore, giue your caufe to heauen,  
Marke what I fay, which you fhall finde  
By euery fillable a faithfull veritie.

The Duke comes home to morrow : nay drie your eyes,  
One of our Couent, and his Confessor  
Gives me this inftance : Already he hath carried  
Notice to *Efcalus* and *Angelo*,  
Who do prepare to meete him at the gates, (dome,  
There to giue vp their powre : If you can pace your wil-  
In that good path that I would wifh it go,  
And you fhall haue your bofome on this wretch,  
Grace of the Duke, reuenges to your heart,  
And general Honor.

*Ifa.* I am directed by you.

*Duke.* This Letter then to Friar *Peter* giue,  
'Tis that he fent me of the Dukes returne :  
Say, by this token, I defire his companie  
At *Mariana's* houfe to night. Her caufe, and yours  
Ile perfect him withall, and he fhall bring you  
Before the Duke ; and to the head of *Angelo*  
Accufe him home and home. For my poore felfe,  
I am combined by a fared Vow,  
And fhall be abfent. Wend you with this Letter :  
Command thefe fretting waters from your eies  
With a light heart ; trust not my holie Order  
If I peruert your courfe : whofe heere?

*Enter Lucio.*

*Luc.* Good 'euen ;

Frier, where's the Prouoft?

*Duke.* Not within Sir.

*Luc.* Oh prettie *Ifabella*, I am pale at mine heart, to  
fee thine eyes fo red : thou muft be patient ; I am faine  
to dine and fup with water and bran : I dare not for my  
head fill my belly. One fruitful Meale would fet me  
too't : but they fay the Duke will be heere to Morrow.  
By my troth *Ifabell* I lou'd thy brother, if the olde fan-  
taftical Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had  
liued.

*Duke.* Sir, the Duke is marueilous little beholding  
to your reports, but the beft is, he liues not in them.

*Luc.* Frier, thou knoweft not the Duke fo wel as I  
do : he's a better woodman then thou tak'ft him for.

*Duke.* Well : you'l answer this one day. Fare ye well.

*Luc.* Nay tarrie, Ile go along with thee,  
I can tel thee pretty tales of the Duke.

*Duke.* You haue told me too many of him already fir  
if they be true : if not true, none were enough.

*Lucio.* I was once before him for getting a Wench  
with childe.

*Duke.* Did you fuch a thing?

*Luc.* Yes marrie did I ; but I was faine to forfwear it,  
They would elfe haue married me to the rotten Medler.

*Duke.* Sir your company is fairer then honeft, reft you  
well.

*Lucio.* By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end :  
if baudy talke offend you, we'l haue very little of it : nay  
Frier, I am a kind of Burre, I fhall fticke. *Exeunt*

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter Angelo & Efcalus.*

*Efc.* Euery Letter he hath writ, hath difuouch'd other.

*Ang.*

most vneuen and distracted manner, his actions  
ch like to madnesse, pray heauen his wisedome  
vnted : and why meet him at the gates and re-  
authorities there?

gheffe not.

And why should wee proclaime it in an howre  
a entring, that if any craue redresse of iniustice,  
ld exhibit their petitions in the street?

le shoves his reason for that: to haue a dispatch  
laints, and to deliuer vs from deuices heere-  
which shall then haue no power to stand against

Well : I beseech you let it bee proclaim'd be-  
h'morne, Ile call you at your house : giue notice  
nen of fort and suite as are to meete him.

shall sir : fareyouwell.

*Exit.*

Good night.

de vnshapes me quite, makes me vnpregnant  
l to all proceedings. A deflowred maid,  
an eminent body, that enforc'd  
v against it? But that her tender shame  
proclaime against her maiden losse,  
ght she tongue me? yet reason dares her no,  
Authority beares of a credent bulke,  
particular scandall once can touch  
nfounds the breather. He should haue liu'd,  
t his riotous youth with dangerous sence  
the times to come haue ta'ne reuenge  
ceiuing a dishonor'd life  
some of such shame : would yet he had liued.  
then once our grace we haue forgot,  
goes right, we would, and we would not. *Exit.*

### Scena Quinta.

*Enter Duke and Frier Peter.*

These Letters at fit time deliuer me,  
uoft knowes our purpose and our plot,  
ter being a foote, keepe your instruction  
d you euer to our speciall drift,  
sometimes you doe blench from this to that  
doth minister : Goe call at *Flavia's* house,  
him where I stay : giue the like notice  
*scius*, *Rowland*, and to *Craffus*,  
them bring the Trumpets to the gate :  
me *Flavius* first.

It shall be speeded well.

*Enter Varrius.*

I thank thee *Varrius*, thou hast made good hast,  
e will walke : There's other of our friends  
et vs heere anon : my gentle *Varrius*. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Sexta.

*Enter Isabella and Mariana.*

To speak so indirectly I am loath,  
say the truth, but to accuse him so  
your part, yet I am aduis'd to doe it,  
to vaile full purpose.  
Be rul'd by him.

*Isab.* Besides he tells me, that if peradventure  
He speake against me on the aduerse side,  
I should not thinke it strange, for 'tis a physicke  
That's bitter, to sweet end.

*Enter Peter.*

*Mar.* I would *Frier Peter*

*Isab.* Oh peace, the *Frier* is come.

*Peter.* Come I haue found you out a stand most fit,  
Where you may haue such vantage on the *Duke*  
He shall not passe you :

Twice haue the Trumpets sounded.

The generous, and grauest Citizens

Haue hent the gates, and very neere vpon

The *Duke* is entring :

Therefore hence away.

*Exeunt.*

### Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio,*  
*Citizens at severall doores.*

*Duk.* My very worthy Cosen, fairely met,  
Our old, and faithfull friend, we are glad to see you.

*Ang. Esc.* Happy returne be to your royall grace.

*Duk.* Many and hartly thankings to you both :  
We haue made enquiry of you, and we heare  
Such goodnesse of your Iustice, that our soule  
Cannot but yeeld you forth to publike thanks  
Forerunning more requitall.

*Ang.* You make my bonds still greater.

*Duk.* Oh your desert speaks loud, & I should wrong it  
To locke it in the wards of couert bosome  
When it deserues with characters of brasse  
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time,  
And rasure of obliuion : Giue we your hand  
And let the Subiect see, to make them know  
That outward curtesies would faine proclaime  
Fauours that keepe within : Come *Escalus*,  
You must walke by vs, on our other hand :  
And good supporters are you.

*Enter Peter and Isabella.*

*Peter.* Now is your time  
Speake loud, and kneele before him.

*Isab.* Iustice, O royall *Duke*, vaile your regard  
Vpon a wrong'd (I would faine haue said a Maid)  
Oh worthy Prince, dishonor not your eye  
By throwing it on any other obiekt,  
Till you haue heard me, in my true complaint,  
And giuen me Iustice, Iustice, Iustice, Iustice.

*Duk.* Relate your wrongs ;  
In what, by whom? be briefe :  
Here is Lord *Angelo* shall giue you Iustice,  
Reueale your selfe to him.

*Isab.* Oh worthy *Duke*,  
You bid me seeke redemption of the diuell,  
Heare me your selfe : for that which I must speake  
Must either punish me, not being beleeu'd,  
Or wring redresse from you :

Heare me : oh heare me, heere.

*Ang.* My Lord, her wits I feare me are not firme :  
She hath bin a suitor to me, for her Brother  
Cut off by course of Iustice.

*Isab.* By course of Iustice.

*Ang.* And she will speake most bitterly, and strange.  
*Isab.* Most

*Ish.* Most strange : but yet most truly wil I speake,  
That *Angelo's* forsworne, is it not strange?  
That *Angelo's* a murtherer, is't not strange?  
That *Angelo* is an adulterous thiefe,  
An hypocrite, a virgin violator,  
Is it not strange? and strange?

*Duke.* Nay it is ten times strange?

*Ish.* It is not truer he is *Angelo*,  
Then this is all as true, as it is strange;  
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth  
To th'end of reckning.

*Duke.* Away with her : poore soule  
She speakes this, in th'infirmity of sence.

*Ish.* Oh Prince, I coniure thee, as thou beleue'st  
There is another comfort, then this world,  
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion  
That I am touch'd with madnesse : make not impossible  
That which but seemes vnlike, 'tis not impossible  
But one, the wickedst caitiffe on the ground  
May seeme as shie, as graue, as iust, as absolute :  
As *Angelo*, euen so may *Angelo*  
In all his dressings, caracts, titles, formes,  
Be an arch-villaine : Beleuee it, royall Prince  
If he be lesse, he's nothing, but he's more,  
Had I more name for badnesse.

*Duke.* By mine honesty  
If she be mad, as I beleuee no other,  
Her madnesse hath the oddest frame of sence,  
Such a dependancy of thing, on thing,  
As ere I heard in madnesse.

*Ish.* Oh gracious *Duke*  
Harpe not on that ; nor do not banish reason  
For inequality, but let your reason serue  
To make the truth appeare, where it seemes hid,  
And hide the false seemes true.

*Duk.* Many that are not mad  
Haue fure more lacke of reason :  
What would you say?

*Ish.* I am the Sister of one *Claudio*,  
Condemnd vpon the Act of Fornication  
To loose his head, condemn'd by *Angelo*,  
I, (in probation of a Sisterhood)  
Was sent to by my Brother ; one *Lucio*  
As then the Messenger.

*Luc.* That's I, and't like your Grace :  
I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her,  
To try her gracious fortune with Lord *Angelo*,  
For her poore Brothers pardon.

*Ish.* That's he indeede.

*Duk.* You were not bid to speake.

*Luc.* No, my good Lord,  
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

*Duk.* I with you now then,  
Pray you take note of it : and when you haue  
A businesse for your selfe : pray heauen you then  
Be perfect.

*Luc.* I warrant your honor.

*Duk.* The warrant's for your selfe : take heede to't.

*Ish.* This Gentleman told somewhat of my Tale.

*Luc.* Right.

*Duk.* It may be right, but you are i'the wrong  
To speake before your time : proceed,

*Ish.* I went

To this pernicious Caitiffe Deputie.

*Duk.* That's somewhat madly spoken.

*Ish.* Pardon it,

The phrase is to the matter.

*Duke.* Mended againe : the matter : proceed.

*Ish.* In briefe, to set the needlesse processe by :  
How I perfwaded, how I praid, and kneel'd,  
How he refeld me, and how I replide  
(For this was of much length) the wild conclusion  
I now begin with griefe, and shame to vtter:  
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body  
To his concupiscible intemperate lust  
Release my brother ; and after much debatement,  
My silterly remorse, confutes mine honour,  
And I did yeeld to him : But the next morne betimes,  
His purpose sursetting, he sends a warrant  
For my poore brothers head.

*Duke.* This is most likely.

*Ish.* Oh that it were as like as it is true. (speak't,

*Duk.* By heauen (fond wretch) knowst not what thou  
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honor  
In hatefull practise : first his Integritie  
Stands without blemish : next it imports no reason,  
That with such vehemency he should pursue  
Faults proper to himselfe : if he had so offended  
He would haue waigh'd thy brother by himselfe,  
And not haue cut him off : some one hath set you on :  
Confesse the truth, and say by whose aduice  
Thou cam'st heere to complaine.

*Ish.* And is this all?

Then oh you blessed Ministers aboue  
Keepe me in patience, and with ripened time  
Vnfold the euill, which is heere wrapt vp  
In countenance : heauen shield your Grace from woe,  
As I thus wrong'd, hence vnbeleueed goe.

*Duke.* I know you'd faine be gone: An Officer :  
To prison with her : Shall we thus permit  
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall,  
On him so neere vs ? This needs must be a practise;  
Who knew of your intent and comming hither?

*Ish.* One that I would were heere, *Frier Lodowick*.

*Duk.* A ghostly Father, belike :  
Who knows that *Lodowicke*?

*Luc.* My Lord, I know him, 'tis a meddling Fryer,  
I doe not like the man : had he been Lay my Lord,  
For certaine words he spake against your Grace  
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

*Duke.* Words against mee ? this 'a good Fryer belike  
And to set on this wretched woman here  
Against our Substitute : Let this Fryer be found.

*Luc.* But yesternight my Lord, she and that Fryer  
I saw them at the prison : a sawcy Fryar,  
A very scuruy fellow.

*Peter.* Blessed be your Royall Grace :  
I haue stood by my Lord, and I haue heard  
Your royall eare abus'd : first hath this woman  
Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute,  
Who is as free from touch, or soyle with her  
As she from one vngot.

*Duke.* We did beleuee no lesse.  
Know you that *Frier Lodowick* that she speakes of?

*Peter.* I know him for a man diuine and holy,  
Not scuruy, nor a temporary medler  
As he's reported by this Gentleman :  
And on my trust, a man that neuer yet  
Did (as he vouches) mis-report your Grace.

*Luc.* My Lord, most villanously, beleuee it.

*Peter.* Well : he in time may come to cleere himselfe  
But at this instant he is sicke, my Lord :

Feauor : vpon his meere request  
 to knowledge, that there was complaint  
 nst Lord *Angelo*, came I hether  
 from his mouth, what he doth know  
 false : And what he with his oath  
 ation will make vp full cleare  
 he's conuented : First for this woman,  
 is worthy Noble man  
 nd personally accus'd,  
 I heare disproued to her eyes,  
 selfe confesse it.  
 d Frier, let's heare it :  
 smile at this, Lord *Angelo* ?  
 the vanity of wretched fooles.  
 : seates, Come cofen *Angelo*,  
 e impartiall : be you Iudge  
 e Cause : Is this the Witnes Frier ?

*Enter Mariana.*

shew your face, and after, speake.  
 don my Lord, I will not shew my face  
 sband bid me.  
 hat, are you married ?  
 my Lord.  
 : you a Maid ?  
 my Lord.  
 Widow then ?  
 ther, my Lord.  
 y you are nothing then: neither Maid, Wi-  
 fe ?  
 Lord, she may be a Puncke : for many of  
 ither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.  
 ice that fellow : I would he had some cause  
 himselfe.  
 my Lord.  
 Lord, I doe confesse I nere was married,  
 fe besides, I am no Maid,  
 n my husband, yet my husband  
 that euer he knew me.  
 as drunk then, my Lord, it can be no better.  
 he benefit of silence, would thou wert so to.  
 my Lord.  
 is no witnesse for Lord *Angelo*.  
 I come to't, my Lord.  
 uses him of Fornication,  
 manner, doth accuse my husband,  
 him, my Lord, with such a time,  
 :pose I had him in mine Armes  
 ffect of Loue.  
 rges she moe then me ?  
 that I know.  
 ' you say your husband.  
 y iust, my Lord, and that is *Angelo*,  
 he knowes, that he nere knew my body,  
 ie thinke, that he knowes *Isabell*.  
 ' is a strange abuse: Let's see thy face.  
 husband bids me, now I will vnmaaske.  
 ace, thou cruell *Angelo*  
 thou sworst, was worth the looking on :  
 nd, which with a vowd contract  
 ckt in thine : This is the body  
 way the match from *Isabell*,  
 ly thee at thy garden-house  
 'd perfon.  
 w you this woman ?  
 illie she saies.

*Duk Sirha*, no more.

*Luc*. Enoug my Lord.

*Ang*. My Lord, I must confesse, I know this woman,  
 And five yeres since there was some speech of marriage  
 Betwixt my selfe, and her : which was broke off,  
 Partly for that her promis'd proportions  
 Came short of Composition : But in chiefe  
 For that her reputation was dis-valued  
 In leuitie : Since which time of five yeres  
 I neuer spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her  
 Vpon my faith, and honor.

*Mar*. Noble Prince,

As there comes light from heauen, and words frō breath,  
 As there is fence in truth, and truth in vertue,  
 I am affianced this mans wife, as strongly  
 As words could make vp vowes : And my good Lord,  
 But Tuesday night last gon, in's garden house,  
 He knew me as a wife. As this is true,  
 Let me in safety raise me from my knees,  
 Or else for euer be confixd here  
 A Marble Monument.

*Ang*. I did but smile till now,  
 Now, good my Lord, giue me the scope of Iustice,  
 My patience here is touch'd : I doe perceiue  
 These poore informall women, are no more  
 But instruments of some more mightier member  
 That sets them on. Let me haue way, my Lord  
 To finde this practise out.

*Duke*. I, with my heart,  
 And punish them to your height of pleasure.  
 Thou foolish Frier, and thou pernicious woman  
 Compact with her that's gone : thinkst thou, thy oathes,  
 Though they would swear downe each particular Saint,  
 Were testimonies against his worth, and credit  
 That's seald in approbation ? you, Lord *Escalus*  
 Sit with my Cozen, lend him your kinde paines  
 To finde out this abuse, whence 'tis deriu'd.  
 There is another Frier that set them on,  
 Let him be sent for.

*Peter*. Would he were here, my Lord, for he indeed  
 Hath set the women on to this Complaint ;  
 Your Prouost knowes the place where he abides,  
 And he may fetch him.

*Duke*. Goe, doe it instantly :  
 And you, my noble and well-warranted Cofen  
 Whom it concernes to heare this matter forth,  
 Doe with your iniuries as seemes you best  
 In any chastisement ; I for a while  
 Will leaue you ; but stir not you till you haue  
 Well determin'd vpon these Slanderers. *Exit.*

*Esc*. My Lord, wee'll doe it throughly : Signior *Lu-*  
*cio*, did not you say you knew that Frier *Lodowick* to be a  
 dishonest person ?

*Luc*. *Cucullus non facit Monachum*, honest in nothing  
 but in his Clothes, and one that hath spoke most villa-  
 nous speeches of the Duke.

*Esc*. We shall intreat you to abide heere till he come,  
 and inforce them against him : we shall finde this Frier a  
 notable fellow.

*Luc*. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

*Esc*. Call that same *Isabell* here once againe, I would  
 speake with her : pray you, my Lord, giue mee leaue to  
 question, you shall see how Ile handle her.

*Luc*. Not better then he, by her owne report.

*Esc*. Say you ?

*Luc*. Marry sir, I thinke, if you handled her priuately  
 shee

She would sooner confesse, perchance publicly she'll be asham'd.

*Enter Duke, Prouoff, Isabella.*

*Efc.* I will goe darkely to worke with her.

*Luc.* That's the way: for women are light at midnight.

*Efc.* Come on Mistris, here's a Gentlewoman, Denies all that you haue said.

*Luc.* My Lord, here comes the rascall I spoke of, Here, with the *Prouoff*.

*Efc.* In very good time: speake not you to him, till we call vpon you.

*Luc.* Mum.

*Efc.* Come Sir, did you set these women on to slander Lord *Angelo*? they haue confel'd you did.

*Duk.* 'Tis false.

*Efc.* How? Know you where you are?

*Duk.* Respect to your great place; and let the diuell Be sometime honour'd, for his burning throne. Where is the *Duke*? 'tis he should heare me speake.

*Efc.* The *Duke*'s in vs: and we will heare you speake, Looke you speake iustly.

*Duk.* Boldly, at least. But oh poore soules, Come you to seeke the Lamb here of the Fox; Good night to your redresse: Is the *Duke* gone? Then is your cause gone too: The *Duke*'s vnjust, Thus to retort your manifest Appeale, And put your triall in the villaines mouth, Which here you come to accuse.

*Luc.* This is the rascall: this is he I spoke of.

*Efc.* Why thou vnreuerend, and vnhalloved Fryer: Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women, To accuse this worthy man? but in foule mouth, And in the witness of his proper care, To call him villaine; and then to glance from him, To th'*Duke* himselfe, to taxe him with Iniustice? Take him hence; to th' racke with him: we'll towze you Ioynt by Ioynt, but we will know his purpose: What? vnjust?

*Duk.* Be not so hot: the *Duke* dare No more stretch this finger of mine, then he Dare racke his owne: his Subiect am I not, Nor here Provinciall: My businesse in this State Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*, Where I haue seene corruption boyle and bubble, Till it ore-run the Stew: Lawes, for all faults, But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes Stand like the forfeites in a Barbers shop, As much in mocke, as marke.

*Efc.* Slander to th' State: Away with him to prison.

*Ang.* What can you vouch against him Signior *Lucio*? Is this the man that you did tell vs of?

*Luc.* 'Tis he, my Lord: come hither goodman baldpate, doe you know me?

*Duk.* I remember you Sir, by the sound of your voice, I met you at the Prison, in the absence of the *Duke*.

*Luc.* Oh, did you so? and do you remember what you said of the *Duke*.

*Duk.* Most notably Sir.

*Luc.* Do you so Sir: And was the *Duke* a flesh-monger, a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

*Duk.* You must (Sir) change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you indeede spoke so of him, and

much more, much worse.

*Luc.* Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I plucke thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

*Duk.* I protest, I loue the *Duke*, as I loue my selfe.

*Ang.* Harke how the villaine would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

*Efc.* Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall: Away with him to prison: Where is the *Prouoff*? away with him to prison: lay bolts enough vpon him: let him speak no more: away with those Giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

*Duk.* Stay Sir, stay a while.

*Ang.* What, resists he? helpe him *Lucio*.

*Luc.* Come fir, come fir, come fir: foh fir, why you bald-pated lying rascall: you must be hooded must you? show your knaues visage with a poxe to you: show your sheepe-biting face, and be hang'd an houre: will't not off?

*Duk.* Thou art the first knaue, that ere mad'st a *Duk*. First *Prouoff*, let me bayle these gentle three: Sneake not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you, Must haue a word anon: lay hold on him.

*Luc.* This may proue worse then hanging.

*Duk.* What you haue spoke, I pardon: sit you downe, We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leaue: Ha'st thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can doe thee office? If thou ha'st Rely vpon it, till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

*Ang.* Oh, my dread Lord, I should be guiltier then my guiltinesse, To thinke I can be vndiscernable, When I perceiue your grace, like powre diuine, Hath look'd vpon my paffes. Then good Prince, No longer Session hold vpon my shame, But let my Triall, be mine owne Confession: Immediate sentence then, and sequent death, Is all the grace I beg.

*Duk.* Come hither *Mariana*, Say: was't thou ere contracted to this woman?

*Ang.* I was my Lord.

*Duk.* Goe take her hence, and marry her instantly. Doe you the office (*Fryer*) which consummate, Returne him here againe: goe with him *Prouoff*. *Exit.*

*Efc.* My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonor, Then at the strangenesse of it.

*Duk.* Come hither *Isabell*, Your *Frier* is now your Prince: As I was then Aduertysing, and holy to your businesse, (Not changing heart with habit) I am still, Atturnd at your seruice.

*Isab.* Oh giue me pardon

That I, your vassalle, haue imploid, and pain'd Your vnknowne Soueraigntie.

*Duk.* You are pardon'd *Isabell*:

And now, deere Maide, be you as free to vs. Your Brothers death I know sits at your heart: And you may maruaile, why I obscur'd my selfe, Labouring to faue his life: and would not rather Make rash remonstrance of my hidden powre, Then let him so be lost: oh most kinde Maid, It was the swift celeritie of his death, Which I did thinke, with slower foot came on, That brain'd my purpose: but peace be with him, That life is better life past fearing death, Then that which liues to feare: make it your comfort,

So

py is your Brother.

*Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Prouoff.*

. I doe my Lord.

. For this new-married man, approaching here,  
: falt imagination yet hath wrong'd  
: well defended honor : you must pardon  
*Lariana's* fake : But as he adiudg'd your Brother,  
criminall, in double violation  
red Chastitie, and of promise-breach,  
on dependant for your Brothers life,  
ery mercy of the Law cries out  
iudible, euen from his proper tongue.

*Angelo* for *Claudio*, death for death :

still paies haste, and leasure, answers leasure ;

thill quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure* :

*Angelo*, thy fault's thus manifested ;

h though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage.

he condemne thee to the very Blocke

e *Claudio* stoop'd to death, and with like haste.

with him.

r. Oh my most gracious Lord,

: you will not mocke me with a husband ?

t. It is your husband mock't you with a husband,

nting to the safe-guard of your honor,

ght your marriage fit : else Imputation,

at he knew you, might reproach your life,

hoake your good to come : For his Possessions,

ugh by confutation they are ours ;

he en-state, and widow you with all,

y you a better husband.

r. Oh my deere Lord,

e no other, nor no better man.

ke. Neuer craue him, we are definitiue.

r. Gentle my Liege.

te. You doe but loose your labour.

with him to death : Now Sir, to you.

r. Oh my good Lord, sweet *Isabell*, take my part,

me your knees, and all my life to come,

nd you all my life to doe you seruice.

te. Against all fence you doe importune her,

d the kneele downe, in mercie of this fact,

rothers ghost, his pained bed would breake,

ake her hence in horror.

ar. *Isabell* :

*Isabell*, doe yet but kneele by me,

vp your hands, say nothing : I'll speake all.

say best men are moulded out of faults,

or the most, become much more the better

ing a little bad : So may my husband.

isabell : will you not lend a knee ?

ke. He dies for *Claudio's* death.

. Most bounteous Sir.

: if it please you, on this man condemn'd,

my Brother liu'd : I partly thinke,

: sinceritie gouerned his deedes,

e did looke on me : Since it is so,

m not die : my Brother had but lustice,

it he did the thing for which he dide.

*Angelo*, his Act did not ore-take his bad intent,

must be buried but as an intent

perish'd by the way : thoughts are no subiects

as, but merely thoughts.

r. Meerely my Lord.

ke. Your suite's vnprofitable : stand vp I say :

: bethought me of another fault.

%, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded

At an vnusuall howre ?

*Pro.* It was commanded so.

*Duke.* Had you a speciall warrant for the deed ?

*Pro.* No my good Lord : it was by priuate message.

*Duk.* For which I doe discharge you of your office,

Giue vp your keyes.

*Pro.* Pardon me, noble Lord,

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,

Yet did repent me after more aduice,

For testimony whereof, one in the prison

That should by priuate order else haue dide,

I haue referu'd aliuie.

*Duk.* What's he ?

*Pro.* His name is *Barnardine*.

*Duke.* I would thou hadst done so by *Claudio* :

Goe fetch him hither, let me looke vpon him.

*Esc.* I am sorry, one so learned, and so wife

As you, Lord *Angelo*, haue stil appear'd,

Should slip so grosselie, both in the heat of bloud

And lacke of temper'd iudgement afterward.

*Ang.* I am sorrie, that such sorrow I procure,

And so deepe sticks it in my penitent heart,

That I craue death more willingly then mercy,

'Tis my deseruing, and I doe entreat it.

*Enter Barnardine and Prouoff, Claudio, Iulietta.*

*Duke.* Which is that *Barnardine* ?

*Pro.* This my Lord.

*Duke.* There was a Friar told me of this man.

Sirha, thou art said to haue a stubborne soule

That apprehends no further then this world,

And squar'st thy life according : Thou'rt condemn'd,

But for those earthly faults, I quit them all,

And pray thee take this mercie to prouide

For better times to come : Frier aduise him,

I leaue him to your hand . What muffeld fellow's that ?

*Pro.* This is another prisoner that I sau'd,

Who should haue di'd when *Claudio* lost his head,

As like almost to *Claudio*, as himselfe.

*Duke.* If he be like your brother, for his sake

Is he pardon'd, and for your louelie sake

Giue me your hand, and say you will be mine,

He is my brother too : But fitter time for that :

By this Lord *Angelo* perceiues he's safe,

Methinkes I see a quickning in his eye :

Well *Angelo*, your euill quits you well.

Looke that you loue your wife : her worth, worth yours

I finde an apt remission in my selfe :

And yet heere's one in place I cannot pardon,

You sirha, that knew me for a foole, a Coward,

One all of Luxurie, an asse, a mad man :

Wherein haue I so deseru'd of you

That you extoll me thus ?

*Luc.* 'Faith my Lord, I spoke it but according to the

trick : if you will hang me for it you may : but I had ra-

ther it would please you, I might be whipt.

*Duke.* Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.

Proclaime it Prouoff round about the Citie,

If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow

(As I haue heard him sweare himselfe there's one

whom he begot with childe) let her appeare,

And he shall marry her : the nuptiall finish'd,

Let him be whipt and hang'd.

*Luc.* I beseech your Highnesse doe not marry me to

a Whore : your Highnesse said euen now I made you a

Duke, good my Lord do not recompence me, in making

me a Cuckold.

*Duk.* Vpon

*Duke.* Vpon mine honor thou shalt marrie her.  
Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithall  
Remit thy other forfeits : take him to prison,  
And see our pleasure herein executed.

*Luc.* Marrying a punke my Lord, is pressing to death,  
Whipping and hanging.

*Duke.* Slandering a Prince deserues it.  
She *Claudio* that you wrong'd, looke you restore.  
Ioy to you *Mariana*, loue her *Angelo* :  
I haue confes'd her, and I know her vertue.  
Thanks good friend, *Escalus*, for thy much goodnesse,

There's more behinde that is more gratefull.  
Thanks *Prouost* for thy care, and secrecie,  
We shall imploy thee in a worthier place.  
Forgiue him *Angelo*, that brought you home  
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio's*,  
Th'offence pardons it selfe. Deere *Isabell*,  
I haue a motion much imports your good,  
Whereto if you'll a willing eare incline ;  
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.  
So bring vs to our Pallace, where wee'll show  
What's yet behinde, that meete you all should know.

*The Scene Vienna.*

The names of all the Actors.

*Vincenzio* : the Duke.  
*Angelo*, the Deputie.  
*Escalus*, an ancient Lord.  
*Claudio*, a yong Gentleman.  
*Lucio*, a fantastique.  
2. Other like Gentlemen.  
*Prouost*.

*Thomas.* } 2. Friers.  
*Peter.* }  
*Elbow*, a simple Constable.  
*Froth*, a foolish Gentleman.  
*Clowne*.  
*Abborson*, an Executioner.  
*Barnardine*, a dissolute prisoner.  
*Isabella*, sister to *Claudio*.  
*Mariana*, betrothed to *Angelo*.  
*Iuliet*, beloued of *Claudio*.  
*Francisca*, a Nun.  
*Mistris Ouer-don*, a Bawd.

FINIS.





# The Comedie of Errors.

## *Actus primus, Scena prima.*

*Duke of Ephefus, with the Merchant of Siracusa,  
r, and other attendants.*

*Merchant.*

Proceed *Solinus* to procure my fall,  
And by the doome of death end woes and all.  
*Duke.* Merchant of *Siracusa*, plead no more.  
I am not partiall to infringe our Lawes;  
Unity and discord which of late  
From the rancorous outrage of your Duke,  
Shunts our well-dealing Countreimen,  
Putting gilders to redeeme their liues,  
Held his rigorous statutes with their blouds,  
Full pittie from our threatening lookes:  
The mortall and intestine iarrs  
By feditious Countreimen and vs,  
In folemne Synodes beene decreed,  
The *Siracusians* and our selues,  
To no trafficke to our aduerse townes:  
For, if any borne at *Ephefus*  
At any *Siracusan* Marts and Fayres:  
If any *Siracusan* borne  
In the Bay of *Ephefus*, he dies:  
His confiscate to the Dukes dispose,  
A thousand markes be leuied  
The penalty, and to ransom him:  
His stance, valued at the highest rate,  
Amount vnto a hundred Markes,  
For by Law thou art condemn'd to die.  
Let this my comfort, when your words are done,  
Send likewise with the euening Sonne.  
Well *Siracusan*; say in briebe the cause  
How departedst from thy native home?  
What cause thou cam'st to *Ephefus*.  
A heauier taske could not haue beene impos'd,  
To speake my griefes vnpeakable:  
The world may witnesse that my end  
Nought by nature, not by vile offence,  
What my sorrow giues me leaue.  
*Siracusa* was I borne, and wedde  
A woman, happy but for me,  
Whom I had not our hap beene bad:  
For I liu'd in ioy, our wealth increast  
By our voyages I often made  
To *Lamium*, till my factors death,  
Great care of goods at randone left,  
Me from kinde embracements of my spouse;  
Whom my absence was not sixe moneths olde,  
Her selfe (almost at fainting vnder

The pleasing punishment that women beare)  
Had made prouision for her following me,  
And soone, and safe, arriued where I was:  
There had she not beene long, but she became  
A ioyfull mother of two goodly sonnes:  
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,  
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.  
That very howre, and in the selfe-same Inne,  
A meane woman was deliuered  
Of such a burthen Male, twins both alike:  
Those, for their parents were exceeding poore,  
I bought, and brought vp to attend my sonnes.  
My wife, not meanely prou'd of two such boyes,  
Made daily motions for our home returne:  
Vnwillling I agreed, alas, too soone wee came aboard.  
A league from *Epidamium* had we faild  
Before the alwaies winde-obeying deepe  
Gaue any Tragicke Instance of our harme:  
But longer did we not retaine much hope;  
For what obscured light the heauens did grant,  
Did but conuay vnto our fearefull mindes  
A doubtfull warrant of immediate death,  
Which though my selfe would gladly haue imbrac'd,  
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,  
Weeping before for what she saw must come,  
And pittieus playnings of the prettie babes  
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to feare,  
Forst me to seeke delays for them and me,  
And this it was: (for other meanes was none)  
The Sailors sought for safety by our boate,  
And left the ship then sinking ripe to vs.  
My wife, more carefull for the latter borne,  
Had fastned him vnto a small spare Mast,  
Such as sea-faring men prouide for stormes:  
To him one of the other twins was bound,  
Whil't I had beene like heedfull of the other.  
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,  
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,  
Fastned our selues at eyther end the mast,  
And floating straight, obedient to the streame,  
Was carried towards *Corinth*, as we thought.  
At length the sonne gazing vpon the earth,  
Disperst those vapours that offended vs,  
And by the benefit of his wished light  
The seas waxt calme, and we discouered  
Two shippes from farre, making amaine to vs:  
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidarus* this,  
But ere they came, oh let me say no more,  
Gather the sequell by that went before.

*Duk.* Nay forward old man, doe not breake off so,

H

For



For we may pitty, though not pardon thee.

*Merch.* Oh had the gods done so, I had not now  
Worthily team'd them mercilesse to vs :  
For ere the ships could meet by twice fve leagues,  
We were encountred by a mighty rocke,  
Which being violently borne vp,  
Our helpfull ship was splitted in the midst ;  
So that in this vniust diuorce of vs,  
Fortune had left to both of vs alike,  
What to delight in, what to sorrow for,  
Her part, poore soule, seeming as burdened  
With lesser waight, but not with lesser woe,  
Was carried with more speed before the winde,  
And in our sight they three were taken vp  
By Fishermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.  
At length another ship had seiz'd on vs,  
And knowing whom it was their hap to faue,  
Gaue healthfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guests,  
And would haue reft the Fishers of their prey,  
Had not their backe beene very slow of faile ;  
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.  
Thus haue you heard me feuer'd from my blisse,  
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,  
To tell sad stories of my owne mishaps.

*Duke.* And for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,  
Doe me the fauour to dilate at full,  
What haue befallne of them and they till now.

*Merch.* My yongest boy, and yet my eldest care,  
At eightene yeeres became inquisitiue  
After his brother ; and importun'd me  
That his attendant, so his case was like,  
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,  
Might beare him company in the quest of him :  
Whom whil'ft I laboured of a loue to see,  
I hazarded the losse of whom I lou'd.  
Fve Sommers haue I spent in farthest *Greece*,  
Roming cleane through the bounds of *Asia*,  
And coasting homeward, came to *Ephefus* :  
Hopelesse to finde, yet loth to leaue vnought  
Or that, or any place that harbours men :  
But heere must end the story of my life,  
And happy were I in my timelie death,  
Could all my trauells warrant me they liue.

*Duke.* Haplesse *Egeon* whom the fates haue markt  
To beare the extremitie of dire mishap :  
Now trust me, were it not against our Lawes,  
Against my Crowne, my oath, my dignity,  
Which Princes would they may not disanull,  
My soule should sue as aduocate for thee :  
But though thou art adiudged to the death,  
And passed sentence may not be recal'd  
But to our honours great disparagement :  
Yet will I fauour thee in what I can ;  
Therefore Marchant, Ile limit thee this day  
To seeke thy helpe by beneficiall helpe,  
Try all the friends thou hast in *Ephefus*,  
Beg thou, or borrow, to make vp the summe,  
And liue : if no, then thou art doom'd to die :  
Iaylor, take him to thy custodie.

*Iaylor.* I will my Lord.

*Merch.* Hopelesse and helpelesse doth *Egeon* wend,  
But to procrastinate his liuelesse end. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Antipholus Erotus, a Marchant, and Dromio.*

*Mer.* Therefore giue out you are of *Epidamium*,  
Left that your goods too soone be confiscate :

This very day a *Syracusan* Marchant  
Is apprehended for a riual here,  
And not being able to buy out his life,  
According to the statute of the towne,  
Dies ere the wearie funne set in the West :  
There is your monie that I had to keepe.

*Ant.* Goe beare it to the Centaure, where we host,  
And stay there *Dromio*, till I come to thee ;  
Within this houre it will be dinner time,  
Till that Ile view the manners of the towne,  
Peruse the traders, gaze vpon the buildings,  
And then returne and sleepe within mine Inne,  
For with long trauaile I am stiffe and wearie.  
Get thee away.

*Dro.* Many a man would take you at your word,  
And goe indeede, hauing so good a meane. *Exit Drom.*

*Ant.* A trustie villaine fir, that very oft,  
When I am dull with care and melancholly,  
Lightens my humour with his merry iests :  
What will you walke with me about the towne,  
And then goe to my Inne and dine with me?

*E.Mar.* I am inuited fir to certaine Marchants,  
Of whom I hope to make much benefit :  
I craue your pardon, soone at fve a clocke,  
Please you, Ile meete with you vpon the Mart,  
And afterward comfort you till bed time :  
My present businesse calls me from you now.

*Ant.* Farewell till then : I will goe loose my selfe,  
And wander vp and downe to view the Citie.

*E.Mar.* Sir, I commend you to your owne content. *Exeunt.*

*Ant.* He that commends me to mine owne content,  
Commends me to the thing I cannot get :  
I to the world am like a drop of water,  
That in the Ocean seekes another drop,  
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,  
(Vnseene, inquisitiue) confounds himselfe.  
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,  
In quest of them (vnhappye) loose my selfe.

*Enter Dromio of Ephefus.*

Here comes the almanacke of my true date :  
What now ? How chance thou art return'd so soone.

*E.Dro.* Return'd so soone, rather approacht too late  
The Capon burnes, the Pig fals from the spit ;  
The clocke hath stricken twelue vpon the bell :  
My Mistris made it one vpon my cheek :  
She is so hot because the meate is colde :  
The meate is colde, because you come not home :  
You come not home, because you haue no stomacke :  
You haue no stomacke, hauing broke your fast :  
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray,  
Are penitent for your default to day.

*Ant.* Stop in your winde fir, tell me this I pray ?  
Where haue you left the mony that I gaue you.

*E.Dro.* Oh fixe pence that I had a wenidday last,  
To pay the Sadler for my Mistris crupper :  
The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.

*Ant.* I am not in a sportiue humor now :  
Tell me, and dally not, where is the monie ?  
We being strangers here, how dar'ft thou trust  
So great a charge from thine owne custodie.

*E.Dro.* I pray you iest fir as you sit at dinner :  
I from my Mistris come to you in post :  
If I returne I shall be post indeede.

ie will scoure your fault vpon my pate :  
 sinks your maw, like mine, should be your cooke,  
 strike you home without a messenger.  
*r.* Come *Dromio*, come, these iests are out of season,  
 ue them till a merrier houre then this :  
 'e is the gold I gaue in charge to thee?  
*Dro.* To me sir? why you gaue no gold to me?  
*r.* Come on sir knaue, haue done your foolishnes,  
 tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.  
*Dro.* My charge was but to fetch you frō the Mart  
 to your house, the *Phoenix* sir, to dinner;  
 Mistris and her sister staies for you.  
*r.* Now as I am a Christian answer me,  
 at safe place you haue bestow'd my monie ;  
 shall breake that merrie sponce of yours  
 stands on tricks, when I am vndispos'd :  
 'e is the thousand Markes thou hadst of me?  
*Dro.* I haue some markes of yours vpon my pate :  
 of my Mistris markes vpon my shoulders :  
 ot a thousand markes betweene you both.  
 ould pay your worship those againe,  
 ance you will not beare them patiently.  
*r.* Thy Mistris markes? what Mistris slaue hast thou?  
*Dro.* Your worships wife, my Mistris at the *Phoenix*;  
 hat doth fast till you come home to dinner :  
 praises that you will hie you home to dinner.  
*r.* What wilt thou flout me thus vnto my face  
 : forbid? There take you that sir knaue.  
*Dro.* What meane you sir, for God sake hold your  
 and you will not sir, Ile take my heeles. (hands :  
*Exeunt Dromio Ep.*

*r.* Vpon my life by some deuise or other,  
 villaine is ore-wrought of all my monie.  
 say this towne is full of cofenage :  
 mble Iuglers that deceiue the eie :  
 e working Sorcerers that change the minde :  
 -killing Witches, that deforme the bodie :  
 ised Cheaters, prating Mountebankes ;  
 manie such like liberties of sinne :  
 roue so, I will be gone the sooner :  
 the Centaur to goe seeke this slaue,  
 tly feare my monie is not safe.

*Exit.*

## Actus Secundus.

ster *Adriana*, wife to *Antipholus Sereptus*, with  
*Luciana* her Sister.

*r.* Neither my husband nor the slaue return'd,  
 in such haste I sent to seeke his Master? .  
*Luciana* it is two a clocke.  
*r.* Perhaps some Merchant hath inuited him,  
 from the Mart he's somewhere gone to dinner :  
 Sister let vs dine, and neuer fret ;  
 n is Master of his libertie :  
 is their Master, and when they see time,  
 'll goe or come ; if so, be patient Sister.  
*r.* Why should their libertie then ours be more?  
*r.* Because their businesse still lies out adore.  
*r.* Looke when I serue him so, he takes it thus.  
*r.* Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.  
*r.* There's none but asses will be bridled so.

*Luc.* Why, headstrong liberty is lasht with woe :  
 There's nothing situate vnder heauens eye,  
 But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in skie.  
 The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowles  
 Are their males subiects, and at their controules :  
 Man more diuine, the Master of all these,  
 Lord of the wide world, and wilde watry seas,  
 Indued with intellectuall fence and foules,  
 Of more preheminnence then fish and fowles,  
 Are masters to their females, and their Lords :  
 Then let your will attend on their accords.

*Adri.* This seruitude makes you to keepe vnwed.

*Luci.* Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

*Adri.* But were you wedded, you wold bear some sway

*Luc.* Ere I learne loue, Ile practise to obey.

*Adri.* How if your husband start some other where?

*Luc.* Till he come home againe, I would forbear.

*Adri.* Patience vnrou'd, no maruel though the pause,  
 They can be meeke, that haue no other cause :

A wretched soule bruis'd with aduersitie,

We bid be quiet when we heare it crie.

But were we burnd with like waight of paine,

As much, or more, we should our felues complaine :

So thou that hast no vnkinde mate to greeue thee ;

With vrging helpelesse patience would releue me ;

But if thou liue to see like right bereft,

This foole-beg'd patience in thee will be best.

*Luci.* Well, I will marry one day but to trie:  
 Heere comes your man, now is your husband nie.

*Enter Dromio Epi.*

*Adri.* Say, is your tardie master now at hand?

*E.Dro.* Nay, hee's at too hands with mee, and that my  
 two eares can witnesse.

*Adri.* Say, didst thou speake with him? knowst thou  
 his minde?

*E.Dro.* I, I, he told his minde vpon mine eare,

Bethrew his hand, I scarce could vnderstand it.

*Luc.* Spake hee so doubtfully, thou couldst not feele  
 his meaning.

*E.Dro.* Nay, hee strooke so plainly, I could too well  
 feele his blowes ; and withall so doubtfully, that I could  
 scarce vnderstand them.

*Adri.* But say, I prethee, is he comming home?

It seemes he hath great care to please his wife.

*E.Dro.* Why Mistrisse, sure my Master is horne mad.

*Adri.* Horne mad, thou villaine?

*E.Dro.* I meane not Cuckold mad,

But sure he is starke mad :

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,

He ask'd me for a hundred markes in gold :

'Tis dinner time quoth I : my gold, quoth he :

Your meat doth burne, quoth I : my gold quoth he :

Will you come, quoth I : my gold, quoth he ;

Where is the thousand markes I gaue thee villaine?

The Pigge quoth I, is burn'd : my gold, quoth he :

My mistrisse, sir, quoth I : hang vp thy Mistrisse :

I know not thy mistrisse, out on thy mistrisse.

*Luci.* Quoth who?

*E.Dro.* Quoth my Master, I know quoth he, no house,  
 no wife, no mistrisse : so that my arrant due vnto my  
 tongue, I thanke him, I bare home vpon my shoulders :  
 for in conclusion, he did beat me there.

*Adri.* Go back againe, thou slaue, & fetch him home.

*Dro.* Goe backe againe, and be new beaten home?

For Gods sake send some other messenger.

H 2

*Adri.* Backe

*Adri.* Backe slauē, or I will breake thy pate a-crosse.  
*Dro.* And he will blesse y<sup>e</sup> crosse with other beating :  
 Betwene you, I shall haue a holy head.

*Adri.* Hence prating pefant, fetch thy Master home.

*Dro.* Am I so round with you, as you with me,  
 That like a foot-ball you doe spurne me thus :  
 You spurne me hence, and he will spurne me hither,  
 If I last in this seruice, you must case me in leather.

*Luci.* Fie how impatience lowreth in your face.

*Adri.* His company must do his minions grace,  
 Whil't I at home starue for a merrie looke :  
 Hath homelie age th'alluring beauty tooke  
 From my poore cheekē ? then he hath wasted it.

Are my discourses dull ? Barren my wit,  
 If voluble and sharpe discourse be mar'd,  
 Vnkindnesse blunts it more then marble hard.

Doe their gay vestments his affections baite ?  
 That's not my fault, hee's master of my state.

What ruines are in me that can be found,  
 By him not ruin'd ? Then is he the ground

Of my defeatures. My decayed faire,  
 A sunnie looke of his, would soone repaire.

But, too vnruely Deere, he breaks the pale,  
 And feedes from home ; poore I am but his stale.

*Luci.* Selfe-harming lealoufie ; fie beat it hence.

*Adri.* Vnfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispence :

I know his eye doth homage other-where,  
 Or else, what lets it but he would be here ?  
 Sister, you know he promis'd me a chaine,  
 Would that alone, a loue he would detaine,  
 So he would keepe faire quarter with his bed :

I see the Jewell best enamaled  
 Will loose his beautie : yet the gold bides still  
 That others touch, and often touching will,  
 Where gold and no man that hath a name,  
 By falshood and corruption doth it shame :  
 Since that my beautie cannot please his eye,  
 Ile weepe (what's left away) and weeping die.

*Luci.* How manie fond fooles serue mad leloufie?

*Exit.*

*Enter Antipholus Erratus.*

*Ant.* The gold I gaue to *Dromio* is laid vp  
 Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedfull slauē  
 Is wandred forth in care to seeke me out  
 By computation and mine hofs report.  
 I could not speake with *Dromio*, since at first  
 I sent him from the Mart ? see here he comes.

*Enter Dromio Syracuse.*

How now sir, is your merrie humor alter'd ?  
 As you loue stroakes, so iest with me againe :  
 You know no *Centaur* ? you receiu'd no gold ?  
 Your Mistresse sent to haue me home to dinner ?  
 My house was at the *Phoenix* ? Wast thou mad,  
 That thus so madlie thou didst answere me ?

*S.Dro.* What answer sir ? when spake I such a word ?

*E.Ant.* Euen now, euen here, not halfe an howre since.

*S.Dro.* I did not see you since you sent me hence  
 Home to the *Centaur* with the gold you gaue me.

*Ant.* Villaine, thou didst denie the golds receipt,  
 And toldst me of a Mistresse, and a dinner,  
 For which I hope thou feltest I was displeas'd.

*S.Dro.* I am glad to see you in this merrie vaine,  
 What meanes this iest, I pray you Master tell me ?

*Ant.* Yea, dost thou iere & flowt me in the teeth ?  
 Thinkst y<sup>e</sup> I iest? hold, take thou that, & that. *Beats Dro.*

*S.Dr.* Hold fir, for Gods sake, now your iest is earnest,

Vpon what bargaine do you giue it me ?

*Antipb.* Because that I familiarlie sometimes  
 Doe vse you for my foole, and chat with you,  
 Your sawcinesse will iest vpon my loue,  
 And make a Common of my serious howres,  
 When the sunne shines, let foolish gnats make sport,  
 But creepe in crannies, when he hides his beames :  
 If you will iest with me, know my aspect,  
 And fashion your demeanor to my lookes,  
 Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

*S.Dro.* Sconce call you it ? so you would leaue battering,  
 I had rather haue it a head, and you vse these blows  
 long, I must get a sconce for my head, and In sconce it  
 to, or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders, but I pray  
 fir, why am I beaten ?

*Ant.* Dost thou not know ?

*S.Dro.* Nothing fir, but that I am beaten.

*Ant.* Shall I tell you why ?

*S.Dro.* I fir, and wherefore ; for they say, euery why  
 hath a wherefore.

*Ant.* Why first for flowting me, and then wherefore,  
 for vrging it the second time to me.

*S.Dro.* Was there euer anie man thus beaten out of  
 season, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither  
 rime nor reason. Well fir, I thanke you.

*Ant.* Thanke me fir, for what ?

*S.Dro.* Marry fir, for this something that you gaue me  
 for nothing.

*Ant.* Ile make you amends next, to giue you nothing  
 for something. But say fir, is it dinner time ?

*S.Dro.* No fir, I thinke the meat wants that I haue.

*Ant.* In good time fir : what's that ?

*S.Dro.* Basting.

*Ant.* Well fir, then 'twill be drie.

*S.Dro.* If it be fir, I pray you eat none of it.

*Ant.* Your reason ?

*S.Dro.* Left it make you chollericke, and purchase me  
 another drie basting.

*Ant.* Well fir, learne to iest in good time, there's a  
 time for all things.

*S.Dro.* I durst haue denied that before you were so  
 chollericke.

*Ant.* By what rule fir ?

*S.Dro.* Marry fir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald  
 pate of Father time himselfe.

*Ant.* Let's heare it.

*S.Dro.* There's no time for a man to recouer his haire  
 that growes bald by nature.

*Ant.* May he not doe it by fine and recouerie ?

*S.Dro.* Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recouer  
 the lost haire of another man.

*Ant.* Why, is Time such a niggard of haire, being (as  
 it is) so plentifull an excrement ?

*S.Dro.* Because it is a blessing that hee bestowes on  
 beasts, and what he hath scanted them in haire, hee hath  
 giuen them in wit.

*Ant.* Why, but theres manie a man hath more haire  
 then wit.

*S.Dro.* Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose  
 his haire.

*Ant.* Why thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers  
 without wit.

*S.Dro.* The plainer dealer, the sooner lost ; yet hee loo-  
 seth it in a kinde of iollitie.

*Ant.* For what reason.

*S.Dro.* For two, and found ones to.

*Ant. Nay*

Jay not found I pray you.

o. Sure ones then.

Nay, not sure in a thing falling.

o. Certaine ones then.

Name them.

o. The one to saue the money that he spends in the other, that at dinner they should not drop in age.

You would all this time haue prou'd, there is no r all things.

ro. Marry and did fir : namely, in no time to re-aire lost by Nature.

But your reason was not substantiall, why there me to recouer.

ro. Thus I mend it : Time himselfe is bald, and re to the worlds end, will haue bald followers.

I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion : but soft, its vs yonder.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

. I, I, *Antipholus*, looke strange and frowne,

ther Mistresse hath thy sweet aspects :

o. *Adriana*, nor thy wife.

ne was once, when thou vn-vrg'd wouldst vow,

euer words were musicke to thine eare,

euer obiect pleasing in thine eye,

euer touch well welcome to thy hand,

euer meat sweet-fauour'd in thy taste,

: I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or caru'd to thee.

omes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it,

you art then estranged from thy selfe ?

ife I call it, being strange to me:

ndiuidable Incorporate

ter then thy deere selves better part.

: not teare away thy selfe from me ;

ow my loue : as easie maist thou fall

of water in the breaking gulf,

ke vnmingled thence that drop againe

it addition or diminishing,

e from me thy selfe, and not me too.

eerely would it touch thee to the quicke,

st thou but heare I were licentious ?

at this body consecrate to thee,

lian Lust should be contaminate ?

st thou not spit at me, and spurne at me,

arle the name of husband in my face,

are the stain'd skin of my Harlot brow,

om my false hand cut the wedding ring,

eake it with a deepe-divorcing vow ?

thou canst, and therefore see thou doe it.

offest with an adulterate blot,

ud is mingled with the crime of lust :

we two be one, and thou play false,

igest the poison of thy flesh,

trumpeted by thy contagion :

then faire league and truce with thy true bed,

istain'd, thou vndishonoured.

p. Plead you to me faire dame ? I know you not :

efus I am but two houres old,

nge vnto your towne, as to your talke,

ery word by all my wit being scan'd,

wit in all, one word to vnderstand.

. Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you:

were you wont to vse my sister thus ?

it for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.

*Ant.* By *Dromio* ?

*Drom.* By me.

*Adr.* By thee, and this thou didst returne from him.

That he did buffet thee, and in his blowes,

Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

*Ant.* Did you conuerse fir with this gentlewoman :

What is the course and drift of your compact ?

*S.Dro.* I fir ? I neuer saw her till this time.

*Ant.* Villaine thou liest, for euen her verie words,

Didst thou deliuer to me on the Mart.

*S.Dro.* I neuer spake with her in all my life.

*Ant.* How can she thus then call vs by our names ?

Vnlesse it be by inspiration.

*Adri.* How ill agrees it with your grauitie,

To counterfeit thus grossely with your flauce,

Abetting him to thwart me in my mood ;

Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,

But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.

Come I will fasten on this sleeue of thine :

Thou art an Elme my husband, I a Vine :

Whose weaknesse married to thy stranger state,

Makes me with thy strength to communicate :

If ought possesse thee from me, it is droffe,

Vsurping Luie, Brier, or idle Mosse,

Who all for want of pruning, with intrusion,

Infect thy sap, and liue on thy confusion.

*Ant.* To mee shee speaks, shee moues mee for her theame ;

What, was I married to her in my dreame ?

Or sleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this ?

What error driues our eies and eares amisse ?

Vntill I know this sure vncertaintie,

Ile entertaine the free'd fallacie.

*Luc.* *Dromio*, goe bid the seruants spred for dinner.

*S.Dro.* Oh for my beads, I crosse me for a sinner.

This is the Fairie land, oh sight of spights,

We talke with Goblins, Owles and Sprights ;

If we obey them not, this will insue :

They'll sucke our breath, or pinch vs blacke and blew.

*Luc.* Why prat'st thou to thy selfe, and answer'st not ?

*Dromio*, thou *Dromio*, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot.

*S.Dro.* I am transformed Master, am I not ?

*Ant.* I thinke thou art in minde, and so am I.

*S.Dro.* Nay Master, both in minde, and in my shape.

*Ant.* Thou hast thine owne forme.

*S.Dro.* No, I am an Ape.

*Luc.* If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Asse.

*S.Dro.* 'Tis true she rides me, and I long for grasse.

'Tis so, I am an Asse, else it could neuer be,

But I should know her as well as she knowes me.

*Adr.* Come, come, no longer will I be a foole,

To put the finger in the eie and weepe ;

Whil'st man and Master laughs my woes to scorne :

Come fir to dinner, *Dromio* keepe the gate :

Husband Ile dine aboue with you to day,

And shriue you of a thousand idle pranks :

Sirra, if any aske you for your Master,

Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter :

Come sister, *Dromio* play the Porter well.

*Ant.* Am I in earth, in heauen, or in hell ?

Sleeping or waking, mad or well aduise :

Knowne vnto these, and to my selfe disguise :

Ile say as they say, and perseuer so :

And in this mist at all aduentures go.

*S.Dro.* Master, shall I be Porter at the gate ?

*Adr.* I, and let none enter, least I breake your pate.

*Luc.* Come, come, *Antipholus*, we dine to late.

H 3

Actus

## Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Balthezar the Merchant.*

*E. Anti.* Good signior *Angelo* you must excuse vs all,  
My wife is shrewish when I keepe not howres;  
Say that I lingerd with you at your shop  
To see the making of her Carkanet,  
And that to morrow you will bring it home.  
But here's a villaine that would face me downe  
He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him,  
And charg'd him with a thousand markes in gold,  
And that I did denie my wife and house;  
Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou meane by this?

*E. Dro.* Say what you wil sir, but I know what I know,  
That you beat me at the Mart I haue your hand to show;  
If y<sup>e</sup> skin were parchment, & y<sup>e</sup> blows you gaue were ink,  
Your owne hand-writing would tell you what I thinke.

*E. Ant.* I thinke thou art an asse.

*E. Dro.* Marry so it doth appeare

By the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I beare,  
I should kicke being kickt, and being at that passe,  
You would keepe from my heeles, and beware of an asse.

*E. An.* Y<sup>e</sup> are sad signior *Balthezar*, pray God our cheer  
May answer my good will, and your good welcom here.

*Bal.* I hold your dainties cheap sir, & your welcom deer.

*E. An.* Oh signior *Balthezar*, either at flesh or fish,  
A table full of welcome, makes scarce one dainty dish.

*Bal.* Good meat sir is comon that euery churle affords.

*Anti.* And welcome more common, for thats nothing  
but words.

*Bal.* Small cheere and great welcome, makes a mer-  
rie feast.

*Anti.* I, to a niggardly Host, and more sparing guest:  
But though my cates be meane, take them in good part,  
Better cheere may you haue, but not with better hart.  
But soft, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let vs in.

*E. Dro.* *Maud, Briget, Marian, Cistey, Gillian, Ginn.*

*S. Dro.* Mome, Malthorfe, Capon, Coxcombe, Idi-  
ot, Patch,

Either get thee from the dore, or sit downe at the hatch:  
Dost thou coniure for wenches, that y<sup>e</sup> calst for such store,  
When one is one too many, goe get thee from the dore.

*E. Dro.* What patch is made our Porter? my Master  
stays in the street.

*S. Dro.* Let him walke from whence he came, lest hee  
catch cold on's feet.

*E. Ant.* Who talks within there? ho, open the dore.

*S. Dro.* Right sir, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell  
me wherefore.

*Ant.* Wherefore? for my dinner: I haue not din'd to  
day.

*S. Dro.* Nor to day here you must not come againe  
when you may.

*Ant.* What art thou that keep'st mee out from the  
howse I owe?

*S. Dro.* The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is  
*Dromio*.

*E. Dro.* O villaine, thou hast stolne both mine office  
and my name,

The one nere got me credit, the other mickle blame:  
If thou hadst bene *Dromio* to day in my place,

Thou wouldst haue chang'd thy face for a name, &  
name for an asse.

*Enter Luce.*

*Luce.* What a coile is there *Dromio*? who are  
at the gate?

*E. Dro.* Let my Master in *Luce*.

*Luce.* Faith no, hee comes too late, and so tell  
Master.

*E. Dro.* O Lord I must laugh, haue at you with a  
uerbe,  
Shall I set in my staffe.

*Luce.* Haue at you with another, that's when  
you tell?

*S. Dro.* If thy name be called *Luce*, *Luce* thou hast  
swerd him well.

*Anti.* Doe you heare you minion, you'll let vs  
hope?

*Luce.* I thought to haue askt you.

*S. Dro.* And you said no.

*E. Dro.* So come helpe, well strooke, there was  
for blow.

*Anti.* Thou baggage let me in.

*Luce.* Can you tell for whose sake?

*E. Dro.* Master, knocke the doore hard.

*Luce.* Let him knocke till it ake.

*Anti.* You'll crie for this minion, if I beat the  
downe.

*Luce.* What needs all that, and a paire of stocks in  
towne?

*Enter Adriana.*

*Adri.* Who is that at the doore y<sup>e</sup> keeps all this?

*S. Dro.* By my troth your towne is troubled with  
ruly boies.

*Anti.* Are you there Wife? you might haue  
before.

*Adri.* Your wife sir knaue? go get you from the

*E. Dro.* If you went in paine Master, this knaue  
goe fore.

*Angelo.* Heere is neither cheere sir, nor welcom  
would faine haue either.

*Balth.* In debating which was best, wee shall  
with neither.

*E. Dro.* They stand at the doore, Master, bid  
welcome hither.

*Anti.* There is something in the winde, that we  
not get in.

*E. Dro.* You would say so Master, if your gar  
were thin.

Your cake here is warme within: you stand here in  
cold.

It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be so hot  
and cold.

*Ant.* Go fetch me something, Ile break ope the

*S. Dro.* Breake any breaking here, and Ile breake  
knaues pate.

*E. Dro.* A man may breake a word with your sir  
words are but winde:

I and breake it in your face, so he break it not behis

*S. Dro.* It seemes thou want'st breaking, out vpon  
hinde.

*E. Dro.* Here's too much out vpon thee, I pray thee  
me in.

*S. Dro.* I, when fowles haue no feathers, and fish  
no fin.

*Ant.* Well, Ile breake in: go borrow me a crow.

*E. Dro.* A crow without feather, Master meane y

ish without a sinne, ther's a fowle without afether,  
w help vs in firra, wee'll plucke a crow together.

Go, get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow.

b. Haue patience fir, oh let it not be so,  
n you warre against your reputation,  
raw within the compasse of suspect  
uiolated honor of your wife.

this your long experience of your wisedome,  
ber vertue, yeares, and modestie,  
on your part some cause to you vnknowne;  
oubt not fir, but she will well excuse  
at this time the dores are made against you.

'd by me, depart in patience,  
et vs to the Tyger all to dinner,  
bout euening come your selfe alone,

ow the reason of this strange restraint:

trong hand you offer to breake in

n the stirring passage of the day,

gar comment will be made of it;

bat suppos'd by the common rowt

ft your yet vngalled estimation,

may with foule intrusion enter in,

well vpon your graue when you are dead;

nder liues vpon succession;

ier hows'd, where it gets possession.

i. You haue preuail'd, I will depart in quiet,

n despite of mirth meane to be merrie:

w a wench of excellent discourse,

e and wittie; wilde, and yet too gentle;

will we dine: this woman that I meane

ife (but I protest without desert)

oftentimes vpbraided me withall:

r will we to dinner, get you home

etch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made,

it I pray you to the *Porpentine*,

ere's the house: That chaine will I bestow

for nothing but to spight my wife)

mine hostesse there, good fir make haste:

mine owne doores refuse to entertaine me,

ocke else-where, to see if they'll disdaine me.

g. Ile meet you at that place some houre hence.

i. Do so, this left shall cost me some expence.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Juliana, with Antiphalus of Siracusa.*

a. And may it be that you haue quite forgot

bands office? shall *Antiphalus*

in the spring of Loue, thy Loue-springs rot?

loue in buildings grow so ruinate?

did wed my sister for her wealth,

for her wealths-sake vse her with more kindnesse:

you like else-where doe it by stealth,

e your false loue with some shew of blindnesse:

at my sister read it in your eye:

t thy tongue thy owne shames Orator:

: sweet, speake faire, become disloyaltie:

ell vice like vertues harbinger:

a faire preface, though your heart be tainted,

sinne the carriage of a holy Saint,

ret false: what need the be acquainted?

simple thiefe brags of his owne attaine?

ouble wrong to truant with your bed,

et her read it in thy looks at board:

e hath a bastard fame, well managed,

ds is doubled with an euill word:

ooore women, make vs not beleuee

g compact of credit) that you loue vs,

Though others haue the arme, shew vs the sleeue:

We in your motion turne, and you may moue vs.

Then gentle brother get you in againe;

Comfort my sister, cheere her, call her wife;

'Tis holy sport to be a little vaine,

When the sweet breath of flatterie conquers strife.

S. *Anti.* Sweete Mistris, what your name is else I  
know not;

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:

Lesse in your knowledge, and your grace you show not,

Then our earths wonder, more then earth diuine.

Teach me deere creature how to thinke and speake:

Lay open to my earthie grosse conceit:

Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weake,

The foulded meaning of your words deceit:

Against my foules pure truth, why labour you,

To make it wander in an vnknowne field?

Are you a god? would you create me new?

Transforme me then, and to your powre Ile yeeld.

But if that I am I, then well I know,

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,

Nor to her bed no homage doe I owe:

Farre more, farre more, to you doe I decline:

Oh traine me not sweet Mermaide with thy note,

To drowne me in thy sister flood of teares:

Sing Siren for thy selfe, and I will dote:

Spread ore the siluer waues thy golden haire;

And as a bud Ile take thee, and there lie:

And in that glorious supposition thinke,

He gaines by death, that hath such meanes to die:

Let Loue, being light, be drowned if she sinke.

*Luc.* What are you mad, that you doe reason so?

*Anti.* Not mad, but mated, how I doe not know.

*Luc.* It is a fault that springeth from your eie.

*Anti.* For gazing on your beames faire fun being by.

*Luc.* Gaze when you should, and that will cleere

your fight.

*Anti.* As good to winke sweet loue, as looke on night.

*Luc.* Why call you me loue? Call my sister so.

*Anti.* Thy sisters sister.

*Luc.* That's my sister.

*Anti.* No: it is thy selfe, mine owne selves better part:

Mine eies cleere eie, my deere hearts deerer heart;

My foode, my fortune, and my sweet hopes aime;

My sole earths heauen, and my heauens claime.

*Luc.* All this my sister is, or else should be.

*Anti.* Call thy selfe sister sweet, for I am thee:

Thee will I loue, and with thee lead my life;

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:

Giue me thy hand.

*Luc.* Oh soft fir, hold you still:

Ile fetch my sister to get her good will.

*Exit.*

*Enter Dromio, Siracusa.*

*Anti.* Why how now *Dromio*, where run'st thou so  
fast?

S. *Dro.* Doe you know me fir? Am I *Dromio*? Am I  
your man? Am I my selfe?

*Anti.* Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art  
thy selfe.

*Dro.* I am an asse, I am a womans man, and besides  
my selfe.

*Anti.* What womans man? and how besides thy  
selfe?

*Dro.* Marrie fir, besides my selfe, I am due to a woman:  
One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will  
haue me.

*Anti.* What

*Anti.* What claime laies she to thee?

*Dro.* Marry sir, such claime as you would lay to your horse, and she would haue me as a beast, not that I beeing a beast she would haue me, but that she being a verie beastly creature layes claime to me.

*Anti.* What is she?

*Dro.* A very reuerent body: I such a one, as a man may not speake of, without he say sir reuerence, I haue but leane lucke in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

*Anti.* How dost thou meane a fat marriage?

*Dro.* Marry sir, she's the Kitchin wench, & al grease, and I know not what vse to put her too, but to make a Lampe of her, and run from her by her owne light. I warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burne a Poland Winter: If she liues till doomesday, she'l burne a weeke longer then the whole World.

*Anti.* What complexion is she of?

*Dro.* Swart like my shoo, but her face nothing like so cleane kept: for why? she sweats a man may goe o-uer-shoes in the grime of it.

*Anti.* That's a fault that water will mend.

*Dro.* No sir, 'tis in graine, *Noahs* flood could not do it.

*Anti.* What's her name?

*Dro.* Nell Sir: but her name is three quarters, that's an Ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

*Anti.* Then she beares some breth?

*Dro.* No longer from head to foot, then from hippe to hippe: she is spherically, like a globe: I could find out Countries in her.

*Anti.* In what part of her body stands *Ireland*?

*Dro.* Marry sir in her buttockes, I found it out by the bogges.

*Anti.* Where *Scotland*?

*Dro.* I found it by the barrennesse, hard in the palme of the hand.

*Anti.* Where *France*?

*Dro.* In her forehead, arm'd and reuerted, making warre against her heire.

*Anti.* Where *England*?

*Dro.* I look'd for the chalkie Cliffes, but I could find no whitenesse in them. But I guesse, it stood in her chin by the salt rheume that ranne betweene *France*, and it.

*Anti.* Where *Spaine*?

*Dro.* Faith I saw it not: but I felt it hot in her breth.

*Anti.* Where *America*, the *Indies*?

*Dro.* Oh sir, vpon her nose, all ore embellished with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Aspect to the hot breath of *Spaine*, who sent whole Armadoes of Carrecks to be ballast at her nose.

*Anti.* Where stood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands*?

*Dro.* Oh sir, I did not looke so low. To conclude, this drudge or Diuiner layd claime to mee, call'd mee *Dromio*, I swore I was assur'd to her, told me what priuie markes I had about mee, as the marke of my shoulder, the Mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arme, that I amaz'd ranne from her as a witch. And I thinke, if my breth had not bene made of faith, and my heart of Steele, she had transform'd me to a Curtull dog, & made me turne i'th wheele.

*Anti.* Go hie thee presently, post to the rode, And if the winde blow any way from shore, I will not harbour in this Towne to night. If any Barke put forth, come to the Mart,

Where I will walke till thou returne to me: If euerie one knowes vs, and we know none, 'Tis time I thinke to trudge, packe, and be gone.

*Dro.* As from a Beare a man would run for life, So fle I from her that would be my wife.

*Ex*

*Anti.* There's none but Witches do inhabite heere, And therefore 'tis hie time that I were hence: She that doth call me husband, euen my soule Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire sister Posselt with such a gentle soueraigne grace, Of such enchanting prefence and discourse, Hath almost made me Traitor to my selfe: But leaft my selfe be guilty to selfe wrong, Ile stop mine eares against the Mermaids song.

*Enter Angelo with the Chaine.*

*Ang.* M<sup>r</sup> *Antipholus*.

*Anti.* I that's my name.

*Ang.* I know it well sir, loe here's the chaine, I thought to haue tane you at the *Porpentine*, The chaine vnfinish'd made me stay thus long.

*Anti.* What is your will that I shal do with this?

*Ang.* What please your selfe sir: I haue made it for you.

*Anti.* Made it for me sir, I bespoke it not.

*Ang.* Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you haue:

Go home with it, and please your Wife withall, And soone at supper time Ile visit you, And then receiue my money for the chaine.

*Anti.* I pray you sir receiue the money now, For feare you ne're see chaine, nor money more.

*Ang.* You are a merry man sir, fare you well.

*Exit.*

*Anti.* What I should thinke of this, I cannot tell: But this I thinke, there's no man is so vaine, That would refuse so faire an offer'd Chaine. I see a man heere needs not lue by shifts, When in the streets he meetes such Golden gifts: Ile to the Mart, and there for *Dromio* stay, If any ship put out, then straight away.

*Exit*

## *Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.*

*Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.*

*Mar.* You know since Pentecost the sum is due, And since I haue not much importun'd you, Nor now I had not, but that I am bound To *Persia*, and want Gilders for my voyage: Therefore make present satisfaction, Or Ile attach you by this Officer.

*Gold.* Euen iust the sum that I do owe to you, Is growing to me by *Antipholus*, And in the instant that I met with you, He had of me a Chaine, at fiae a clocke I shall receiue the money for the same: Pleseth you walke with me downe to his house, I will discharge my bond, and thanke you too.

*Enter Antipholus Ephef. Dromio from the Courtisians.*

*Offi.* That labour may you saue: See where he com

*Anti.* While I go to the Goldsmiths house, go thou

*A*

a ropes end, that will I bestow  
my wife, and their confederates,  
ing me out of my doores by day :  
I see the Goldsmith ; get thee gone,  
a rope, and bring it home to me.  
buy a thousand pound a yeare, I buy a rope.

*Exit Dromio*

*Ant.* A man is well holpe vp that trusts to you,  
and your preface, and the Chaine,  
er Chaine nor Goldsmith came to me :  
I thought our loue would last too long  
: chain'd together : and therefore came not.  
Sauing your merrie humor : here's the note  
ch your Chaine weighs to the vtmost chareft,  
neffe of the Gold, and chargefull fashion,  
oth amount to three odde Duckets more  
band debted to this Gentleman,  
u see him presently discharged,  
bound to Sea, and staves but for it.  
I am not furnish'd with the present monie :  
haue some businesse in the towne,  
prior take the stranger to my house,  
h you take the Chaine, and bid my wife  
the summe, on the receipt thereof,  
I will be there as soone as you.

Then you will bring the Chaine to her your

No beare it with you, least I come not time e-

Well fir, I will ? Haue you the Chaine about

And if I haue not fir, I hope you haue:  
you may returne without your money.

Nay come I pray you fir, giue me the Chaine :  
side and tide staves for this Gentleman,  
so blame haue held him heere too long.

Good Lord, you vse this dalliance to excuse  
each of promise to the *Porpentine*,  
haue chid you for not bringing it,  
a shrew you first begin to brawle.

The houre steales on, I pray you fir dispatch.

You heare how he importunes me, the Chaine.

Why giue it to my wife, and fetch your mony.

Come, come, you know I gaue it you euen now.

And the Chaine, or send me by some token.

Fie, now you run this humor out of breath,  
here's the Chaine, I pray you let me see it.

My businesse cannot brooke this dalliance,

say, whe'r you'l answer me, or no :

le leaue him to the Officer.

I answer you ? What should I answer you.

The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.

I owe you none, till I receiue the Chaine.

You know I gaue it you halfe an houre since.

You gaue me none, you wrong mee much to

You wrong me more fir in denying it.  
how it stands vpon my credit.

Well Officer, arrest him at my suite.

I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to o-

This touches me in reputation.

onsent to pay this sum for me,

ach you by this Officer.

Consent to pay thee that I neuer had :

ne foolish fellow if thou dar'ft.

*Gold.* Heere is thy fee, arrest him Officer.  
I would not spare my brother in this case,  
If he should scorne me so apparantly.

*Offic.* I do arrest you fir, you heare the suite.

*Ant.* I do obey thee, till I giue thee baile.

But firrah, you shall buy this sport as deere,

As all the mettall in your shop will answer.

*Gold.* Sir, fir, I shall haue Law in *Ephejus*,  
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

*Enter Dromio Sira. from the Bay.*

*Dro.* Master, there's a Barke of *Epidamium*,  
That staies but till her Owner comes aboard,  
And then fir she beares away. Our fraughtage fir,  
I haue conuei'd aboard, and I haue bought  
The Oyle, the *Balsamum*, and Aqua-vitæ.  
The ship is in her trim, the merrie winde  
Blowes faire from land : they stay for nought at all,  
But for their Owner, Master, and your selfe.

*Ant.* How now ? a Madman ? Why thou peeuisish sheep  
What ship of *Epidamium* staies for me.

*S.Dro.* A ship you sent me too, to hier waftage.

*Ant.* Thou drunken slaue, I sent thee for a rope,  
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

*S.Dro.* You sent me for a ropes end as soone,  
You sent me to the Bay fir, for a Barke.

*Ant.* I will debate this matter at more leisure  
And teach your eares to list me with more heede :

To *Adriana* Villaine hie thee straight:

Giue her this key, and tell her in the Deske

That's couer'd o're with Turkish Tapistrie,

There is a purse of Duckets, let her lend it:

Tell her, I am arrested in the streete,

And that shall baile me : hie thee slaue, be gone,

On Officer to prison, till it come.

*S. Dromio.* To *Adriana*, that is where we din'd,

Where Dowfabell did claime me for her husband,

She is too bigge I hope for me to compasse,

Thither I must, although against my will :

For seruants must their Masters mindes fulfill.

*Exeunt*

*Exit*

*Enter Adriana and Luciana.*

*Adr.* Ah *Luciana*, did he tempt thee so ?

Might'ft thou perceiue austereely in his eie,

That he did plead in earnest, yea or no :

Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily ?

What obseruation mad'ft thou in this case ?

Oh, his hearts Meteors tilting in his face.

*Luc.* First he deni'de you had in him no right.

*Adr.* He meant he did me none : the more my spight

*Luc.* Then swore he that he was a stranger heere.

*Adr.* And true he swore, though yet forsworne hee  
were.

*Luc.* Then pleaded I for you.

*Adr.* And what said he ?

*Luc.* That loue I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

*Adr.* With what perswasion did he tempt thy loue ?

*Luc.* With words, that in an honest suit might moue.

First, he did praise my beautie, then my speech.

*Adr.* Did'ft speake him faire ?

*Luc.* Haue patience I beseech.

*Adr.* I cannot, nor I will not hold me still,

My tongue, though not my heart, shall haue his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and fere,

Ill-fac'd, worfe bodied, shapelesse euery where :

Vicious, vngentle, foolish, blunt, vnkinde,

Stigma-



Stigmaticall in making worfe in minde.

*Luc.* Who would be ielous then of such a one?  
No euill loft is wail'd, when it is gone.

*Adr.* Ah but I thinke him better then I say:  
And yet would herein others eies were worfe:  
Farre from her nest the Lapwing cries away;  
My heart praies for him, though my tongue doe curse.

*Enter S. Dromio.*

*Dro.* Here goe: the deske, the purse, sweet now make haste.

*Luc.* How hast thou lost thy breath?

*S. Dro.* By running fast.

*Adr.* Where is thy Master *Dromio*? Is he well?

*S. Dro.* No, he's in Tartar limbo, worfe then hell:  
A diuell in an euerlasting garment hath him;  
On whose hard heart is button'd vp with Steele:  
A Feind, a Fairie, pittilesse and ruffe:  
A Wolfe, nay worfe, a fellow all in buffe:  
A back friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermaids  
The passages of allies, creekes, and narrow lands:  
A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well,  
One that before the Iudgmēt carries poore foules to hel.

*Adr.* Why man, what is the matter?

*S. Dro.* I doe not know the matter, hee is rested on the cafe.

*Adr.* What is he arrested? tell me at whose suite?

*S. Dro.* I know not at whose suite he is arested well;  
but is in a suite of buffe which rested him, that can I tell,  
will you send him Mistris redemption, the monie in his deske.

*Adr.* Go fetch it Sister: this I wonder at.

*Exit Luciana.*

Thus he vnknowne to me should be in debt:

Tell me, was he arested on a band?

*S. Dro.* Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:

A chaine, a chaine, doe you not here it ring.

*Adria.* What, the chaine?

*S. Dro.* No, no, the bell, 'tis time that I were gone:  
It was two ere I left him, and now the clocke strikes one.

*Adr.* The houres come backe, that did I neuer here.

*S. Dro.* Oh yes, if any houre meete a Serieant, a turnes  
backe for verie feare.

*Adri.* As if time were in debt: how fondly do't thou  
reason?

*S. Dro.* Time is a verie bankerout, and owes more then  
he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a theefe too: haue you not heard men say,

That time comes stealing on by night and day?

If I be in debt and theft, and a Serieant in the way,  
Hath he not reason to turne backe an houre in a day?

*Enter Luciana.*

*Adr.* Go *Dromio*, there's the monie, beare it straight,  
And bring thy Master home immediately.

Come sister, I am prest downe with conceit:

Conceit, my comfort and my iniurie.

*Exit.*

*Enter Antipholus Siracusa.*

There's not a man I meete but doth salute me

As if I were their well acquainted friend,

And euerie one doth call me by my name:

Some tender monie to me, some inuite me;

Some other giue me thanks for kindnesse;

Some offer me Commodities to buy.

Euen now a tailor cal'd me in his shop,

And show'd me Silkes that he had bought for me,  
And therewithall tooke measure of my body.  
Sure these are but imaginarie wiles,  
And lapland Sorcerers inhabite here.

*Enter Dromio. Sir.*

*S. Dro.* Master, here's the gold you sent me for: what  
haue you got the picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd?

*Ant.* What gold is this? What *Adam* do'st thou  
meane?

*S. Dro.* Not that *Adam* that kept the Paradise: but  
that *Adam* that keeps the prison; hee that goes in the  
calues-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall: hee that  
came behinde you fir, like an euill angel, and bid you for-  
fake your libertie.

*Ant.* I vnderstand thee not.

*S. Dro.* No? why 'tis a plaine case: he that went like  
a Base-Viole in a cafe of leather; the man fir, that when  
gentlemen are tired giues them a sob, and rests them:  
he fir, that takes pittie on decaied men, and giues them  
suites of durance: he that sets vp his rest to doe more ex-  
ploits with his Mace, then a Moris Pike.

*Ant.* What thou mean'st an officer?

*S. Dro.* I fir, the Serieant of the Band: he that brings  
any man to answer it that breakes his Band: one that  
thinks a man alwaies going to bed, and saies, God giue  
you good rest.

*Ant.* Well fir, there rest in your foolerie:

Is there any ships puts forth to night? may we be gone?

*S. Dro.* Why fir, I brought you word an houre since,  
that the Barke *Expedition* put forth to night, and then  
were you hindred by the Serieant to tarry for the *Hoy*.  
*Delay*: Here are the angels that you sent for to deliuer  
you.

*Ant.* The fellow is distract, and so am I,

And here we wander in illusions:

Some blessed power deliuer vs from hence.

*Enter a Curtisan.*

*Cur.* Well met, well met, Master *Antipholus*:

I see fir you haue found the Gold-smith now:

Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day.

*Ant.* Sathan auoide, I charge thee tempt me not.

*S. Dro.* Master, is this Mistris *Satban*?

*Ant.* It is the diuell.

*S. Dro.* Nay, she is worfe, she is the diuels dam:

And here she comes in the habit of a light wench, and  
thereof comes, that the wenches say God dam me, That's  
as much to say, God make me a light wench: It is writ-  
ten, they appeare to men like angels of light, light is an  
effect of fire, and fire will burne: ergo, light wenches will  
burne, come not neere her.

*Cur.* Your man and you are maruailous merrie fir.

Will you goe with me, wee'll mend our dinner here?

*S. Dro.* Master, if do expect spoon-meate, or bespeake  
a long spoone.

*Ant.* Why *Dromio*?

*S. Dro.* Marrie he must haue a long spoone that must  
eate with the diuell.

*Ant.* Auoide then fiend, what tel'st thou me of sup-  
Thou art, as you are all a sorceresse: (ping?)

I coniure thee to leaue me, and be gon.

*Cur.* Giue me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or for my Diamond the Chaine you promis'd,

And Ile be gone fir, and not trouble you.

*S. Dro.* Some diuels aske but the parings of ones naile,

haire, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherrie-  
it the more couetous, wold haue a chaine: Ma-  
ise, and if you giue it her, the diuell will shake  
ne, and fright vs with it.

pray you fir my Ring, or else the Chaine,  
u do not meane to cheate me so?  
Auant thou witch: Come *Dromio* let vs go.  
Flie pride saies the Pea-cocke, Mistris that  
w.

Now out of doubt *Antipholus* is mad,  
ld he neuer so demeane himselfe,  
he hath of mine worth fortie Duckets,  
the same he promis'd me a Chaine,  
: and other he denies me now:  
on that I gather he is mad,  
his present instance of his rage,  
tale he told to day at dinner,  
wne doores being shut against his entrance.  
is wife acquainted with his fits,  
ose shut the doores against his way:  
is now to hie home to his house,  
his wife, that being Lunaticke,  
d into my house, and tooke perforce  
g away. This course I steft choofe,  
e Duckets is too much to loofe.

Enter *Antipholus Ephesus* with a Lailor.

'eare me not man, I will not breake away,  
thee ere I leaue thee so much money  
ant thee as I am rested for.  
is in a wayward moode to day,  
I not lightly trust the Messenger,  
ould be attach'd in *Ephesus*,  
u 'twill sound harshly in her eares.

Enter *Dromio Ephesus* with a ropes end.  
omes my Man, I thinke he brings the monie.  
w fir? Haue you that I sent you for?  
e. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.  
But where's the Money?  
e. Why fir, I gaue the Monie for the Rope.  
Five hundred Duckets villaine for a rope?  
*Dro.* Ile serue you fir five hundred at the rate.  
To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?  
e. To a ropes end fir, and to that end am I re-

And to that end fir, I will welcome you.  
Good fir be patient.  
e. Nay 'tis for me to be patient, I am in aduer-

Good now hold thy tongue.  
e. Nay, rather perfwade him to hold his hands.  
Thou whorefon senselesse Villaine.  
e. I would I were senselesse fir, that I might  
e your blowes.  
Thou art sensible in nothing but blowes, and  
Asse.

ro. I am an Asse indeede, you may prooue it by  
eares. I haue serued him from the houre of my  
e to this instant, and haue nothing at his hands  
seruice but blowes. When I am cold, he heates  
beating: when I am warme, he cooles me with  
I am wak'd with it when I sleepe, rais'd with  
I sit, driven out of doores with it when I goe  
me, welcom'd home with it when I returne, nay

I beare it on my shoulders, as a begger woont her brat:  
and I thinke when he hath lam'd me, I shall begge with  
it from doore to doore.

Enter *Adriana*, *Luciana*, *Courtisan*, and a Schoole-  
master, call'd *Pinch*.

*Ant.* Come goe along, my wife is comming yon-  
der.

*E. Dro.* Mistris *respice finem*, respect your end, or ra-  
ther the prophesie like the Parrat, beware the ropes end.

*Anti.* Wilt thou still talke? *Beats Dro.*

*Curt.* How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

*Adri.* His inciuility confirms no lesse:

Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Coniurer,  
Establisth him in his true fence againe,  
And I will please you what you will demand.

*Luc.* Alas how fiery, and how sharpe he lookes.

*Cur.* Marke, how he trembles in his extasie.

*Pinch.* Giue me your hand, and let mee feele your  
pulse.

*Ant.* There is my hand, and let it feele your eare.

*Pinch.* I charge thee Sathan, hous'd within this man,  
To yeeld possession to my holie priers,  
And to thy state of darknesse hie thee straight,  
I coniure thee by all the Saints in heauen.

*Anti.* Peace doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

*Adri.* Oh that thou wer't not, poore distressed soule.

*Anti.* You Minion you, are these your Customers?  
Did this Companion with the saffron face  
Reuell and feast it at my house to day,  
Whil't vpon me the guiltie doores were shut,  
And I denied to enter in my house.

*Adri.* O husband, God doth know you din'd at home  
Where would you had remain'd vntill this time,  
Free from these slanders, and this open shame.

*Anti.* Din'd at home? Thou Villaine, what sayest  
thou?

*Dro.* Sir sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

*Ant.* Were not my doores lockt vp, and I shut out?

*Dro.* Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you shut  
out.

*Anti.* And did not she her selfe reuile me there?

*Dro.* Sans Fable, she her selfe reuil'd you there.

*Anti.* Did not her Kitchen maide raille, taunt, and  
scorne me?

*Dro.* Certis she did, the kitchin vefall scorn'd you.

*Ant.* And did not I in rage depart from thence?

*Dro.* In veritie you did, my bones beares witnesse,  
That since haue felt the vigor of his rage.

*Adri.* Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

*Pinch.* It is no shame, the fellow finds his vaine,  
And yeelding to him, humors well his frensie.

*Ant.* Thou hast subborn'd the Goldsmith to arrest  
mee.

*Adri.* Alas, I sent you Monie to redeeme you,  
By *Dromio* heere, who came in haft for it.

*Dro.* Monie by me? Heart and good will you might,  
But surely Master not a ragge of Monie.

*Ant.* Wentst not thou to her for a purse of Duckets.

*Adri.* He came to me, and I deliuer'd it.

*Luci.* And I am witnesse with her that she did:

*Dro.* God and the Rope-maker beare me witnesse,  
That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

*Pinch.* Mistris, both Man and Master is posselt,  
I know it by their pale and deadly lookes,

They

They must be bound and laide in some darke roome.

*Ant.* Say wherefore didst thou locke me forth to day,  
And why dost thou denie the bagge of gold?

*Adr.* I did not gentle husband locke thee forth.

*Dro.* And gentle M<sup>r</sup> I receiu'd no gold:

But I confesse fir, that we were lock'd out.

*Adr.* Dissembling Villain, thou speak'st false in both

*Ant.* Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,  
And art confederate with a damned packe,  
To make a loathsome abiect scorne of me:  
But with these nailes, Ile plucke out these false eyes,  
That would behold in me this shamefull sport.

*Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him:*

*Hee shriues.*

*Adr.* Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come  
neere me.

*Pinch.* More company, the fiend is strong within him

*Luc.* Aye me poore man, how pale and wan he looks.

*Ant.* What will you murder me, thou Iailor thou?  
I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them to make a ref-  
cue?

*Offi.* Masters let him go: he is my prisoner, and you  
shall not haue him.

*Pinch.* Go binde this man, for he is franticke too.

*Adr.* What wilt thou do, thou peeuiſh Officer?  
Haſt thou delight to ſee a wretched man  
Do outrage and diſpleaſure to himſelfe?

*Offi.* He is my prisoner, if I let him go,  
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

*Adr.* I will diſcharge thee ere I go from thee,  
Beare me forthwith vnto his Creditor,  
And knowing how the debt growes I will pay it.  
Good Maſter Doctoſer ſee him ſafe conuey'd  
Home to my houſe, oh moſt vnhappy day.

*Ant.* Oh moſt vnhappy ſtrumpet.

*Dro.* Maſter, I am heere entred in bond for you.

*Ant.* Out on thee Villaine, wherefore doſt thou mad  
mee?

*Dro.* Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good  
Maſter, cry the diuell.

*Luc.* God helpe poore ſoules, how idly do they  
talke.

*Adr.* Go beare him hence, ſiſter go you with me:  
Say now, whoſe ſuite is he arreſted at?

*Exeunt. Manet Offi. Adri. Luci. Courtiman*

*Offi.* One *Angelo* a Goldſmith, do you know him?

*Adr.* I know the man: what is the ſumme he owes?

*Offi.* Two hundred Duckets.

*Adr.* Say, how growes it due.

*Offi.* Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.

*Adr.* He did beſpeake a Chain for me, but had it not.

*Cur.* When as your husband all in rage to day  
Came to my houſe, and tooke away my Ring,

The Ring I ſaw vpon his finger now,  
Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine.

*Adr.* It may be ſo, but I did neuer ſee it.

Come Iailor, bring me where the Goldſmith is,  
I long to know the truth heereof at large.

*Enter Antipholus Siracusia with his Rapier drawne,  
and Dromio Sirac.*

*Luc.* God for thy mercy, they are looſe againe.

*Adr.* And come with naked ſwords,  
Let's call more helpe to haue them bound againe.

*Runne all out.*

*Off.* Away, they'll kill vs.

*Exeunt omnes, as faſt as may be, frighted.*

*S. Ant.* I ſee theſe Witches are afraid of ſwords.

*S. Dro.* She that would be your wife, now ran from  
you.

*Ant.* Come to the Centaur, fetch our ſtuffe from  
thence:

I long that we were ſafe and ſound aboard.

*Dro.* Faith ſtay heere this night, they will ſurely do  
vs no harme: you ſaw they ſpeake vs faire, giue vs gold:  
me thinks they are ſuch a gentle Nation, that but for  
the Mountaine of mad fleſh that claimes marriage of me,  
I could finde in my heart to ſtay heere ſtill, and turne  
Witch.

*Ant.* I will not ſtay to night for all the Towne,  
Therefore away, to get our ſtuffe aboard. *Exeunt*

## Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter the Mercant and the Goldſmith.*

*Gold.* I am forry Sir that I haue hindred you,  
But I proteſt he had the Chaine of me,  
Though moſt diſhoneſtly he doth denie it.

*Mar.* How is the man eſteem'd heere in the Citie?

*Gold.* Of very reuerent reputation fir,  
Of credit infinite, highly below'd,  
Second to none that liues heere in the Citie:  
His word might beare my wealth at any time.

*Mar.* Speake ſoftly, yonder as I thinke he walkeſ.

*Enter Antipholus and Dromio againe.*

*Gold.* 'Tis ſo: and that ſelfe chaine about his necke,  
Which he forſwore moſt monſtrouſly to haue.

Good fir draw neere to me, Ile ſpeake to him:

Signior *Antipholus*, I wonder much  
That you would put me to this ſhame and trouble,  
And not without ſome ſcandall to your ſelfe,  
With circumſtance and oaths, ſo to denie  
This Chaine, which now you weare ſo openly.

Befide the charge, the ſhame, imprisonment,  
You haue done wrong to this my honeſt friend,

Who but for ſtaying on our Controuerſie,

Had hoisted ſaile, and put to ſea to day:

This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it?

*Ant.* I thinke I had, I neuer did deny it.

*Mar.* Yes that you did fir, and forſwore it too.

*Ant.* Who heard me to denie it or forſwear it?

*Mar.* Theſe eares of mine thou knowſt did hear thee:

Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pittie that thou liu'ſt

To walke where any honeſt men reſort.

*Ant.* Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus,

Ile proue mine honor, and mine honeſtie

Againſt thee preſently, if thou dar'ſt ſtand:

*Mar.* I dare and do deſie thee for a villaine.

*They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, & others.*

*Adr.* Hold, hurt him not for Gods ſake, he is mad,

Some get within him, take his ſword away:

Binde *Dromio* too, and beare them to my houſe.

*S. Dro.* Runne maſter run, for Gods ſake take a houſe,

This is ſome Priorie, in, or we are ſpoyl'd.

*Exeunt to the Priorie.*

*Enter*

*Enter Ladie Abbess.*

Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?  
To fetch my poore distracted husband hence,  
Come in, that we may binde him fast,  
And re him home for his recouerie.  
I knew he was not in his perfect wits.  
I am sorry now that I did draw on him.  
How long hath this possession held the man.  
This weeke he hath bene heauie, fower sad,  
Each different from the man he was:  
This afternoone his passion  
Ake into extremity of rage.  
Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea,  
Some deere friend, hath not else his eye  
His affection in vnlawfull loue,  
Preuailing much in youthfull men,  
To take their libertie of gazing.  
Of these sorrowes is he subiect too?  
To none of these, except it be the last,  
Some loue that drew him off from home.  
You should for that haue reprehended him.  
Why so I did.  
But not rough enough.  
As roughly as my modestie would let me.  
I say in priuate.  
And in assemblies too.  
But not enough.  
It was the copie of our Conference.  
He slept not for my vrging it;  
He fed not for my vrging it:  
It was the subiect of my Theame:  
Any I often glanced it:  
I tell him, it was wilde and bad.  
And thereof came it, that the man was mad.  
Some clamors of a ielous woman,  
More deadly then a mad dogges tooth.  
His sleepes were hindred by thy railing,  
And so comes it that his head is light.  
If his meate was saw'd with thy vpbraidings,  
Meales make ill digestions,  
The raging fire of feauer bred,  
At's a Feauer, but a fit of madnesse?  
Yet his sports were hindred by thy bralles.  
Recreation barr'd, what doth ensue  
Idle and dull melancholly,  
To grim and comfortlesse dispaire,  
Her heeles a huge infectious troope  
Of distemperatures, and foes to life?  
In sport, and life-preseruing rest  
Sturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:  
Sequence is then; thy ielous fits  
Hind'red thy husband from the vse of wits.  
She neuer reprehended him but mildly,  
His demean'd himselfe, rough, rude, and wildly,  
Are you these rebukes, and answer not?  
She did betray me to my owne reproofe,  
People enter, and lay hold on him.  
No, not a creature enters in my house.  
Then let your seruants bring my husband forth  
Neither: he tooke this place for sanctuary,  
Hath priuiledge him from your hands,  
Iue brought him to his wits againe,  
My labour in assaying it.  
I will attend my husband, be his nurse,

Diet his sicknesse, for it is my Office,  
And will haue no attorney but my selfe,  
And therefore let me haue him home with me.

*Ab.* Be patient, for I will not let him stirre,  
Till I haue vs'd the approoued meanes I haue,  
With wholsome sirrups, drugges, and holy prayers  
To make of him a formall man againe:  
It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,  
A charitable dutie of my order,  
Therefore depart, and leaue him heere with me.

*Adr.* I will not hence, and leaue my husband heere:  
And ill it doth beseeme your holinesse  
To separate the husband and the wife.

*Ab.* Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not haue him.

*Luc.* Complaine vnto the Duke of this indignity.

*Adr.* Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feete,  
And neuer rise vntill my teares and prayers  
Haue won his grace to come in person hither,  
And take perforce my husband from the Abbess.

*Mar.* By this I thinke the Diall points at five:  
Anon I'me sure the Duke himselfe in person  
Comes this way to the melancholly vale;  
The place of depth, and sorrie execution,  
Behinde the ditches of the Abbey heere.

*Gold.* Vpon what cause?

*Mar.* To see a reuerent *Siracusan* Merchant,  
Who put vnluckily into this Bay  
Against the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne,  
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

*Gold.* See where they come, we wil behold his death

*Luc.* Kneele to the Duke before he passe the Abbey.

*Enter the Duke of Epbesus, and the Merchant of Siracusa  
bare head, with the Headsmen, & other  
Officers.*

*Duke.* Yet once againe proclaime it publicly,  
If any friend will pay the summe for him,  
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

*Adr.* Iustice most sacred Duke against the Abbess.

*Duke.* She is a vertuous and a reuerend Lady,  
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

*Adr.* May it please your Grace, *Antipholus* my husband,  
Who I made Lord of me, and all I had,  
At your important Letters this ill day,  
A most outrageous fit of madnesse tooke him:  
That desperately he hurried through the streete,  
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,  
Doing displeasure to the Citizens,  
By rushing in their houses: bearing thence  
Rings, Jewels, any thing his rage did like.  
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,  
Whil'st to take order for the wrongs I went,  
That heere and there his furie had committed,  
Anon I wot not, by what strong escape  
He broke from those that had the guard of him,  
And with his mad attendant and himselfe,  
Each one with irefull passion, with drawne swords  
Met vs againe, and madly bent on vs  
Chac'd vs away: till raising of more aide  
We came againe to binde them: then they fled  
Into this Abbey, whether we pursu'd them,  
And heere the Abbess shuts the gates on vs,  
And will not suffer vs to fetch him out,  
Nor send him forth, that we may beare him hence.

I

Therefore

Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command,  
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe.

*Duke.* Long since thy husband seru'd me in my wars  
And I to thee ingag'd a Princes word,  
When thou didst make him Master of thy bed,  
To do him all the grace and good I could.  
Go some of you, knocke at the Abbey gate,  
And bid the Lady Abbess come to me :  
I will determine this before I stirre.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Oh Mistris, Mistris, shift and saue your selfe,  
My Master and his man are both broke loose,  
Beaten the Maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,  
Whose beard they haue findg'd off with brands of fire,  
And euer as it blaz'd, they threw on him  
Great pailles of puddled myre to quench the haire ;  
My M<sup>r</sup> preaches patience to him, and the while  
His man with Cizers nickses him like a foole :  
And sure (vnlesse you send some present helpe)  
Betweene them they will kill the Coniurer.

*Adr.* Peace foole, thy Master and his man are here,  
And that is false thou dost report to vs.

*Mess.* Mistris, vpon my life I tel you true,  
I haue not breath'd almost since I did see it.  
He cries for you, and vows if he can take you,  
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you :

*Cry within.*

Harke, harke, I heare him Mistris : flie, be gone.

*Duke.* Come stand by me, feare nothing : guard with  
Halberds.

*Adr.* Ay me, it is my husband : witness you,  
That he is borne about inuisible,  
Euen now we hous'd him in the Abbey heere.  
And now he's there, past thought of humane reason.

*Enter Antipholus, and E. Dromio of Ephesus.*

*E. Ant.* Iustice most gracious Duke, oh grant me iu- (stice,  
Euen for the seruice that long since I did thee,  
When I befrid thee in the warres, and tooke  
Deepe scarres to saue thy life ; euen for the blood  
That then I lost for thee, now grant me iustice.

*Mar. Far.* Vnlesse the feare of death doth make me  
dote, I see my sonne Antipholus and Dromio.

*E. Ant.* Iustice (sweet Prince) against y<sup>e</sup> Woman there :  
She whom thou gau'st to me to be my wife ;  
That hath abused and dishonored me,  
Euen in the strength and height of iniurie :  
Beyond imagination is the wrong  
That she this day hath shamelesse throwne on me.

*Duke.* Discover how, and thou shalt finde me iust.

*E. Ant.* This day (great Duke) she shut the doores  
vpon me,  
While she with Harlots feasted in my house.

*Duke.* A greuous fault : say woman, didst thou so ?

*Adr.* No my good Lord. My selfe, he, and my sister,  
To day did dine together : so befall my soule,  
As this is false he burthens me withall.

*Luc.* Nere may I looke on day, nor sleepe on night,  
But she tels to your Highnesse simple truth.

*Gold.* O periur'd woman ! They are both forsworne,  
In this the Madman iustly chargeth them.

*E. Ant.* My Liege, I am aduised what I say,  
Neither disturbed with the effect of Wine,  
Nor headie-rash prouok'd with raging ire,  
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner ;  
That Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,  
Could witness it : for he was with me then,  
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,  
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,  
Where *Baltazar* and I did dine together.  
Our dinner done, and he not comming thither,  
I went to seeke him. In the street I met him,  
And in his companie that Gentleman.

There did this periur'd Goldsmith sweare me downe,  
That I this day of him receiu'd the Chaine,  
Which God he knowes, I saw not. For the which,  
He did arrest me with an Officer.

I did obey, and sent my Pesant home  
For certaine Duckets : he with none return'd.  
Then fairely I bespoke the Officer  
To go in person with me to my house.

By th'way, we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more  
Of vilde Confederates : Along with them  
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry leane-fac'd Villaine ;  
A meere Anatomie, a Mountebanke,

A thred-bare Iugler, and a Fortune-teller,  
A needy-hollow-ey'd-sharpe-looking-wretch ;  
A liuing dead man. This pernicious slaue,  
Forsooth tooke on him as a Coniurer :

And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,  
And with no-face (as 'twere) out-facing me,  
Cries out, I was posselt. Then altogether  
They fell vpon me, bound me, bore me thence,  
And in a darke and dankish vault at home  
There left me and my man, both bound together,  
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,  
I gain'd my freedom ; and immediately  
Ran hether to your Grace, whom I beseech  
To giue me ample satisfaction  
For these deepe shames, and great indignities.

*Gold.* My Lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him :  
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

*Duke.* But had he such a Chaine of thee, or no ?

*Gold.* He had my Lord, and when he ran in heere,  
These people saw the Chaine about his necke.

*Mar.* Besides, I will be sworne these eares of mine,  
Heard you confesse you had the Chaine of him,  
After you first forswore it on the Mart,  
And thereupon I drew my sword on you :  
And then you fled into this Abbey heere,  
From whence I thinke you are come by Miracle.

*E. Ant.* I neuer came within these Abbey wals,  
Nor euer didst thou draw thy sword on me :  
I neuer saw the Chaine, so helpe me heauen :  
And this is false you burthen me withall.

*Duke.* Why what an intricate impeach is this ?  
I thinke you all haue drunke of *Circes* cup :  
If heere you hous'd him, heere he would haue bin.  
If he were mad, he would not pleade so coldly :  
You say he din'd at home, the Goldsmith heere  
Denies that saying. Sirra, what say you ?

*E. Dro.* Sir he din'de with her there, at the Porpen-  
tine.

*Cur.* He did, and from my finger snatcht that Ring.

*E. Anti.* Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.

*Duke.* Saw'st thou him enter at the Abbey heere ?

*Cur.* As sure (my Liege) as I do see your Grace.

*Duke.* Why this is strange : Go call the Abbess hither.

I thinke you are all mated, or starke mad.

*Ex*

*Exit one to the Abbesse.*

Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:  
I see a friend will save my life,  
By the sum that may deliver me.

Speake freely *Siracusan* what thou wilt.

Is not your name sir call'd *Antipholus*?

Not that your bondman *Dromio*?

*Dro.* Within this houre I was his bondman sir,

I thanke him gnaw'd in two my cords,

in I *Dromio*, and his man, vnbound.

I am sure you both of you remember me.

Our felues we do remember sir by you:

ely we were bound as you are now.

e not *Pinches* patient, are you sir?

*er.* Why looke you strange on me? you know

ll.

*bt.* I neuer saw you in my life till now.

h! grieve hath chang'd me since you saw me last,

refull houres with times deformed hand,

written strange defeatures in my face:

I me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Neither.

*Dromio*, nor thou?

No trust me sir, nor I.

I am sure thou dost?

*Dromio.* I sir, but I am sure I do not, and whatfo-  
man denies, you are now bound to beleuee him.

Not know my voice, oh times e tremity

you so crack'd and splitt'd my poore tongue

in short yeares, that heere my onely sonne

is not my feeble key of vntun'd cares?

h now this grained face of mine be hid

consuming Winters drizled snow,

ll the Conduits of my blood froze vp:

th my night of life some memorie:

usting lampes some fading glimmer left;

ll deafe eares a little vfe to heare:

ese old witnesses, I cannot erre.

ie, thou art my sonne *Antipholus*.

I neuer saw my Father in my life.

But seven yeares since, in *Siracusa* boy

know't we parted, but perhaps my sonne,

ham't to acknowledge me in miserie.

The Duke, and all that know me in the City,

itnesse with me that it is not so.

saw *Siracusa* in my life.

ie. I tell thee *Siracusan*, twentie yeares

bin Patron to *Antipholus*,

which time, he ne're saw *Siracusa*:

by age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the Abbesse with Antipholus Siracusa,  
and Dromio Sir.*

*esse.* Most mightie Duke, behold a man much  
d.

*All gather to see them.*

I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceiue me.

e. One of these men is *genius* to the other:

of these, which is the naturall man,

which the spirit? Who decipheres them?

*Dromio.* I Sir am *Dromio*, command him away.

*Dro.* I Sir am *Dromio*, pray let me stay.

*Int.* *Egeon* art thou not? or else his ghost.

*S. Drom.* Oh my olde Master, who hath bound him  
heere?

*Abb.* Who euer bound him, I will lose his bonds,

And gaine a husband by his libertie:

Speake olde *Egeon*, if thou bee't the man

That hadst a wife once call'd *Emilia*,

That bore thee at a burthen two faire sonnes?

Oh if thou bee't the same *Egeon*, speake:

And speake vnto the same *Emilia*.

*Duke.* Why heere begins his Morning storie right:

These two *Antipholus*, these two so like,

And these two *Dromio's*, one in semblance:

Besides her vrging of her wracke at sea,

These are the parents to these children,

Which accidentally are met together.

*Fa.* If I dreame not, thou art *Emilia*,

If thou art she, tell me, where is that sonne

That floated with thee on the fatall raffe.

*Abb.* By men of *Epidamium*, he, and I,

And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken vp;

But by and by, rude Fishermen of *Corinth*

By force tooke *Dromio*, and my sonne from them,

And me they left with those of *Epidamium*.

What then became of them, I cannot tell:

I, to this fortune that you see mee in.

*Duke.* *Antipholus* thou cam'st from *Corinth* first.

*S. Ant.* No sir, not I, I came from *Siracuse*.

*Duke.* Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.

*E. Ant.* I came from *Corinth* my most gracious Lord

*E. Dro.* And I with him.

*E. Ant.* Brought to this Town by that most famous  
Warriour,

Duke *Menaphon*, your most renowned Vnckle.

*Adr.* Which of you two did dine with me to day?

*S. Ant.* I, gentle Mistris.

*Adr.* And are not you my husband?

*E. Ant.* No, I say nay to that.

*S. Ant.* And so do I, yet did she call me so:

And this faire Gentlewoman her sister heere

Did call me brother. What I told you then,

I hope I shall haue leisure to make good,

If this be not a dreame I see and heare.

*Goldsmith.* That is the Chaine sir, which you had of  
mee.

*S. Ant.* I thinke it be sir, I denie it not.

*E. Ant.* And you sir for this Chaine arrested me.

*Gold.* I thinke I did sir, I deny it not.

*Adr.* I sent you monie sir to be your baile

By *Dromio*, but I thinke he brought it not.

*E. Dro.* No, none by me.

*S. Ant.* This purse of Duckets I receiud from you,

And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:

I see we still did meete each others man,

And I was tane for him, and he for me,

And thereupon these errors are arose.

*E. Ant.* These Duckets pawne I for my father heere.

*Duke.* It shall not neede, thy father hath his life.

*Cur.* Sir I must haue that Diamond from you.

*E. Ant.* There take it, and much thanks for my good  
cheere.

*Abb.* Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the paines

To go with vs into the Abbey heere,

And heare at large discoursed all our fortunes,

And all that are assembled in this place:

That by this sympathized one daies error

Haue suffer'd wrong. Goe, keepe vs companie,

I 2

And

And we shall make full satisfaction.  
 Thirtie three yeares haue I but gone in trauaile  
 Of you my sonnes, and till this present houre  
 My heauie burthen are deliuered:  
 The Duke my husband, and my children both,  
 And you the Kalenders of their Natiuity,  
 Go to a Gossips feast, and go with mee,  
 After so long greefe such Natiuitie.  
*Duke.* With all my heart, Ile Gossip at this feast.

*Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and  
 two Brothers.*

*S.Dro.* Maſt. ſhall I fetch your ſtuffe from ſhipbord?  
*E.An. Dromio,* what ſtuffe of mine haſt thou imbarckt  
*S.Dro.* Your goods that lay at hoſt fir in the Centaur.  
*S.Ant.* He ſpeakes to me, I am your maſter *Dromio.*

Come go with vs, wee'l looke to that anon,  
 Embrace thy brother there, reioyce with him.

*S.Dro.* There is a fat friend at your maſters h  
 That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:  
 She now ſhall be my ſiſter, not my wife,

*E.D.* Me thinks you are my glaſſe, & not my br  
 I ſee by you, I am a ſweet-fac'd youth,  
 Will you walke in to ſee their goſſipping?

*S.Dro.* Not I fir, you are my elder.

*E.Dro.* That's a queſtion, how ſhall we trie it.

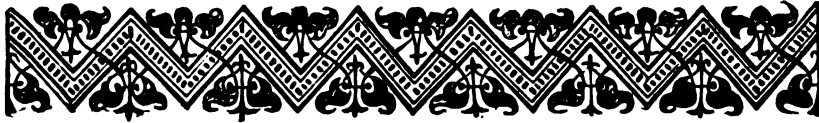
*S.Dro.* Wee'l draw Cuts for the Signior, ti  
 lead thou firſt.

*E.Dro.* Nay then thus:

We came into the world like brother and brother  
 And now let's go hand in hand, not one before a

FINIS.





# Much adoe about Nothing.

## *Actus primus, Scena prima.*

*Leonato* Gouvernour of *Messina*, Innogen his wife, He-  
is daughter, and *Beatrice* his Niece, with a messenger.

*Leonato.*

Learn in this Letter, that *Don Peter* of *Arra-*  
*gon*, comes this night to *Messina*.

*Mess.* He is very neere by this : he was not  
three Leagues off when I left him.

1. How many Gentlemen haue you lost in this  
?

7. But few of any sort, and none of name.

1. A victorie is twice it selfe, when the atchieuer  
home full numbers : I finde heere, that *Don Pe-*  
*tr* bestowed much honor on a yong *Florentine*, *cal-*  
*udio*.

7. Much deferu'd on his part, and equally remem-  
y *Don Pedro*, he hath borne himselfe beyond the  
e of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the  
f a Lion, he hath indeede better betted expecta-  
hen you must expect of me to tell you how.

He hath an Vnckle heere in *Messina*, will be very  
glad of it.

7. I haue already deliuered him letters, and there  
is much ioy in him, even so much, that ioy could  
eue it selfe modest enough, without a badg of bit-  
te.

Did he breake out into teares ?

7. In great measure.

A kinde ouerflow of kindnesse, there are no fa-  
er, then those that are so wash'd, how much bet-  
t to weepe at ioy, then to ioy at weeping ?

I pray you, is Signior *Mountanto* return'd from  
irres, or no ?

7. I know none of that name, Lady, there was  
uch in the armie of any sort.

1. What is he that you aske for Neece ?

1. My cousin means Signior *Benedick* of *Padua*

7. O he's return'd, and as pleasant as euer he was.

1. He set vp his bills here in *Messina*, & challeng'd  
at the Flight : and my Vnckles foole reading the  
nge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at  
rbolt. I pray you, how many hath hee kil'd and  
in these warres ? But how many hath he kil'd ? for  
l, I promis'd to eate all of his killing.

1. 'Faith Neece, you taxe Signior *Benedicke* too  
much, but hee'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

7. He hath done good seruice Lady in these wars.

1. You had musty victuall, and he hath holpe to  
it : he's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an  
ent stomacke.

*Mess.* And a good fouldier too Lady.

*Beat.* And a good fouldier to a Lady. But what is he  
to a Lord ?

*Mess.* A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, stuf with  
all honourable vertues.

*Beat.* It is so indeed, he is no lesse then a stuf man :  
but for the stuffing well, we are all mortall.

*Leon.* You must not (sir) mistake my Neece, there is  
a kind of merry war betwixt Signior *Benedick*, & her :  
they neuer meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between  
them.

*Beat.* Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last con-  
flict, foure of his sive wits went halting off, and now is  
the whole man gouern'd with one : so that if hee haue  
wit enough to keepe himselfe warme, let him beare it  
for a difference betweene himselfe and his horse : For it  
is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reason-  
able creature. Who is his companion now ? He hath  
euery month a new sworne brother.

*Mess.* I't possible ?

*Beat.* Very easily possible : he weares his faith but as  
the fashion of his hat, it euer changes with y<sup>e</sup> next block.

*Mess.* I see (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your  
bookes.

*Beat.* No, and he were, I would burne my study. But  
I pray you, who is his companion ? Is there no young  
squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the  
diuell ?

*Mess.* He is most in the company of the right noble  
*Claudio*.

*Beat.* O Lord, he will hang vpon him like a disease :  
he is sooner caught then the pestilence, and the taker  
runs presently mad. God helpe the noble *Claudio*, if hee  
haue caught the *Benedict*, it will cost him a thousand  
pound ere he be cur'd.

*Mess.* I will hold friends with you Lady.

*Beat.* Do good friend.

*Leo.* You'l ne're run mad Neece.

*Beat.* No, not till a hot Ianuary.

*Mess.* *Don Pedro* is approach'd.

*Enter don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, Balthazar,*  
*and Iohn the bassard.*

*Pedro.* Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet  
your trouble : the fashion of the world is to auoid cost,  
and you encounter it.

*Leon.* Neuer came trouble to my house in the likenes  
of your Grace : for trouble being gone, comfort should  
remaine : but when you depart from me, sorrow abides,  
and happinesse takes his leaue.



*Pedro.* You embrace your charge too willingly: I thinke this is your daughter.

*Leonato.* Her mother hath many times told me so.

*Bened.* Were you in doubt that you askt her?

*Leonato.* Signior Benedicke, no, for then were you a childe.

*Pedro.* You haue it full Benedicke, we may ghesse by this, what you are, being a man, truely the Lady fathers her selfe: be happie Lady, for you are like an honorable father.

*Ben.* If Signior *Leonato* be her father, she would not haue his head on her shoulders for al Messina, as like him as she is.

*Beat.* I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedicke, no body markes you.

*Ben.* What my deere Ladie Disdaine! are you yet liuing?

*Beat.* Is it possible Disdaine should die, while shee hath such meete foode to feede it, as Signior Benedicke? Curtesie it selfe must conuert to Disdaine, if you come in her prefence.

*Bene.* Then is curtesie a turne-coate, but it is certaine I am loued of all Ladies, onely you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truely I loue none.

*Beat.* A deere happinesse to women, they would else haue bene troubled with a pernicious Suter, I thanke God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather heare my Dog barke at a Crow, than a man sweare he loues me.

*Bene.* God keepe your Ladiship still in that minde, so some Gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratcht face.

*Beat.* Scratching could not make it worse, and 'twere such a face as yours were.

*Bene.* Well, you are a rare Parrat teacher.

*Beat.* A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of your.

*Ben.* I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer, but keepe your way a Gods name, I haue done.

*Beat.* You alwaies end with a lades trick, I know you of old.

*Pedro.* This is the summe of all: *Leonato*, signior *Claudio*, and signior *Benedicke*; my deere friend *Leonato*, hath inuited you all, I tell him we shall stay here, at the least a moneth, and he heartily praies some occasion may detain vs longer: I dare sweare hee is no hypocrite, but praies from his heart.

*Leon.* If you sweare, my Lord, you shall not be forsworne, let mee bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all duetie.

*Iohn.* I thanke you, I am not of many words, but I thanke you.

*Leon.* Please it your grace leade on?

*Pedro.* Your hand *Leonato*, we will goe together.

*Exeunt. Manet Benedicke and Claudio.*

*Claudio.* Benedicke, didst thou note the daughter of signior *Leonato*?

*Bene.* I noted her not, but I lookt on her.

*Claudio.* Is she not a modest yong Ladie?

*Bene.* Doe you question me as an honest man should doe, for my simple true iudgement? or would you haue me speake after my custome, as being a professed tyrant to their sexe?

*Claudio.* No, I pray thee speake in sober iudgement.

*Bene.* Why yfaith me thinks shee's too low for a hie praise, too browne for a faire praise, and too little for a great praise, onely this commendation I can afford her, that were shee other then she is, she were vnhandsome, and being no other, but as she is, I doe not like her.

*Claudio.* Thou think'st I am in sport, I pray thee tell me truely how thou lik'st her.

*Bene.* Would you buie her, that you enquier after her?

*Claudio.* Can the world buie such a iewell?

*Ben.* Yea, and a case to put it into, but speake you this with a sad brow? Or doe you play the flowing lacke, to tell vs Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter: Come, in what key shall aman take you to goe in the song?

*Claudio.* In mine eie, she is the sweetest Ladie that euer I lookt on.

*Bene.* I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cofin, and she were not posselt with a furie, exceeds her as much in beautie, as the first of Maie doth the last of December: but I hope you haue no intent to turne husband, haue you?

*Claudio.* I would scarce trust my selfe, though I had sworne the contrarie, if *Hero* would be my wife.

*Bene.* Ist come to this? in faith hath not the world one man but he will weare his cap with suspition? shall I neuer see a batcheller of three score againe? goe to yfaith, and thou wilt needes thrust thy necke into a yoke, weare the print of it, and sigh away fundaises: looke, *don Pedro* is returned to seeke you.

*Enter don Pedro, Iohn the bastard.*

*Pedro.* What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to *Leonatos*?

*Bened.* I would your Grace would constraine mee to tell.

*Pedro.* I charge thee on thy allegiance.

*Ben.* You heare, Count *Claudio*, I can be secret as a dumbe man, I would haue you thinke so (but on my allegiance, marke you this, on my allegiance) hee is in loue, With who? now that is your Graces part: marke how short his answere is, with *Hero*, *Leonatos* short daughter.

*Claudio.* If this were so, so were it vttered.

*Bened.* Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not so, nor 'twas not so: but indeede, God forbid it should be so.

*Claudio.* If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

*Pedro.* Amen, if you loue her, for the Ladie is verie well worthie.

*Claudio.* You speake this to fetch me in, my Lord.

*Pedro.* By my troth I speake my thought.

*Claudio.* And in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.

*Bened.* And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I speake mine.

*Claudio.* That I loue her, I feele.

*Pedro.* That she is worthie, I know.

*Bened.* That I neither feele how shee should be loued, nor know how shee should be worthie, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at the stake.

*Pedro.* Thou wast euer an obstinate heretique in the despite of Beautie.

*Claudio.* And neuer could maintaine his part, but in the force of his will.

*Bene.* That

That a woman conceiued me, I thanke her : that  
ought mee vp, I likewise giue her most humble  
: but that I will haue a rechate winded in my  
I, or hang my bugle in an inuisible baldricke, all  
shall pardon me: because I will not do them the  
o mistrust any, I will doe my selfe the right to  
ne : and the fine is, (for the which I may goe the  
will liue a Batchellor.

. I shall see thee ere I die, looke pale with loue.

With anger, with sicknesse, or with hunger,  
d, not with loue : proue that euer I loofe more  
ith loue, then I will get againe with drinking,  
ut mine eyes with a Ballet-makers penne, and  
e vp at the doore of a brothel-house for the signe  
e Cupid.

. Well, if euer thou doost fall from this faith,  
It proue a notable argument.

If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, & shoot  
nd he that hit's me, let him be clapt on the shoul-  
cal'd *Adam*.

. Well, as time shall trie : In time the sauage  
h beare the yoke.

The sauage bull may, but if euer the sensible  
e beare it, plucke off the bulles hornes, and set  
my forehead, and let me be vildely painted, and  
great Letters as they write, heere is good horse  
: let them signifie vnder my signe, here you may  
dicke the married man.

If this should euer happen, thou wouldst bee  
ad.

. Nay, if Cupid haue not spent all his Quiuer in  
thou wilt quake for this shortly.

I looke for an earthquake too then.

. Well, you will temporize with the houres, in  
ane time, good Signior *Benedicke*, repaire to *Leo-*  
ommend me to him, and tell him I will not faile  
supper, for indeede he hath made great prepara-

I haue almost matter enough in me for such an  
ge, and so I commit you.

To the tuition of God. From my house, if I

. The fixt of Iuly. Your louing friend, *Benedicke*.

Nay mocke not, mocke not ; the body of your  
e is sometime guarded with fragments, and the  
are but slightly basted on neither, ere you flout  
: any further, examine your conscience, and so I  
u. *Exit.*

My Liege, your Highnesse now may doe mee

. My loue is thine to teach, teach it but how,  
ou shalt see how apt it is to learne  
d Lesson that may do thee good.

Hath *Leonato* any sonne my Lord ?

. No childe but *Hero*, she's his onely heire.  
ou affect her *Claudio* ?

O my Lord,

ou went onward on this ended action,  
upon her with a souldiers eie,  
c'd, but had a rougher taske in hand,  
drue liking to the name of loue:  
I am return'd, and that warre-thoughts  
ft their places vacant : in their roomes,  
ronging soft and delicate desires,  
npting mee how faire yong *Hero* is,  
lik'd her ere I went to warres.

*Pedro*. Thou wilt be like a louer presently,  
And tire the hearer with a booke of words:  
If thou dost loue faire *Hero*, cherish it,  
And I will breake with her : waite not to this end,  
That thou beganst to twift so fine a story ?

*Clau*. How sweetly doe you minister to loue,  
That know loues griefe by his complexion !  
But lest my liking might too sodaine seeme,  
I would haue salu'd it with a longer treatise.

*Ped*. What need y<sup>e</sup> bridge much broader then the flood?  
The fairest graunt is the necessitie :

Looke what will serue, is fit : 'tis once, thou louest,  
And I will fit thee with the remedie,  
I know we shall haue reuelling to night,  
I will assume thy part in some disguise,  
And tell faire *Hero* I am *Claudio*,  
And in her bosome Ile vnclasp my heart,  
And take her hearing prisoner with the force  
And strong incounter of my amorous tale :  
Then after, to her father will I breake,  
And the conclusion is, thee shall be thine,  
In practise let vs put it presently. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Leonato and an old man, brother to Leonato.*

*Leo*. How now brother, where is my cosen your son :  
hath he provided this musicke ?

*Old*. He is very busie about it, but brother, I can tell  
you newes that you yet dreamt not of.

*Lo*. Are they good ?

*Old*. As the euents stamps them, but they haue a good  
couer : they shew well outward, the Prince and Count  
*Claudio* walking in a thick pleached alley in my orchard,  
were thus ouer-heard by a man of mine : the Prince dis-  
couered to *Claudio* that hee loued my niece your daugh-  
ter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance,  
and if hee found her accordant, hee meant to take the  
present time by the top, and instantly breake with you  
of it.

*Leo*. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this ?

*Old*. A good sharpe fellow, I will send for him, and  
question him your selfe.

*Leo*. No, no ; wee will hold it as a dreame, till it ap-  
peare it selfe : but I will acquaint my daughter withall,  
that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if per-  
adventure this bee true : goe you and tell her of it : coo-  
sins, you know what you haue to doe, O I erie you mer-  
cie friend, goe you with mee and I will vse your skill,  
good cosin haue a care this busie time. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir Iohn the Bastard, and Conrade his companion.*

*Con*. What the good yeere my Lord, why are you  
thus out of measure sad ?

*Iob*. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds,  
therefore the sadnesse is without limit.

*Con*. You should heare reason.

*Iohn*. And when I haue heard it, what blessing bring-  
geth it ?

*Con*. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

*Iob*. I wonder that thou (being as thou saist thou art,  
borne vnder *Saturne*) goest about to apply a morall me-  
dicine, to a mortifying mischiefe : I cannot hide what I  
am : I must bee sad when I haue cause, and smile at no  
mans iests, eat when I haue stomacke, and wait for no  
mans leifure : sleepe when I am drowfie, and tend on no  
mans businesse, laugh when I am merry, and claw no man  
in his humor.

*Con*. Yea, but you must not make the ful show of this,  
till you may doe it without controllment, you haue of  
late

late stood out against your brother, and hee hath tane you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take root, but by the faire weather that you make your selfe, it is needful that you frame the season for your owne haruest.

*Iohn.* I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, then to fashion a carriage to rob loue from any: in this (though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man) it must not be denied but I am a plaine dealing villaine, I am trusted with a muffell, and enfranchis'd with a clog, therefore I haue decreed, not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meane time, let me be that I am, and seeke not to alter me.

*Con.* Can you make no vse of your discontent?

*Iohn.* I will make all vse of it, for I vse it onely. Who comes here? what newes *Borachio*?

*Enter Borachio.*

*Bor.* I came yonder from a great supper, the Prince your brother is royally entertained by *Leonato*, and I can giue you intelligence of an intended marriage.

*Iohn.* Will it serue for any Modell to build mischief on? What is hee for a foole that betrothes himselfe to vnquietnesse?

*Bor.* Mary it is your brothers right hand.

*Iohn.* Who, the most exquisite *Claudio*?

*Bor.* Euen he.

*Iohn.* A proper squier, and who, and who, which way lookes he?

*Bor.* Mary on *Hero*, the daughter and Heire of *Leonato*.

*Iohn.* A very forward March-chicke, how came you to this?

*Bor.* Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smooching a musty roome, comes me the Prince and *Claudio*, hand in hand in sad conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed vpon, that the Prince should wooe *Hero* for himselfe, and hauing obtain'd her, giue her to Count *Claudio*.

*Iohn.* Come, come, let vs thither, this may proue food to my displeasure, that young start-vp hath all the glorie of my ouerthrow: if I can crosse him any way, I blesse my selfe euery way, you are both sure, and will assist mee?

*Conr.* To the death my Lord.

*Iohn.* Let vs to the great supper, their cheere is the greater that I am subdued, would the Cooke were of my minde: shall we goe proue whats to be done?

*Bor.* Wee'll wait vpon your Lordship.

*Exeunt.*

## *Actus Secundus.*

*Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, and a kinsman.*

*Leonato.* Was not Count *Iohn* here at supper?

*Brother.* I saw him not.

*Beatrice.* How tartly that Gentleman lookes, I neuer can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an howre after.

*Hero.* He is of a very melancholy disposition.

*Beatrice.* Hee were an excellent man that w iust in the mid-way betweene him and *Benedick* is too like an image and saies nothing, and the like my Ladies eldest sonne, euermore tatling.

*Leon.* Then halfe signior *Benedicks* tongue *Iohns* mouth, and halfe Count *Iohns* melancholior *Benedicks* face.

*Beat.* With a good legge, and a good foot v money enough in his purse, such a man would v woman in the world, if he could get her good w

*Leon.* By my troth Neece, thou wilt neuer husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

*Brother.* Infaieth thee's too curst.

*Beat.* Too curst is more then curst, I shall le sending that way: for it is said, God sends a short hornes, but to a Cow too curst he sends nor

*Leon.* So, by being too curst, God will send hornes.

*Beat.* Iust, if he send me no husband, for t blessing, I am at him vpon my knees euery mon euening: Lord, I could not endure a husban beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen

*Leonato.* You may light vpon a husband tha beard.

*Beatrice.* What should I doe with him? dresse my apparell, and make him my waiting gentles that hath a beard, is more then a youth: and he no beard, is lesse then a man: and hee that is my youth, is not for mee: and he that is lesse then a not for him: therefore I will euen take fixepen nest of the Berrord, and leade his Apes into hell.

*Leon.* Well then, goe you into hell.

*Beat.* No, but to the gate, and there will t meete mee like an old Cuckold with hornes on and say, get you to heauen *Beatrice*, get you to heere's no place for you maids, so deliuer I vp and away to S. Peter: for the heauens, hee sh where the Batchellers sit, and there liue wee as the day is long.

*Brother.* Well neece, I trust you will be rul' father.

*Beatrice.* Yes faith, it is my cosens dutie to m sie, and say, as it please you: but yet for all that him be a handsome fellow, or else make an oth and say, father, as it please me.

*Leonato.* Well neece, I hope to see you one with a husband.

*Beatrice.* Not till God make men of some o tall then earth, would it not grieue a woman to mastred with a peece of valiant dust? to make a her life to a clod of waiward marle? no vnckle, *Adams* sonnes are my brethren, and truly I hold to match in my kinned.

*Leon.* Daughter, remember what I told you Prince doe solicit you in that kinde, you know sweare.

*Beatrice.* The fault will be in the musicke ce be not woed in good time: if the Prince bee t tant, tell him there is measure in euery thing, s out the answere, for heare me *Hero*, wooing, w repenting, is as a Scotch jigge, a measure, and pace: the first suite is hot and hasty like a Sc (and full as fantastical) the wedding manerly (as a measure) full of state & aunchentry, and t repentance, and with his bad legs falls into th pace faster and faster, till he sinkes into his grau

*Leonata.* Cofin you apprehend paffing fhrewdly.

*Beatrice.* I haue a good eye vnckle, I can fee a Church by daylight.

*Leon.* The reuellers are entring brother, make good roome.

*Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedicke, and Balfbafar, or dumbe Iohn, Maskers with a drum.*

*Pedro.* Lady, will you walke about with your friend?

*Hero.* So you walke foftly, and looke sweetly, and fay nothing, I am yours for the walke, and efpecially when I walke away.

*Pedro.* With me in your company.

*Hero.* I may fay fo when I pleafe.

*Pedro.* And when pleafe you to fay fo?

*Hero.* When I like your fauour, for God defend the Lute fhould be like the cafe.

*Pedro.* My vifor is *Philemons* rooffe, within the houfe is Loue.

*Hero.* Why then your vifor fhould be thatcht.

*Pedro.* Speake low if you fpeake Loue.

*Bene.* Well, I would you did like me.

*Mar.* So would not I for your owne fake, for I haue manie ill qualities.

*Bene.* Which is one?

*Mar.* I fay my prayers alowd.

*Bene.* I loue you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

*Mar.* God match me with a good dauncer.

*Balt.* Amen.

*Mar.* And God keepe him out of my fight when the daunce is done: anfwer Clarke.

*Balt.* No more words, the Clarke is anfwered.

*Vrfula.* I know you well enough, you are Signior *Antibio*.

*Antib.* At a word, I am not.

*Vrfula.* I know you by the wagling of your head.

*Antib.* To tell you true, I counterfet him.

*Vrfu.* You could neuer doe him fo ill well, vnleffe you were the very man: here's his dry hand vp & down, you are he, you are he.

*Antib.* At a word I am not.

*Vrfula.* Come, come, doe you thinke I doe not know you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it felfe? goe to, mumme, you are he, graces will appeare, and there's an end.

*Beat.* Will you not tell me who told you fo?

*Bene.* No, you fhall pardon me.

*Beat.* Nor will you not tell me who you are?

*Bened.* Not now.

*Beat.* That I was difdainfull, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales: well, this was Signior *Benedicke* that faid fo.

*Bene.* What's he?

*Beat.* I am fure you know him well enough.

*Bene.* Not I, belecue me.

*Beat.* Did he neuer make you laugh?

*Bene.* I pray you what is he?

*Beat.* Why he is the Princes ieafter, a very dull foole, onely his gift is, in deuifing impoffible flanders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his witte, but in his villanie, for hee both pleafeth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am fure he is in the Fleet, I would he had boarded me.

*Bene.* When I know the Gentleman, Ile tell him what you fay.

*Beat.* Do, do, hee'l but breake a comparifon or two on me, which peraduenture (not markt, or not laugh'd at) ftrikes him into melancholly, and then there's a Partridge wing faued, for the foole will eate no fupper that night. We muft follow the Leaders.

*Ben.* In every good thing.

*Bea.* Nay, if they leade to any ill, I will leaue them at the next turning. *Exeunt.*

*Muficke for the daunce.*

*Iohn.* Sure my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawne her father to breake with him about it: the Ladies follow her, and but one vifor remains.

*Borachio.* And that is *Claudio*, I know him by his bearing.

*Iohn.* Are not you fignior *Benedicke*?

*Clau.* You know me well, I am hee.

*Iohn.* Signior, you are verie neere my Brother in his loue, he is enamor'd on *Hero*, I pray you difswade him from her, fhe is no equall for his birth: you may do the part of an honeft man in it.

*Claudio.* How know you he loues her?

*Iohn.* I heard him fwear his affection,

*Bor.* So did I too, and he fwore he would marrie her to night.

*Iohn.* Come, let vs to the banquet. *Ex.manet Clau.*

*Clau.* Thus anfwere I in name of *Benedicke*, But heare thefe ill newes with the cares of *Claudio*:

'Tis certaine fo, the Prince woes for himfelfe:

Friendfhip is conftant in all other things,

Saue in the Office and affaires of loue:

Therefore all hearts in loue vfe their owne tongues.

Let euerie eye negotiate for it felfe,

And truft no Agent: for beautie is a witch,

Againft whole charmes, faith melteth into blood:

This is an accident of houely proofe,

Which I miftrufte not. Farewell therefore *Hero*.

*Enter Benedicks.*

*Ben.* Count *Claudio*.

*Clau.* Yea, the fame.

*Ben.* Come, will you go with me?

*Clau.* Whither?

*Ben.* Euen to the next Willow, about your own bufineffe, Count. What fafhion will you wear the Garland off? About your necke, like an *Vfurers* chaine? Or vnder your arme, like a *Lieutenants* fcarfe? You muft wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero*.

*Clau.* I with him ioy of her.

*Ben.* Why that's fpoken like an honeft Drouier, fo they fel *Bullockes*: but did you thinke the Prince would haue ferued you thus?

*Clau.* I pray you leaue me.

*Ben.* Ho now you ftrike like the blindman, 'twas the boy that stole your meate, and you'l beat the poft.

*Clau.* If it will not be, Ile leaue you. *Exit.*

*Ben.* Alas poore hurt fowle, now will he creepe into fedges: But that my Ladie *Beatrice* fhould know me, & not know me: the Princes foole! Hah? It may be I goe vnder that title, becaufe I am merrie: yea but fo I am apt to do my felfe wrong: I am not fo reputed, it is the bafe (though bitter) difpofition of *Beatrice*, that putt's the world into her perfon, and fo giues me out: well, Ile be reuenged as I may.

*Enter the Prince.*

*Pedro.* Now Signior, where's the Count, did you fee him?

*Ben.*

*Bene.* Troth my Lord, I haue played the part of Lady Fame, I found him heere as melancholy as a Lodge in a Warren, I told him, and I thinke, told him true, that your grace had got the will of this young Lady, and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to binde him a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

*Pedro.* To be whipt, what's his fault?

*Bene.* The flat transgression of a Schoole-boy, who being ouer-ioyed with finding a birds nest, shewes it his companion, and he steales it.

*Pedro.* Wilt thou make a trust, a transgression? the transgression is in the stealer.

*Ben.* Yet it had not bene amisse the rod had bene made, and the garland too, for the garland he might haue worne himselfe, and the rod hee might haue bestowed on you, who (as I take it) haue stolne his birds nest.

*Pedro.* I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

*Bene.* If their finging answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly.

*Pedro.* The Lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrell to you, the Gentleman that daunt with her, told her shee is much wrong'd by you.

*Bene.* O the misfusse me past the indurance of a block: an oake but with one greene leafe on it, would haue answered her: my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: shee told mee, not thinking I had bene my selfe, that I was the Princes lester, and that I was duller then a great thaw, huddling lefth vpon lefth, with such impossible conueiance vpon me, that I stood like a man at a marke, with a whole army shooting at me: shee speaks poynyards, and euery word stabbes: if her breath were as terrible as terminations, there were no liuing neere her, she would infect to the north starre: I would not marry her, though she were indowed with all that *Adam* had lefth him before he transgressed, she would haue made *Hercules* haue turn'd spit, yea, and haue lefth his club to make the fire too: come, talke not of her, you shall finde her the infernall Ate in good apparell. I would to God some scholler would coniuere her, for certainly while she is heere, a man may liue as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary, and people sinne vpon purpose, because they would goe thither, so indeed all disquiet, horror, and perturbation followes her.

*Enter Claudio and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero.*

*Pedro.* Looke heere she comes.

*Bene.* Will your Grace command mee any seruice to the worlds end? I will goe on the slightest errand now to the Antypodes that you can deuise to send me on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia: bring you the length of *Prefter Iobns* foot: fetch you a hayre off the great *Chams* beard: doe you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather then should three words conference, with this Harpy: you haue no employment for me?

*Pedro.* None, but to desire your good company.

*Bene.* O God fir, heeres a dish I loue not, I cannot indure this Lady tongue. *Exit.*

*Pedr.* Come Lady, come, you haue lost the heart of Signior *Benedicke*.

*Beatr.* Indeed my Lord, hee lent it me a while, and I gaue him vsf for it, a double heart for a single one, marry once before he wonne it of mee, with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I haue lost it.

*Pedro.* You haue put him downe Lady, you haue put him downe.

*Beat.* So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should prouee the mother of foolles: I haue brought Count *Claudio*, whom you sent me to seeke.

*Pedro.* Why how now Count, wherfore are you sad?

*Claud.* Not sad my Lord.

*Pedro.* How then? sicke?

*Claud.* Neither, my Lord.

*Beat.* The Count is neither sad, nor sicke, nor merry, nor well: but ciuill Count, ciuill as an Orange, and something of a iealous complexion.

*Pedro.* Ifaith Lady, I thinke your blazon to be true, though Ile be sworne, if hee be so, his conceit is false: heere *Claudio*, I haue wooed in thy name, and faire *Hero* is won, I haue broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God giue thee ioy.

*Leona.* Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, & all grace say, Amen to it.

*Beatr.* Speake Count, tis your Qu.

*Claud.* Silence is the perfectest Herauld of ioy, I were but little happy if I could say, how much? Lady, as you are mine, I am yours, I giue away my selfe for you, and doat vpon the exchange.

*Beat.* Speake cosin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kisse, and let not him speake neither.

*Pedro.* Infaith Lady you haue a merry heart.

*Beatr.* Yea my Lord I thanke it, poore foole it keepe on the windy side of Care, my cosin tells him in his eare that he is in my heart.

*Claud.* And so the doth cosin.

*Beat.* Good Lord for alliance: thus goes euery one to the world but I, and I am fun-burn'd, I may fit in a corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

*Pedro.* Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

*Beat.* I would rather haue one of your fathers getting: hath your Grace ne're a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

*Prince.* Will you haue me? Lady.

*Beat.* No, my Lord, vnlesse I might haue another for working-daies, your Grace is too costly to weare euerie day: but I beseech your Grace pardon mee, I was borne to speake all mirth, and no matter.

*Prince.* Your silence most offends me, and to be merry, best becomes you, for out of question, you were born in a merry howre.

*Beatr.* No sure my Lord, my Mother cried, but then there was a starre daunt, and vnder that was I borne: cosins God giue you ioy.

*Leonato.* Neece, will you looke to those rhings I told you of?

*Beat.* I cry you mercy Vncle, by your Graces pardon.

*Exit Beatrice.*

*Prince.* By my troth a pleasant spirited Lady.

*Leon.* There's little of the melancholy element in her my Lord, she is neuer sad, but when the sleepes, and not euer sad then: for I haue heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamt of vnhappineffe, and wakt her selfe with laughing.

*Pedro.* Shee cannot indure to heare tell of a husband.

*Leonato.* O, by no meanes, she mocks all her wooers out of suite.

*Prince.* She were an excellent wife for *Benedick*.

*Leonato.* O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a weeke married,

, they would talke themselves madde.

*Counte Claudio*, when meane you to goe to ?

To morrow my Lord, Time goes on crutches, e haue all his rites.

*Sta.* Not till monday, my deare sonne, which is iust feuen night, and a time too brieft too, to haue gs answer minde.

*Sta.* Come, you shake the head at so long a breaut I warrant thee *Claudio*, the time shall not goe vs, I will in the *interim*, vndertake one of *Herors*, which is, to bring Signior *Benedicke* and the *eatrice* into a mountaine of affection, th'one with r, I would faine haue it a match, and I doubt not fashion it, if you three will but minister such affis I shall giue you direction.

*Sta.* My Lord, I am for you, though it cost mee hts watchings.

*I.* And I my Lord.

And you to gentle *Hero*?

I will doe any modest office, my Lord, to helpe n to a good husband.

And *Benedick* is not the vnhopefullest husband now : thus farre can I praise him, hee is of a noble of approued valour, and confirm'd honesty, I will ou how to humour your cofin, that shee shall fall with *Benedicke*, and I, with your two helpes, will tise on *Benedicke*, that in despight of his quicke l his queasie stomacke, hee shall fall in loue with : if wee can doe this, *Cupid* is no longer an Ar- is glory shall be ours, for wee are the onely loue- ce in with me, and I will tell you my drift. *Exit.*

*Enter Iohn and Boracchio.*

It is so, the Count *Claudio* shal marry the daugh- *Leonato*.

Yea my Lord, but I can crosse it.

Any barre, any crosse, any impediment, will be able to me, I am sicke in displeasure to him, and uer comes athwart his affection, ranges euently ine, how canst thou crosse this marriage?

Not honestly my Lord, but so couertly, that no fly shall appeare in me.

Shew me breecely how.

I thinke I told your Lordship a yeere since, how am in the fauour of *Margaret*, the waiting gentle- to *Hero*.

I remember.

I can at any vnseasonable instant of the night, her to look out at her Ladies chamber window.

What life is in that, to be the death of this mar-

The poyson of that lies in you to temper, goe the Prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that th wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned , whose estimation do you mightly hold vp, to a inated state, such a one as *Hero*.

What prooffe shall I make of that?

Prooffe enough, to misuse the Prince, to vexee , to vndoe *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*, looke you for a- π issue?

Onely to despight them, I will endeavour any

Goe then, finde me a meete howre, to draw on nd the Count *Claudio* alone, tell them that you that *Hero* loues me, intend a kinde of zeale both Prince and *Claudio* (as in a loue of your brothers

honor who hath made this match) and his friends repu- tation, who is thus like to be cofen'd with the semblance of a maid, that you haue discover'd thus: they will scarce- ly beleue this without triall: offer them instances which shall beare no lesse likelihood, than to see mee at her chamber window, heare me call *Margaret, Hero*; heare *Margaret* terme me *Claudio*, and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding, for in the meane time, I will so fashion the matter, that *Hero* shall be absent, and there shall appeare such seeming truths of *Heroes* disloyaltie, that iealousie shall be cal'd assurance, and all the preparation ouerthrowne.

*Iohn.* Grow this to what aduerse issue it can, I will put it in practise : be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducates.

*Bor.* Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

*Iohn.* I will presentlie goe learne their day of marri- age. *Exit.*

*Enter Benedicke alone.*

*Bene.* Boy.

*Boy.* Signior.

*Bene.* In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

*Boy.* I am heere already sir. *Exit.*

*Bene.* I know that, but I would haue thee hence, and beere againe. I doe much wonder, that one man seeing how much another man is a foole, when he dedicates his behaviours to loue, will after hee hath laught at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his owne scorne, by falling in loue, & such a man is *Claudio*, I haue known when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fife, and now had hee rather heare the taber and the pipe : I haue knowne when he would haue walkt ten mile afoot, to see a good armor, and now will he lie ten nights awake caruing the fashion of a new dub- let: he was wont to speake plaine, & to the purpose (like an honest man & a fouldier) and now is he turn'd ortho- graphy, his words are a very fantastickal banquet, iust so many strange dishes : may I be so coquerted, & see with these eyes ? I cannot tell, I thinke not : I will not bee sworne, but loue may transforme me to an oyster, but Ile take my oath on it, till he haue made an oyster of me, he shall neuer make me such a foole: one woman is faire, yet I am well : another is wife, yet I am well: another vertu- ous, yet I am well : but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace : rich shee shall be, that's certaine : wife, or Ile none : vertuous, or Ile ne- uer cheapen her : faire, or Ile neuer looke on her : milde, or come not neere me : Noble, or not for an Angell : of good discourse : an excellent Musitian, and her haire shal be of what colour it please God, hah ! the Prince and Monsieur Loue, I will hide me in the Arbor.

*Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Iacke Wilson.*

*Prin.* Come, shall we heare this musicke?

*Claud.* Yea my good Lord : how fill the euening is, As hush on purpose to grace harmonie.

*Prin.* See you where *Benedicke* hath hid himselfe?

*Claud.* O very well my Lord: the musicke ended, Wee'll fit the kid-foxe with a penny worth.

*Prince.* Come *Balthasar*, wee'll heare that song again.

*Baltb.* O good my Lord, taxe not so bad a voyce, To slander musicke any more then once.

*Prin.* It is the witnesse still of excellency,

To slander Musicke any more then once.

*Prince.* It is the witnesse still of excellencie,  
To put a strange face on his owne perfection,  
I pray thee sing, and let me woe no more.

*Baltb.* Because you talke of wooing, I will sing,  
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit,  
To her he thinkes not worthy, yet he wooes,  
Yet will he sweare he loues.

*Prince.* Nay pray thee come,  
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,  
Doe it in notes.

*Baltb.* Note this before my notes,  
Theres not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

*Prince.* Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,  
Note notes forlooth, and nothing.

*Bene.* Now diuine aire, now is his soule rauisht, is it  
not strange that sheepe's guts should hale soules out of  
mens bodies? well, a horne for my money when all's  
done.

*The Song.*

*Sigh no more Ladies, sigh no more,  
Men were deceiuers euer,  
One foote in Sea, and one on shore,  
To one thing constant neuer,  
Then sigh not so, but let them goe,  
And be you blithe and bonnie,  
Conuerting all your sounds of woe,  
Into bey nony nony.*

*Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,  
Of dumps so dull and heavy,  
The fraud of men were euer so,  
Since summer first was leauy,  
Then sigh not so, &c.*

*Prince.* By my troth a good song.

*Baltb.* And an ill singer, my Lord.

*Prince.* Ha, no, no faith, thou singst well enough for a  
shift.

*Ben.* And he had been a dog that should haue howld  
thus, they would haue hang'd him, and I pray God his  
bad voyce bode no mischiefe, I had as lief haue heard  
the night-rauen, come what plague could haue come af-  
ter it.

*Prince.* Yea marry, dost thou heare *Baltbasar*? I pray  
thee get vs some excellent musick: for to morrow night  
we would haue it at the Lady *Heroes* chamber window.

*Baltb.* The best I can, my Lord. *Exit Baltbasar.*

*Prince.* Do so, farewell. Come hither *Leonato*, what  
was it you told me of to day, that your Niece *Beatrice*  
was in loue with signior *Benedicke*?

*Clau.* O I, stalker on, stalker on, the foule fits. I did ne-  
uer thinke that Lady would haue loued any man.

*Leon.* No, nor I neither, but most wonderful, that she  
should so dote on Signior *Benedicke*, whom shee hath in  
all outward behauiours seemed euer to abhorre.

*Bene.* Is't possible? fits the winde in that corner?

*Leo.* By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to  
thinke of it, but that she loues him with an enraged affe-  
ction, it is past the infinite of thought.

*Prince.* May be she doth but counterfeit.

*Clau.* Faith like enough.

*Leon.* O God! counterfeit? there was neuer counter-  
feit of passion, came so neere the life of passion as the dis-  
couers it.

*Prince.* Why what effects of passion shewes she

*Clau.* Baite the hooke well, this fish will bite.

*Leon.* What effects my Lord? shee will sit:  
heard my daughter tell you how.

*Clau.* She did indeed.

*Prin.* How, how I pray you? you amaze me  
haue thought her spirit had beene inuincible ag  
assaults of affection.

*Leo.* I would haue sworne it had, my Lord, e  
against *Benedicke*.

*Bene.* I should thinke this a gull, but that th  
bearded fellow speakes it: knaury cannot si  
himselfe in such reuerence.

*Clau.* He hath tane th' infection, hold it vp.

*Prince.* Hath shee made her affection known  
dicke?

*Leonato.* No, and sweares she neuer will, th  
torment.

*Clau.* 'Tis true indeed, so your daughter sai  
I, saies she, that haue so oft encountred him witi  
write to him that I loue him?

*Leo.* This saies shee now when shee is begi  
write to him, for shee'll be vp twenty times a ni  
there will she fit in her smocke, till she haue wri  
of paper: my daughter tells vs all.

*Clau.* Now you talke of a sheet of paper, I re  
a pretty iest your daughter told vs of.

*Leon.* O when she had writ it, & was reading  
she found *Benedicke* and *Beatrice* betweene the she  
*Clau.* That.

*Leon.* O she tore the letter into a thousand h  
raild at her self, that she should be so immodest  
to one that shee knew would flout her: I meafi  
saies she, by my owne spirit, for I should flout h  
writ to mee, yea though I loue him, I should.

*Clau.* Then downe vpon her knees she falls,  
sobs, beates her heart, teares her hayre, praies,  
*sweet Benedicke*, God giue me patience.

*Leon.* She doth indeed, my daughter saies so,  
extasie hath so much ouerborne her, that my da  
sometime afeard she will doe a desperate out-ra  
felse, it is very true.

*Prince.* It were good that *Benedicke* knew of it  
other, if she will not discouer it.

*Clau.* To what end? he would but make a s  
and torment the poore Lady worfe.

*Prin.* And he should, it were an almes to ha  
shee's an excellent sweet Lady, and (out of all si  
she is vertuous.

*Claudio.* And she is exceeding wise.

*Prince.* In euery thing, but in louing *Benedicke*.

*Leon.* O my Lord, wifedome and bloud com  
so tender a body, we haue ten proofes to one, th  
hath the victory, I am sorry for her, as I haue iu  
being her Vncle, and her Guardian.

*Prince.* I would shee had bestowed this do  
mee, I would haue daft all other respects, and  
halfe my selfe: I pray you tell *Benedicke* of it, a  
what he will say.

*Leon.* Were it good thinke you?

*Clau.* *Hero* thinks surely she wil die, for she  
will die, if hee loue her not, and shee will die  
make her loue knowne, and she will die if hee v  
rather than shee will bate one breath of her ac  
crossnesse.

*Prin.* She doth well, if she should make tend

is very possible hee'l scorne it, for the man (as you all) hath a contemptible spirit.

1. He is a very proper man.

1. He hath indeed a good outward happines.

1. 'Fore God, and in my minde very wife.

1. He doth indeed shew some sparkes that are like

1. And I take him to be valiant.

1. As *Hector*, I assure you, and in the managing of is you may see hee is wife, for either hee auoydes with great discretion, or vndertakes them with a an-like feare.

1. If hee doe feare God, a must necessarilie keepe if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a ll with feare and trembling.

1. And so will hee doe, for the man doth fear God, euer it seemes not in him, by some large ieafts hee ake : well, I am sorry for your niece, shall we goe *Benedicke*, and tell him of her loue.

1d. Neuer tell him, my Lord, let her weare it out good counsell.

1. Nay that's impossible, she may weare her heart ft.

1. Well, we will heare further of it by your daughter it coole the while, I loue *Benedicke* well, and I with he would modestly examine himselfe, to see such he is vnworthy to haue so good a Lady.

1. My Lord, will you walke? dinner is ready.

1. If he do not doat on her vpon this, I wil neuer by expectation.

1. Let there be the same Net spread for her, and nuff your daughter and her gentlewoman carry: ort will be, when they hold one an opinion of anolotage, and no such matter, that's the Scene that I see, which will be meerey a dumbe shew : let vs er to call him into dinner. *Exeunt.*

1. This can be no trickie, the conference was sadly they haue the truth of this from *Hero*, they seeme ie the Lady : it seemes her affections haue the full loue me? why it must be requited : I heare how I usur'd, they say I will beare my selfe proudly, if I ie the loue come from her : they say too, that the ther die than giue any signe of affection: I did neinke to marry, I must not seeme proud, happy are hat heare their detractions, and can put them to ng : they say the Lady is faire, 'tis a truth, I can them witnesse : and vertuous, tis so, I cannot re: it, and wife, but for louing me, by my troth it is lition to her witte, nor no great argument of her for I wil be horribly in loue with her, I may chance some odde quirkes and remnants of witte broken e, because I haue rail'd so long against marriage: th not the appetite alter? a man loues the meat in uth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quipt nences, and these paper bullets of the braine awe from the careere of his humour? No, the world e peopled. When I said I would die a batcheler, I t think I should liue till I were married, here comes e : by this day, there's a faire Lady, I doe spie some of loue in her.

*Enter Beatrice.*

1. Against my wil I am sent to bid you come in to

1. Faire *Beatrice*, I thanke you for your paines.

*Beat.* I tooke no more paines for those thankes, then you take paines to thanke me, if it had been painefull, I would not haue come.

*Bene.* You take pleasure then in the message.

*Beat.* Yea iust so much as you may take vpon a knives point, and choake a daw withall : you haue no stomacke signior, fare you well. *Exit.*

*Bene.* Ha, against my will I am sent to bid you come into dinner : there's a double meaning in that : I tooke no more paines for those thankes then you tooke paines to thanke me, that's as much as to say, any paines that I take for you is as easie as thankes : if I do not take pittie of her I am a villaine, if I doe not loue her I am a lew, I will goe get her picture. *Exit.*

## Actus Tertius.

*Enter Hero and two Gentlemen, Margaret, and Vrfula.*

*Hero.* Good *Margaret* runne thee to the parlour, There shalt thou finde my Cofin *Beatrice*, Proposing with the Prince and *Claudio*, Whisper her eare, and tell her I and *Vrfula*, Walke in the Orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her, say that thou ouer-heardst vs, And bid her steale into the pleached bower, Where honny-suckles ripened by the sunne, Forbid the sunne to enter : like fauourites, Made proud by Princes, that aduance their pride, Against that power that bred it, there will she hide her, To listen our purpose, this is thy office, Beare thee well in it, and leaue vs alone.

*Marg.* Ile make her come I warrant you presently.

*Hero.* Now *Vrfula*, when *Beatrice* doth come, As we do trace this alley vp and downe, Our talke must onely be of *Benedicke*, When I doe name him, let it be thy part, To praise him more then euer man did merit, My talke to thee must be how *Benedicke* Is sicke in loue with *Beatrice* : of this matter, Is little *Cupids* crafty arrow made, That onely wounds by heare-say : now begin, *Enter Beatrice.*

For looke where *Beatrice* like a Lapwing runs Close by the ground, to heare our conference.

*Vrf.* The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish Cut with her golden ores the siluer streame, And greedily deuoure the treacherous baite : So angle we for *Beatrice*, who euen now, Is couched in the wood-bine couerture, Feare you not my part of the Dialogue.

*Her.* Then go we neare her that her eare loose nothing, Of the false sweete baite that we lay for it : No truly *Vrfula*, she is too diddainfull, I know her spirits are as coy and wilde, As Haggards of the rocke.

*Vrfula.* But are you sure, That *Benedicke* loues *Beatrice* so intirely?

*Her.* So saies the Prince, and my new trothed Lord.

*Vrf.* And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

*Her.* They did intreate me to acquaint her of it, But I perswaded them, if they lou'd *Benedicke*,



To wish him wrastle with affection,  
And neuer to let *Beatrice* know of it.

*Ursula*. Why did you so, doth not the Gentleman  
Deserue as full as fortunate a bed,  
As euer *Beatrice* shall couch vpon?

*Hero*. O God of loue! I know he doth deserue,  
As much as may be yeelded to a man:  
But Nature neuer fram'd a womans heart,  
Of powdred stufte then that of *Beatrice*:  
Disdaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,  
Mis-prizing what they looke on, and her wit  
Values it selfe so highly, that to her  
All matter else seemes weake: she cannot loue,  
Nor take no shape nor proiect of affection,  
Shee is so selfe indeared.

*Ursula*. Sure I thinke so,  
And therefore certainly it were not good  
She knew his loue, lest she make sport at it.

*Hero*. Why you speake truth, I neuer yet saw man,  
How wise, how noble, yong, how rarely featur'd.  
But she would spell him backward: if faire fac'd,  
She would sweare the gentleman should be her sister:  
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,  
Made a foule blot: if tall, a launce ill headed:  
If low, an agot very vildie cut:  
If speaking, why a vane blowne with all windes:  
If silent, why a blocke moued with none.  
So turnes the euery man the wrong side out,  
And neuer giues to Truth and Vertue, that  
Which simplenesse and merit purchaseth.

*Ursula*. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

*Hero*. No, not to be so odde, and from all fashions,  
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable,  
But who dare tell her so? if I should speake,  
She would mocke me into ayre, O she would laugh me  
Out of my selfe, presse me to death with wit,  
Therefore let *Benedicke* like couered fire,  
Consume away in sighes, waste inwardly:  
It were a better death, to die with mockes,  
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

*Ursula*. Yet tell her of it, heare what shee will say.

*Hero*. No, rather I will goe to *Benedicke*,  
And counsaile him to fight against his passion,  
And truly he deuise some honest flanders,  
To staine my cofin with, one doth not know,  
How much an ill word may impositon liking.

*Ursula*. O doe not doe your cofin such a wrong,  
She cannot be so much without true iudgement,  
Hauing so swift and excellent a wit  
As she is prifde to haue, as to refuse  
So rare a Gentleman as signior *Benedicke*.

*Hero*. He is the onely man of Italy,  
Alwaies excepted, my deare *Claudio*.

*Ursula*. I pray you be not angry with me, Madame,  
Speaking my fancy: Signior *Benedicke*,  
For shape, for bearing argument and valour,  
Goes formost in report through Italy.

*Hero*. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

*Ursula*. His excellence did earne it ere he had it:  
When are you married Madame?

*Hero*. Why euerie day to morrow, come goe in,  
He shew thee some attires, and haue thy counsell,  
Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.

*Ursula*. Shee's tane I warrant you,  
We haue caught her Madame?

*Hero*. If it proue so, then louing goes by haps,

Some *Cupid* kills with arrowes, some with traps. *Exit*.

*Beat*. What fire is in mine eares? can this be true?  
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorne so much?  
Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adew,  
No glory liues behinde the backe of such.  
And *Benedicke*, loue on, I will requite thee,  
Taming my wilde heart to thy louing hand:  
If thou dost loue, my kindenesse shall incite thee  
To binde our loues vp in a holy band.  
For others say thou dost deserue, and I  
Beleeue it better then reportingly. *Exit*.

*Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedicke, and Leonato.*

*Prince*. I doe but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

*Claudio*. He bring you thither my Lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

*Prince*. Nay, that would be as great a foyle in the new  
glosse of your marriage, as to shew a childe his new coat  
and forbid him to weare it, I will onely bee bold with  
*Benedicke* for his companie, for from the crowne of his  
head, to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice  
or thrice cut *Cupids* bow-string, and the little hang-man  
dare not shoot at him, he hath a heart as found as a bell,  
and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes,  
his tongue speakes.

*Benedicke*. Gallants, I am not as I haue bin.

*Leo*. So say I, methinkes you are sadder.

*Claudio*. I hope he be in loue.

*Prince*. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of blood  
in him to be truly toucht with loue, if he be sad, he wants  
money.

*Benedicke*. I haue the tooth-ach.

*Prince*. Draw it.

*Benedicke*. Hang it.

*Claudio*. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

*Prince*. What? sigh for the tooth-ach.

*Leon*. Where is but a humour or a worme.

*Benedicke*. Well, euery one cannot master a griefe, but hee  
that has it.

*Claudio*. Yet say I, he is in loue.

*Prince*. There is no appearance of fancie in him, vnlesse  
it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to bee a  
Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: vnlesse hee  
haue a fancy to this foolery, as it appeares hee hath, hee  
is no foole for fancy, as you would haue it to appeare  
he is.

*Claudio*. If he be not in loue vvith some vvoman, there  
is no beleeuing old signes, a brushes his hat a mornings,  
What should that bode?

*Prince*. Hath any man seene him at the Barbers?

*Claudio*. No, but the Barbers man hath beene seene with  
him, and the olde ornament of his cheekes hath alreadie  
stufte tennis balls.

*Leon*. Indeed he lookes yonger then hee did, by the  
losse of a beard.

*Prince*. Nay a rube himselfe vvith Ciuit, can you smell  
him out by that?

*Claudio*. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in  
loue.

*Prince*. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

*Claudio*. And vvhen vvvas he vvont to vvash his face?

*Prince*. Yea, or to paint himselfe? for the which I heare  
vvhat they say of him.

*Claudio*. Nay, but his iesting spirit, vvhich is now crept  
into a lute-string, and now gouern'd by stops.

*Prince*.

ced that tels a heauy tale for him: conclude,

, but I know who loues him.

at would I know too, I warrant one that not.

and his ill conditions, and in despight of all,

: shall be buried with her face vpwards.

is this no charme for the tooth-ake, old fig-  
aside with mee, I haue studied eight or nine  
to speake to you, which these hobby-horses  
ire.

my life to breake with him about *Beatrice*.

even so, *Hero* and *Margaret* haue by this  
parts with *Beatrice*, and then the two Beares  
one another when they meete.

*Enter Iohn the Bastard.*

Lord and brother, God saue you.

and den brother.

our leifure seru'd, I would speake with you.  
priuate?

t please you, yet Count *Claudio* may heare,  
ould speake of, concerns him.

hat's the matter?

eanes your Lordship to be married to mor-

know he does.

ow not that when he knowes what I know.  
here be any impediment, I pray you disco-

a may thinke I loue you not, let that appeare  
d ayme better at me by that I now will ma-  
y brother (I thinke, he holds you well, and in  
f heart) hath holpe to effect your ensuing  
rely sute ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.  
y, what's the matter?

I came hither to tell you, and circumstances  
r the hath beene too long a talking of) the  
yall.

to *Hero*?

n thee, *Leonatoes Hero*, your *Hero*, every

oyall?

word is too good to paint out her wicked-  
I say she were worse, thinke you of a worse  
will fit her to it: wonder not till further war-  
it with mee to night, you shal see her cham-  
entred, even the night before her wedding  
loue her, then to morrow wed her: But it  
fit your honour to change your minde.

ay this be so?

will not thinke it.

ou dare not trust that you see, confesse not  
ow: if you will follow mee, I will shew you  
when you haue seene more, & heard more,  
rdingly.

I see any thing to night, why I should not  
morrow in the congregation, where I shold  
will I shame her.

as I wooed for thee to obtaine her, I will  
let as to disgrace her.

ill disparage her no farther, till you are my  
are it coldly but till night, and let the issue

ay vntowardly turned!

*Claud.* O mischiefe strange!e thwarting!

*Bastard.* O plague right well preuented! so will you  
say, when you haue seene the sequele. *Exit.*

*Enter Dogbery and his compartner with the watch.*

*Dog.* Are you good men and true?

*Verg.* Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer  
saluation body and soule.

*Dogb.* Nay, that were a punishment too good for  
them, if they should haue any allegiance in them, being  
chosen for the Princes watch.

*Verges.* Well, giue them their charge, neighbour  
*Dogbery.*

*Dog.* First, who thinke you the most defartleffe man  
to be Constable?

*Watch. 1.* *Hugh Ote-cake* fir, or *George Sea-coale*, for  
they can write and reade.

*Dogb.* Come hither neighbour *Sea-coale*, God hath  
blest you with a good name: to be a wel-fauoured man,  
is the gift of Fortune, but to write and reade, comes by  
Nature.

*Watch 2.* Both which Master Constable

*Dogb.* You haue: I knew it would be your answer:  
well, for your fauour fir, why giue God thanks, & make  
no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let that  
appeare when there is no need of such vanity, you are  
thought heere to be the most sensleffe and fit man for the  
Constable of the watch: therefore beare you the lan-  
thorne: this is your charge: You shall comprehend all  
vagrom men, you are to bid any man stand in the Prin-  
ces name.

*Watch 2.* How if a will not stand?

*Dogb.* Why then take no note of him, but let him go,  
and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and  
thanke God you are ridde of a knaue.

*Verges.* If he will not stand when he is bidden, hee is  
none of the Princes subiects.

*Dogb.* True, and they are to meddle with none but  
the Princes subiects: you shall also make no noise in the  
streetes: for, for the Watch to babble and talke, is most  
tollerable, and not to be indured.

*Watch.* We will rather sleepe than talke, wee know  
what belongs to a Watch.

*Dog.* Why you speake like an ancient and most quiet  
watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend:  
only haue a care that your bills be not stolne: well, you  
are to call at all the Alehouses, and bid them that are  
drunke get them to bed.

*Watch.* How if they will not?

*Dogb.* Why then let them alone till they are sober, if  
they make you not then the better answer, you may say,  
they are not the men you tooke them for.

*Watch.* Well fir.

*Dogb.* If you meet a theefe, you may suspect him, by  
vertue of your office, to be no true man: and for such  
kinde of men, the lesse you meddle or make with them,  
why the more is for your honesty.

*Watch.* If wee know him to be a thiefe, shall wee not  
lay hands on him.

*Dogb.* Truly by your office you may, but I think they  
that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way  
for you, if you doe take a theefe, is, to let him shew him-  
selfe what he is, and steale out of your company.

*Verg.* You haue bin alwaies call'd a merciful mā partner.

*Dog.* Truly I would not hang a dog by my will, much  
more a man who hath anie honestie in him.

*Verges.* If you heare a child crie in the night you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

*Watch.* How if the nurse be asleepe and will not heare vs?

*Dog.* Why then depart in peace, and let the childe wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not heare her Lambe when it bates, will neuer answere a calfe when he bleates.

*Verges.* 'Tis verie true.

*Dog.* This is the end of the charge: you constable are to present the Princes owne person, if you meete the Prince in the night, you may staie him.

*Verges.* Nay birladie that I thinke a cannot.

*Dog.* Fiue shillings to one on't with anie man that knowes the Statues, he may staie him, marrie not without the prince be willing, for indeede the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

*Verges.* Birladie I thinke it be so.

*Dog.* Ha, ah ha, well masters good night, and there be anie matter of weight chanes, call vp me, keepe your fellowes counsailes, and your owne, and good night, come neighbour.

*Watch.* Well masters, we heare our charge, let vs go sit here vpon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

*Dog.* One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you watch about signior *Leonatoes* doore, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coyle to night, adiew, be vigilant I beseech you. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Boracchio and Conrade.*

*Bor.* What, *Conrade*?

*Watch.* Peace, stir not.

*Bor.* *Conrade* I say.

*Con.* Here man, I am at thy elbow.

*Bor.* Mas and my elbow itcht, I thought there would a scabbe follow.

*Con.* I will owe thee an answere for that, and now forward with thy tale.

*Bor.* Stand thee close then vnder this penthouse, for it driffels raine, and I will, like a true drunkard, vtter all to thee.

*Watch.* Some treason masters, yet stand close.

*Bor.* Therefore know, I haue earned of *Don Iohn* a thousand Ducates.

*Con.* Is it possible that anie villanie should be so deare?

*Bor.* Thou should'st rather aske if it were possible anie villanie should be so rich? for when rich villains haue neede of poore ones, poore ones may make what price they will.

*Con.* I wonder at it.

*Bor.* That shewes thou art vnconfirm'd, thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is nothing to a man.

*Con.* Yes, it is apparell.

*Bor.* I meane the fashion.

*Con.* Yes the fashion is the fashion.

*Bor.* Tush, I may as well say the foole's the foole, but see'st thou not what a deformed theefe this fashion is?

*Watch.* I know that deformed, a has bin a vile theefe, this vii. yeares, a goes vp and downe like a gentle man: I remember his name.

*Bor.* Did'st thou not heare some bodie?

*Con.* No, 'twas the vaine on the house.

*Bor.* See'st thou not (I say) what a deformed theefe this fashion is, how giddily a turnes about all the Hot-

blouds, betweene foureteene & fise & thirtie, sometimes fashioning them like *Pharaoes* souldiours in the rechie painting, sometime like god Bels priests in the old Church window, sometime like the thauen *Hercules* in the smircht worm eaten tapestrie, where his cod-peece seemes as massie as his club.

*Con.* All this I see, and see that the fashion weares out more apparrell then the man; but art not thou thy selfe giddie with the fashion too that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

*Bor.* Not so neither, but know that I haue to night wooed *Margaret* the Lady *Heroes* gentle-woman, by the name of *Hero*, she leanes me out at her mistris chamber-vvindow, bids me a thousand times good night: I tell this tale vildly. I should first tell thee how the Prince *Claudio* and my Master planted, and placed, and possessed by my Master *Don Iohn*, saw a far off in the Orchard this amiable incounter.

*Con.* And thought thy *Margaret* was *Hero*?

*Bor.* Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*, but the diuell my Master knew the was *Margaret* and partly by his oathes, which first posselt them, partly by the darke night which did deceiue them, but chiefly, by my villanie, which did confirme any slander that *Don Iohn* had made, away vvent *Claudio* enraged, swore hee vvould meete her as he was appointed next morning at the Temple, and there, before the whole congregation shame her with vvhat he saw o're night, and send her home againe vvithout a husband.

*Watch.* 1. We charge you in the Princes name stand.

*Watch.* 2. Call vp the right master Constable, vve haue here recovered the most dangerous peece of lechery, that euer vvas knowne in the Common-wealth.

*Watch.* 1. And one Deformed is one of them, I know him, a vveares a locke.

*Con.* Masters, masters.

*Watch.* 2. Youle be made bring deformed forth I warrant you,

*Con.* Masters, neuer speake, vve charge you, let vs obey you to goe vvith vs.

*Bor.* We are like to proue a goodly commoditie, being taken vp of these mens bila.

*Con.* A commoditie in question I warrant you, come vveele obey you. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hero, and Margaret, and Ursula.*

*Hero.* Good *Ursula* wake my cofin *Beatrice*, and desire her to rise.

*Ursu.* I will Lady.

*Her.* And bid her come hither.

*Urs.* Well.

*Mar.* Troth I thinke your other rebato were better.

*Bor.* No pray thee good *Meg*, Ile vveare this.

*Marg.* By my troth's not so good, and I vvarrant your cofin vvill say so.

*Bor.* My cofin's a foole, and thou art another, ile vveare none but this.

*Mar.* I like the new tire vvithin excellently, if the haire vvere a thought browner: and your gown's a most rare fashion ytaith, I saw the Dutchesse of *Millaine* gowne that they praife so.

*Bor.* O that exceeds they say.

*Mar.* By my troth's but a night-gowne in respect of yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and lac'd with siluer, set with pearles, downe sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round vnderborn with a blewish tinsel, but for a fine queint gracefull and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

*Bor.* God

*Hero.* God giue mee ioy to weare it, for my heart is exceeding heauy.

*Marga.* 'Twill be heauier soone, by the waight of a man.

*Hero.* Fie vpon thee, art not asham'd?

*Marg.* Of what Lady? of speaking, honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I thinke you would haue me say, fauing your reuerence a husband: and bad thinking doe not wrest true speaking, Ile offend no body, is there any harme in the heauier for a husband? none I thinke, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heauy, aske my Lady *Beatrice* else, here she comes.

*Enter Beatrice.*

*Hero.* Good morrow Coze.

*Beat.* Good morrow sweet *Hero*.

*Hero.* Why how now? do you speake in the sick tune?

*Beat.* I am out of all other tune, me thinkes.

*Mar.* Claps into Light a loue, (that goes without a burden,) do you sing it and Ile dance it.

*Beat.* Ye Light aloue with your heeles, then if your husband haue stables enough, you'll looke he shall lacke no barnes.

*Mar.* O illegitimate construction! I scorne that with my heeles.

*Beat.* 'Tis almost siue a clocke cosin, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

*Mar.* For a hauke, a horse, or a husband?

*Beat.* For the letter that begins them all, H.

*Mar.* Well, and you be not turn'd Turke, there's no more sayling by the starre.

*Beat.* What meanes the foole trow?

*Mar.* Nothing I, but God send euery one rheir harts desire.

*Hero.* These gloues the Count sent mee, they are an excellent perfume.

*Beat.* I am stufte cosin, I cannot smell.

*Mar.* A maid and stufte! there's goodly catching of colde.

*Beat.* O God helpe me, God help me, how long haue you profest apprehension?

*Mar.* Euer since you left it, doth not my wit become me rarely?

*Beat.* It is not seene enough, you should weare it in your cap, by my troth I am sicke.

*Mar.* Get you some of this distill'd *carduus benedictus* and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm.

*Hero.* There thou prickst her with a thissell.

*Beat.* *Benedictus*, why *benedictus*? you haue some morall in this *benedictus*.

*Mar.* Morall? no by my troth, I haue no morall meaning, I meant plaine holy thissell, you may thinke perchance that I thinke you are in loue, nay birlady I am not such a foole to thinke what I list, nor I list not to thinke what I can, nor indeed I cannot thinke, if I would thinke my hart out of thinking, that you are in loue, or that you will be in loue, or that you can be in loue: yet *Benedicke* was such another, and now is he become a man, he swore hee would neuer marry, and yet now in despite of his heart he eates his meat without grudging, and how you may be conuerted I know not, but me thinkes you looke with your eies as other women doe.

*Beat.* What pace is this that thy tongue keeps.

*Mar.* Not a false gallop.

*Enter Vrsula.*

*Vrsula.* Madam, withdraw, the Prince, the Count, signior *Benedicke*, Don *Iohn*, and all the gallants of the towne are come to fetch you to Church.

*Hero.* Helpe to dresse mee good coze, good *Meg*, good *Vrsula*.

*Enter Leonato, and the Constable, and the Headborough.*

*Leonato.* What would you with mee, honest neighbour?

*Const. Dog.* Mary sir I would haue some confidence with you, that decernes you nearely.

*Leon.* Briefe I pray you, for you see it is a busie time with me.

*Const. Dog.* Mary this it is sir.

*Headb.* Yes in truth it is sir.

*Leon.* What is it my good friends?

*Con. Do.* Goodman Verges sir speakes a little of the matter, an old man sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as God helpe I would desire they were, but infaieth honest as the skin betwene his browes.

*Head.* Yes I thank God, I am as honest as any man liuing, that is an old man, and no honeste then I.

*Con. Dog.* Comparisons are odorous, palabras, neighbour Verges.

*Leon.* Neighbours, you are tedious.

*Con. Dog.* It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poore Dukes officers, but truly for mine owne part, if I were as tedious as a King I could finde in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

*Leon.* All thy tediousnesse on me, ah?

*Const. Dog.* Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis, for I heare as good exclamation on your Worship as of any man in the Citie, and though I bee but a poore man, I am glad to heare it.

*Head.* And so am I.

*Leon.* I would faine know what you haue to say.

*Head.* Marry sir our watch to night, excepting your worships presence, haue tane a couple of as arrant knaues as any in Messina.

*Con. Dog.* A good old man sir, hee will be talking as they say, when the age is in, the wit is out, God helpe vs, it is a world to see: well said yfaith neighbour *Verges*, well, God's a good man, and two men ride of a horse, one must ride behinde, an honest soule yfaith sir, by my troth he is, as euer broke bread, but God is to bee worshipt, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.

*Leon.* Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you.

*Con. Do.* Gifts that God giues.

*Leon.* I must leaue you.

*Con. Dog.* One word sir, our watch sir haue indeede comprehended two aspitious persons, & we would haue them this morning examined before your worship.

*Leon.* Take their examination your selfe, and bring it me, I am now in great haste, as may appeare vnto you.

*Const.* It shall be suffigance.

*(Exit.)*

*Leon.* Drinke some wine ere you goe: fare you well.

*Messenger.* My Lord, they stay for you to giue your daughter to her husband.

*Leon.* Ile wait vpon them, I am ready.

*Dogb.* Goe good partner, goe get you to *Francis Seacoale*, bid him bring his pen and inkehorne to the Gaole: we are now to examine those men.

*Verges.* And we must doe it wisely.

*Dogb.* Wee will spare for no witte I warrant you:

K 3

heere,

heere's that shall drive some of them to a non-come, only get the learned writer to set downe our excommunication, and meet me at the Ialle. *Exeunt.*

### Actus Quartus.

*Enter Prince, Bassard, Leonato, Frier, Claudio, Benedicke, Hero, and Beatrice.*

*Leonato.* Come Frier *Francis*, be briefe, onely to the plaine forme of marriage, and you shal recount their particular duties afterwards.

*Fran.* You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

*Claudio.* No.

*Leo.* To be married to her : Frier, you come to marrie her.

*Frier.* Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.

*Hero.* I doe.

*Frier.* If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conioyned, I charge you on your soules to vtter it.

*Claudio.* Know you anie, *Hero*?

*Hero.* None my Lord.

*Frier.* Know you anie, Count?

*Leo.* I dare make his answer, None.

*Claudio.* O what men dare do ! what men may do ! what men daily do !

*Bene.* How now ! interiections ? why then, some be of laughing, as ha, ha, he.

*Claudio.* Stand thee by Frier, father, by your leaue, Will you with free and vnconstrained soule Giue me this maid your daughter ?

*Leo.* As freely sonne as God did giue her me.

*Claudio.* And what haue I to giue you backe, whose worth May counterpoise this rich and precious gift ?

*Prin.* Nothing, vnlesse you render her againe.

*Claudio.* Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness : There *Leonato*, take her backe againe, Giue not this rotten Orenge to your friend, Shee's but the signe and semblance of her honour : Behold how like a maid she blushes heere !

O what authoritie and shew of truth Can cunning sinne couer it selfe withall ! Comes not that bloud, as modest euidence, To witnesse simple Vertue ? would you not sweare All you that see her, that she were a maide, By these exterior shewes ? But she is none : She knowes the heat of a luxurious bed : Her blush is guiltinesse, not modestie.

*Leonato.* What doe you meane, my Lord ?

*Claudio.* Not to be married, Not to knit my soule to an approued wanton.

*Leo.* Deere my Lord, if you in your owne prooffe, Haue vanquish't the resistance of her youth, And made defeat of her virginity. *(her,*

*Claudio.* I know what you would say : if I haue knowne You will say, she did imbrace me as a husband, And so extenuate the forehead sinne : No *Leonato*, I neuer tempted her with word too large, But as a brother to his sister, shewed Bashfull sinceritie and comely loue.

*Hero.* And seem'd I euer otherwise to you ?

*Claudio.* Out on thee seeming, I will write against it, You seeme to me as *Diane* in her Orbe, As chaste as is the budde ere it be blowne : But you are more intemperate in your blood, Than *Venus*, or those pampred animals, That rage in sauage sensuality.

*Hero.* Is my Lord well, that he doth speake so wide ?

*Leo.* Sweete Prince, why speake not you ?

*Prin.* What should I speake ?

I stand dishonour'd that haue gone about, To linke my deare friend to a common stale.

*Leo.* Are these things spoken, or doe I but dreame ?

*Bass.* Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

*Bene.* This looks not like a nuptiall.

*Hero.* True, O God !

*Claudio.* *Leonato*, stand I here ?

Is this the Prince ? is this the Princes brother ?

Is this face *Hero's* ? are our eyes our owne ?

*Leo.* All this is so, but what of this my Lord ?

*Claudio.* Let me but moue one question to your daughter And by that fatherly and kindly power, That you haue in her, bid her answer truly. *(ter,*

*Leo.* I charge thee doe, as thou art my child.

*Hero.* O God defend me how am I beset, What kinde of catechizing call you this ?

*Claudio.* To make you answer truly to your name.

*Hero.* Is it not *Hero* ? who can blot that name With any iust reproach ?

*Claudio.* Marry that can *Hero*, *Hero* it selfe can blot out *Hero's* vertue.

What man was he, talkt with you yesternight, Out at your window betwixt twelue and one ? Now if you are a maid, answer to this.

*Hero.* I talkt with no man at that howre my Lord.

*Prince.* Why then you are no maiden. *Leonato*, I am sorry you must heare : vpon mine honor, My selfe, my brother, and this grieued Count Did see her, heare her, at that howre last night, Talke with a ruffian at her chamber window, Who hath indeed most like a libell villaine, Confest the vile encounters they haue had A thousand times in secret.

*John.* Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord, Not to be spoken of, There is not chastitie enough in language, Without offence to vtter them : thus pretty Lady I am sorry for thy much misgouernment.

*Claudio.* O *Hero* ! what a *Hero* hadst thou beene If halfe thy outward graces had beene placed About thy thoughts and counsailes of thy heart ? But fare thee well, most foule, most faire, farewell Thou pure impiety, and impious puritie, For thee Ile locke vp all the gates of Loue, And on my eie-lids shall Coniecture hang, To turne all beauty into thoughts of harme, And neuer shall it more be gracious.

*Leo.* Hath no mans dagger here a point for me ?

*Beat.* Why how now cofin, wherfore sink you down ?

*Bass.* Come, let vs go : these things come thus to light, Smother her spirits vp.

*Bene.* How doth the Lady ?

*Beat.* Dead I thinke, helpe vncke, *Hero*, why *Hero*, vncke, Signor *Benedicke*, Frier.

*Leonato.* O Fate ! take not away thy heauy hand, Death is the fairest couer for her shame That may be wisht for.

*Beat. Ho*

low now cofin *Hero*?  
 ie comfort *Ladie*.  
 ft thou looke vp?  
 a, wherefore should she not?  
 nerfore? Why doth not euery earthly thing  
 pon her? Could she heere denie  
 hat is printed in her blood?  
*Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:  
 inke thou wouldst not quickly die,  
 hy spirits were stronger then thy shames,  
 uld on the reward of reproaches  
 y life. Grieu'd I, I had but one?  
 that at frugal Natures frame?  
 uch by thee: why had I one?  
 as't thou louelie in my eies?  
 not with charitable hand  
 beggars issue at my gates,  
 ed thus, and mir'd with infamie,  
 ie said, no part of it is mine:  
 deriues it selfe from vnknowne loines,  
 ad mine I lou'd, and mine I prais'd,  
 hat I was proud on mine so much,  
 elfe, was to my selfe not mine:  
 f her, why she, O she is false  
 Inke, that the wide sea  
 too few to wash her cleane againe,  
 little, which may season giue  
 e tainted flesh.  
 fir, be patient: for my part, I am so attired  
 I know not what to say.  
 n my soule my cofin is belied.  
 ie, were you her bedfellow last night?  
 truly: not although vntill last night,  
 tweluemonth bin her bedfellow.  
 nfirm'd, confirm'd, O that is stronger made  
 before barr'd vp with ribs of iron.  
 Princes lie, and *Claudio* lie,  
 er so, that speaking of her foulness,  
 ith teares? Hence from her, let her die.  
 re me a little, for I haue onely bene silent so  
 uen way vnto this course of fortune, by no  
 Ladie, I haue markt.  
 blushing apparitions,  
 o her face, a thousand innocent shames,  
 hiteness beare away those blushes,  
 eie there hath appear'd a fire  
 ie errors that these Princes hold  
 maiden truth. Call me a foole,  
 y reading, nor my obseruations,  
 experimental seale doth warrant  
 of my booke: trust not my age,  
 ce, calling, nor diuinitie,  
 : *Ladie* lye not guiltlesse heere,  
 : biting error.  
 r, it cannot be:  
 hat all the Grace that she hath left,  
 wil not adde to her damnation,  
 eriury, she not denies it:  
 t thou then to couer with excuse,  
 : appears in proper nakednesse?  
 ie, what man is he you are accus'd of?  
 ey know that do accuse me, I know none:  
 nore of any man alieue  
 which maiden modestie doth warrant,  
 innes lacke mercy. O my Father,  
 hat any man with me conuerst,

At houres vnmeet, or that I yesternight  
 Maintain'd the change of words with any creatur,  
 Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.  
*Fri*. There is some strange misprison in the Princes.  
*Ben*. Two of them haue the verie bent of honor,  
 And if their wisedomes be mislead in this:  
 The practise of it liues in *Iohn* the bastard,  
 Whose spirits toile in frame of villanies.  
*Leo*. I know not: if they speake but truth of her,  
 These hands shall teare her: If they wrong her honour,  
 The proudest of them shall wel heare of it.  
 Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,  
 Nor age so eate vp my inuention,  
 Nor Fortune made such hauocke of my meanes,  
 Nor my bad life rest me so much of friends,  
 But they shall finde, awak'd in such a kinde,  
 Both strength of limbe, and policie of minde,  
 Ability in meanes, and choise of friends,  
 To quit me of them throughly.  
*Fri*. Pause awhile:  
 And let my counsell sway you in this case,  
 Your daughter heere the Princeesse (left for dead)  
 Let her awhile be secretly kept in,  
 And publish it, that she is dead indeed:  
 Maintaine a mourning ostentation,  
 And on your Families old monument,  
 Hang mournfull Epitaphes, and do all rites,  
 That appertaine vnto a buriall.  
*Leon*. What shall become of this? What wil this do?  
*Fri*. Marry this wel carried, shall on her behalfe,  
 Change slander to remorse, that is some good,  
 But not for that dreame I on this strange course,  
 But on this trauaile looke for greater birth:  
 She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,  
 Vpon the instant that she was accus'd,  
 Shal be lamented, pittied, and excus'd  
 Of euery hearer: for it so falls out,  
 That what we haue, we prize not to the worth,  
 Whiles we enioy it; but being lack'd and lost,  
 Why then we racke the value, then we finde  
 The vertue that possession would not shew vs  
 Whiles it was ours, so will it fare with *Claudio*:  
 When he shal heare she dyed vpon his words,  
 Th'idea of her life shal sweetly creepe  
 Into his study of imagination.  
 And euery louely Organ of her life,  
 Shall come apparel'd in more precious habite:  
 More mouing delicate, and ful of life,  
 Into the eye and prospect of his soule  
 Then when she liu'd indeed: then shal he mourne,  
 If euer Loue had interest in his Liuer,  
 And with he had not so accus'd her:  
 No, though he thought his accusation true:  
 Let this be so, and doubt not but successe  
 Wil fashion the euent in better shape,  
 Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.  
 But if all ayme but this be leueld false,  
 The supposition of the Ladies death,  
 Will quench the wonder of her infamie.  
 And if it fort not well, you may concale her,  
 As best befits her wounded reputation,  
 In some reclusiue and religious life,  
 Out of all eyes, tongnes, mindes and iniuries.  
*Bene*. Signior *Leonato*, let the Frier aduise you,  
 And though you know my inwardnesse and loue  
 Is very much vnto the Prince and *Claudio*.

Yet; by mine honor, I will deale in this,  
As secretly and iustlie, as your soule  
Should with your bodie.

*Leon.* Being that I flow in greefe,  
The smallest twine may lead me.

*Frier.* 'Tis well consented, presently away,  
For to strange fores, strangely they straine the cure,  
Come Lady, die to liue, this wedding day  
Perhaps is but prolong'd, haue patience & endure. *Exit.*

*Bene.* Lady *Beatrice*, haue you wept all this while?

*Beat.* Yea, and I will weepe a while longer.

*Bene.* I will not desire that.

*Beat.* You haue no reason, I doe it freely.

*Bene.* Surelie I do beleuee your fair cofin is wrong'd.

*Beat.* Ah, how much might the man deserue of mee  
that would right her!

*Bene.* Is there any way to shew such friendship?

*Beat.* A verie euen way, but no such friend.

*Bene.* May a man doe it?

*Beat.* It is a mans office, but not yours.

*Bene.* I doe loue nothing in the world so well as you,  
is not that strange?

*Beat.* As strange as the thing I know not, it were as  
possible for me to say, I loued nothing so well as you, but  
beleuee me not, and yet I lie not, I confesse nothing, nor  
I deny nothing, I am forry for my cousin.

*Bene.* By my sword *Beatrice* thou lou'st me.

*Beat.* Doe not sweare by it and eat it.

*Bene.* I will sweare by it that you loue mee, and I will  
make him eat it that sayes I loue not you.

*Beat.* Will you not eat your word?

*Bene.* With no sawce that can be deuised to it, I pro-  
test I loue thee.

*Beat.* Why then God forgie me.

*Bene.* What offence sweet *Beatrice*?

*Beat.* You haue stayed me in a happy howre, I was a-  
bout to protest I loued you.

*Bene.* And doe it with all thy heart.

*Beat.* I loue you with so much of my heart, that none  
is left to protest.

*Bened.* Come, bid me doe any thing for thee.

*Beat.* Kill *Claudio*.

*Bene.* Ha, not for the wide world.

*Beat.* You kill me to denie, farewell.

*Bene.* Tarrie sweet *Beatrice*.

*Beat.* I am gone, though I am heere, there is no loue  
in you, nay I pray you let me goe.

*Bene.* *Beatrice*.

*Beat.* Infaith I will goe.

*Bene.* Wee'll be friends first.

*Beat.* You dare easier be friends with mee, than fight  
with mine enemy.

*Bene.* Is *Claudio* thine enemy?

*Beat.* Is a not approued in the height a villaine, that  
hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O  
that I were a man! what, beare her in hand vntill they  
come to take hands, and then with publike accusation  
vncouered slander, vnmittigated rancour? O God that I  
were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

*Bene.* Heare me *Beatrice*.

*Beat.* Talke with a man out at a window, a proper  
saying.

*Bene.* Nay but *Beatrice*.

*Beat.* Sweet *Hero*, she is wrong'd, she is slandered,  
she is vndone.

*Bene.* Beat?

*Beat.* Princes and Counties! surelie a Prince  
monic, a goodly Count, Comfect, a sweet Gallie,  
O that I were a man for his sake! or that I  
friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood  
ted into curfies, valour into complement, and  
onelie turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he  
as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lie, and sw  
I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will di  
man with grieuing.

*Bene.* Tarry good *Beatrice*, by this hand I loue

*Beat.* Vse it for my loue some other way the  
ring by it.

*Bened.* Thinke you in your soule the Count  
hath wrong'd *Hero*?

*Beat.* Yea, as sure as I haue a thought, or a soul

*Bene.* Enough, I am engagde, I will challenge  
will kisse your hand, and so leaue you: by this ha  
dio shall render me a deere account: as you heare  
so thinke of me: goe comfort your cofin, I must  
is dead, and so farewell.

*Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Towne (*  
*in gowns.*

*Keeper.* Is our whole dissembly appeard?

*Cowley.* O a stoole and a cushion for the Sexton  
*Sexton.* Which be the malefactors?

*Andrew.* Marry that am I, and my partner.

*Cowley.* Nay that's certaine, wee haue the es  
to examine.

*Sexton.* But which are the offenders that are t  
amined, let them come before master Constable.

*Kemp.* Yea marry, let them come before mee,  
your name, friend?

*Bor.* *Borachio*.

*Kem.* Pray write downe *Borachio*. Yours firra.

*Con.* I am a Gentleman fir, and my name is *Ca*

*Kee.* Write downe Master gentleman *Conrad*  
sters, doe you serue God: maisters, it is proued  
that you are little better than false knaues, and it  
neere to be thought so shortly, how answer you  
felues?

*Con.* Marry fir, we say we are none.

*Kemp.* A maruellous witty fellow I assure you  
will goe about with him: come you hither firra  
in your eare fir, I say to you, it is thought you  
knaues.

*Bor.* Sir, I say to you, we are none.

*Kemp.* Well, stand aside, 'fore God they are  
a tale: haue you writ downe that they are none?

*Sext.* Master Constable, you goe not the wa  
amine, you must call forth the watch that are  
cufers.

*Kemp.* Yea marry, that's the esteft way, let th  
come forth: maisters, I charge you in the Prince  
accuse these men.

*Watch 1.* This man said fir, that *Don Iohn* th  
brother was a villaine.

*Kemp.* Write down, Prince *Iohn* a villaine:  
is flat periurie, to call a Princes brother villaine.

*Bora.* Master Constable.

*Kemp.* Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like t  
I promise thee.

*Sexton.* What heard you him say else?

*Watch 2.* Mary that he had receiued a thou  
kates of *Don Iohn*, for accusing the Lady *Her*  
fully.

Flat Burglarie as euer was committed.

'ea by th'masse that it is.

What else fellow?

1. And that Count *Claudio* did meane vpon his disgrace *Hero* before the whole assembly, and her.

O villaine! thou wilt be condemn'd into euer-emption for this.

What else?

This is all.

And this is more masters then you can deny, m is this morning secretly stolne away: *Hero* s manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, the griefe of this sodainely died: Master Con- these men be bound, and brought to *Leonato*, before, and shew him their examination.

Come, let them be opinion'd.

It them be in the hands of *Coxcombe*.

Iods my life, where's the Sexton? let him write e Princes Officer *Coxcombe*: come, binde them bty varlet.

Away, you are an asse, you are an asse.

Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not y yeeres? O that hee were heere to write mee asse! but masters, remember that I am an asse: be not written down, yet forget not y I am an ou villaine, y art full of piety as shall be prou'd: by good witnesse, I am a wise fellow, and more, an officer, and which is more, a houshoul- which is more, as pretty a peece of flesh as any in and one that knowes the Law, goe to, & a rich ough, goe to, and a fellow that hath had losses, hat hath two gownes, and every thing hand- it him: bring him away: O that I had been writ asse!

*Exit.*

### *Actus Quintus.*

*Enter Leonato and his brother.*

1. If you goe on thus, you will kill your selfe, not wisdom thus to second griefe, our selfe.

pray thee cease thy counsaile, lls into mine eares as profitlesse,

in a fue: giue not me counsaile,

o comfort delight mine eare,

a one whose wrongs doth sute with mine.

a father that so lou'd his childe,

y of her is ouerwhelmed like mine,

him speake of patience,

his woe the length and bredth of mine,

answere every straine for straine,

or thus, and such a griefe for such,

ineament, branch, shape, and forme:

one will smile and stroke his beard,

vw, wagge, crie hem, when he should grone,

efe with prouerbs, make misfortune drunke,

dle-wasters: bring him yet to me,

him will gather patience:

is no such man, for brother, men

gile, and speake comfort to that griefe,

ey themselves not feeble, but tasting it,

infaile turnes to passion, which before,

Would giue preceptiall medicine to rage,

Fetter strong madnesse in a silken thred,

Charme ache with ayre, and agony with words,

No, no, 'tis all mens office, to speake patience

To those that wring vnder the load of sorrow:

But no mans vertue nor sufficiencie

To be so morall, when he shall endure

The like himselfe: therefore giue me no counsaile,

My griefs cry lowder then aduertisement.

*Broth.* Therein do men from children nothing differ.

*Leonato.* I pray thee peace, I will be flesh and bloud,

For there was neuer yet Philosopher,

That could endure the tooth-ake patiently,

How euer they haue writ the stile of gods,

And made a push at chance and sufferance.

*Brother.* Yet bend not all the harme vpon your selfe,

Make those that doe offend you, suffer too.

*Leon.* There thou speak'st reason, nay I will doe so,

My soule doth tell me, *Hero* is belied,

And that shall *Claudio* know, so shall the Prince,

And all of them that thus dishonour her.

*Enter Prince and Claudio.*

*Broth.* Here comes the *Prince* and *Claudio* hastily.

*Prin.* Good den, good den.

*Claud.* Good day to both of you.

*Leon.* Heare you my Lords?

*Prin.* We haue some haste *Leonato*.

*Leo.* Some haste my Lord! wel, fareyouwel my Lord, Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

*Prin.* Nay, do not quarrell with vs, good old man.

*Broth.* If he could rite himselfe with quarrelling, Some of vs would lie low.

*Claud.* Who wrongs him?

*Leon.* Marry y dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou: Nay, neuer lay thy hand vpon thy sword, I feare thee not.

*Claud.* Marry beshrew my hand, If it should giue your age such cause of feare, Infaith my hand meant nothing to my sword.

*Leonato.* Tush, tush, man, neuer feere and iest at me, I speake not like a dotard, nor a foole,

As vnder priuiledge of age to bragge,

What I haue done being yong, or what would doe,

Were I not old, know *Claudio* to thy head,

Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent childe and me,

That I am forc'd to lay my reuerence by,

And with grey haire and bruise of many daies,

Doe challenge thee to triall of a man,

I say thou hast belied mine innocent childe.

Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors:

O in a tombe where neuer scandall slept,

Saue this of hers, fram'd by thy villanie.

*Claud.* My villany?

*Leonato.* Thine *Claudio*, thine I say.

*Prin.* You say not right old man.

*Leon.* My Lord, my Lord,

He proue it on his body if he dare,

Despight his nice fence, and his actiue practise,

His Maie of youth, and bloome of lustihood.

*Claud.* Away, I will not haue to do with you.

*Leo.* Canst thou so daffe me? thou hast kild my child,

If thou kilst me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

*Bro.* He shall kill two of vs, and men indeed,

But that's no matter, let him kill one first:

Win



Win me and weare me, let him answere me,  
Come follow me boy, come sir boy, come follow me  
Sir boy, ile whip you from your foyning fence,  
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

*Leon.* Brother.

*Brot.* Content your self, God knows I lou'd my neece,  
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villaines,  
That dare as well answer a man indeede,  
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.

Boyes, apes, braggarts, lackes, milke-fops.

*Leon.* Brother *Anthony.*

*Brot.* Hold you content, what man? I know them, yea  
And what they weigh, euen to the vtmost scruple,  
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boyes,  
That lye, and cog, and flout, depraue, and slander,  
Goe antiquely, and show outward hidiousnesse,  
And speake of halfe a dozen dang'rous words,  
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst.  
And this is all.

*Leon.* But brother *Anthony.*

*Ant.* Come, 'tis no matter,

Do not you meddle, let me deale in this.

*Pri.* Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience  
My heart is forry for your daughters death:  
But on my honour she was charg'd with nothing  
But what was true, and very full of prooffe.

*Leon.* My Lord, my Lord.

*Prin.* I will not heare you.

*Enter Benedicke.*

*Leo.* No come brother, away, I will be heard.

*Exeunt ambo.*

*Bro.* And shall, or some of vs will smart for it.

*Pri.* See, see, here comes the man we went to seeke.

*Clau.* Now signior, what newes?

*Ben.* Good day my Lord.

*Prin.* Welcome signior, you are almost come to part  
almost a fray.

*Clau.* Wee had likt to haue had our two noses snap  
off with two old men without teeth.

*Pri.* *Leonato* and his brother, what think'st thou? had  
wee fought, I doubt we should haue bene too yong for  
them.

*Ben.* In a false quarrell there is no true valour, I came  
to seeke you both.

*Clau.* We haue bene vp and downe to seeke thee, for  
we are high prooffe melancholly, and would faine haue it  
beaten away, wilt thou vse thy wit?

*Ben.* It is in my scabberd, shall I draw it?

*Pri.* Doeft thou weare thy wit by thy side?

*Clau.* Neuer any did so, though verie many haue been  
beside their wit, I will bid thee drawe, as we do the min-  
strels, draw to pleasure vs.

*Pri.* As I am an honest man he lookes pale, art thou  
ficke, or angrie?

*Clau.* What, courage man: what though care kil'd a  
cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

*Ben.* Sir, I shall meete your wit in the careere, and  
you charge it against me, I pray you chuse another sub-  
iect.

*Clau.* Nay then giue him another staffe, this last was  
broke crosse.

*Pri.* By this light, he changes more and more, I thinke  
he be angrie indeede.

*Clau.* If he be, he knowes how to turne his girdle.

*Ben.* Shall I speake a word in your eare?

*Clau.* God blesse me from a challenge.

*Ben.* You are a villaine, I leest not, I will make it good  
how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:  
do me right, or I will protest your cowardise: you haue  
kill'd a sweete Ladie, and her death shall fall heauie on  
you, let me heare from you.

*Clau.* Well, I will meete you, so I may haue good  
cheare.

*Prin.* What, a feast, a feast?

*Clau.* I faith I thanke him, he hath bid me to a calues  
head and a Capon, the which if I doe not carue most cu-  
riously, say my knife's naught, shall I not finde a wood-  
cocke too?

*Ben.* Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes easily.

*Prin.* Ile tell thee how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the o-  
ther day: I said thou hadst a fine wit: true saies she, a fine  
little one: no said I, a great wit: right saies shee, a great  
grosse one: nay said I, a good wit: iust said she, it hurts  
no body: nay said I, the gentleman is wise: certain said  
she, a wise gentleman: nay said I, he hath the tongues:  
that I beleue said shee, for hee swore a thing to me on  
munday night, which he forswore on tuesday morning:  
there's a double tongue, there's two tongues: thus did  
shee an howre together trans-shape thy particular ver-  
tues, yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the  
proprest man in Italie.

*Clau.* For the which she wept heartily, and said shee  
car'd not.

*Prin.* Yea that she did, but yet for all that, and if shee  
did not hate him deadlie, shee would loue him dearly,  
the old mans daughter told vs all.

*Clau.* All, all, and moreouer, God saw him vwhen he  
was hid in the garden.

*Prin.* But when shall we set the sauage Bulls horns  
on the sensible *Benedicks* head?

*Clau.* Yea and text vnder-neath, heere dwells *Ben-  
dicke* the married man.

*Ben.* Fare you well, Boy, you know my minde, I will  
leauue you now to your gossip-like humor, you breake  
iests as braggards do their blades, which God be thank-  
ed hurt not: my Lord, for your manie courtesies I thank  
you, I must discontinue your companie, your brother  
the Bastard is fled from *Messina*: you haue among you,  
kill'd a sweet and innocent Ladie: for my Lord Lacke-  
beard there, he and I shall meete, and till then peace be  
with him.

*Prin.* He is in earnest.

*Clau.* In most profound earnest, and Ile warrant you,  
for the loue of *Beatrice*.

*Pri.* And hath challeng'd thee.

*Clau.* Most sincerely.

*Prin.* What a prettie thing man is, when he goes in his  
doublet and hose, and leauues off his wit.

*Enter Constable, Conrade, and Borachio.*

*Clau.* He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape  
a Doctor to such a man.

*Pri.* But soft you, let me be, plucke vp my heart, and  
be sad, did he not say my brother was fled?

*Const.* Come you sir, if iustice cannot tame you, shee  
shall nere weigh more reasons in her ballance, nay, and  
you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be lookt to.

*Pri.* How now, two of my brothers men bound? *Bo-  
rachio* one.

*Clau.* Harken after their offence my Lord.

*Pri.* Officers, what offence haue these men done?

*Con.* Marrie

arrie fir, they haue committed false report,  
they haue spoken vntruths, secondarily they  
fixt and lastly, they haue belyed a Ladie,  
haue verified vniust things, and to conclude  
y<sup>e</sup> knaues.

ift I aske thee what they haue done, thirdlie  
vvhats their offence, fixt and lastlie why they  
ted, and to conclude, what you lay to their

ptlie reasoned, and in his owne diuision, and  
there's one meaning vvell futed.

ho haue you offended masters, that you are  
to your answer? this learned Constable is too  
be vnderstood, vvhats your offence?

ete Prince, let me go no farther to mine an-  
you heare me, and let this Count kill mee : I  
ed euen you verie eies : vvhats your wise-  
ld not discouer, these shallow fooles haue  
light, vvhich in the night ouerheard me con-  
is man, how *Don Iohn* your brother incensed  
er the Ladie *Hero*, how you were brought  
chard, and saw me court *Margaret* in *Heroes*  
how you disgrac'd her vvhhen you should  
my villanie they haue vpon record, vvhich  
r seale vvvith my death, then repeate ouer to  
the Ladie is dead vpon mine and my masters  
tion : and briefelie, I desire nothing but the  
villaine.

ins not this speech like yron through your

ae drunke poison whiles he vtter'd it.  
t did my Brother set thee on to this?  
y, and paid me richly for the pra<sup>ise</sup> of it.  
is compos'd and fram'd of treacherie,  
is vpon this villanie.

et *Hero*, now thy image doth appeare  
semblance that I lou'd it first.  
me, bring away the plaintiffes, by this time  
hath reformed *Signior Leonato* of the matter :  
do not forget to specifie when time & place  
that I am an Affe.

here, here comes master *Signior Leonato*, and  
oo.

*Enter Leonato.*

hich is the villaine? let me see his eies,  
I note another man like him,  
le him : vvhich of these is he?  
ou vvould know your wronger, looke on me.  
rt thou thou the slave that with thy breath  
ine innocent childe?

a, euen I alone.  
not so villaine, thou beliefst thy selfe,  
a paire of honourable men,  
led that had a hand in it :

u Princes for my daughters death,  
with your high and wortheie deedes,  
ely done, if you bethinke you of it.  
now not how to pray your patience,  
speake, chooseth your reuenge your selfe,  
to what penance your inuention  
on my sinne, yet sinn'd I not,  
aking.

' my soule nor I,  
atisfie this good old man,

I vvould bend vnder anie heauie vvaight,  
That heele enioyne me to.

*Leon*. I cannot bid you bid my daughter liue,  
That vvere impossible, but I praie you both,  
Possesse the people in *Messina* here,  
How innocent she died, and if your loue  
Can labour aught in sad inuention,  
Hang her an epitaph vpon her toomb,  
And sing it to her bones, sing it to night :  
To morrow morning come you to my house,  
And since you could not be my sonne in law,  
Be yet my Nephew : my brother hath a daughter,  
Almost the copie of my childe that's dead,  
And she alone is heire to both of vs,  
Giue her the right you should haue giu'n her cofin,  
And so dies my reuenge.

*Clau*. O noble fir!  
Your ouerkindnesse doth wring teares from me,  
I do embrace your offer, and dispose  
For henceforth of poore *Claudio*.

*Leon*. To morrow then I will expect your comming,  
To night I take my leaue, this naughtie man  
Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret*,  
Who I beleuee was packt in all this wrong,  
Hired to it by your brother.

*Bor*. No by my soule she was not,  
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me,  
But alwaies hath bin iust and vertuous,  
In anie thing that I do know by her.

*Const*. Moreouer fir, which indeede is not vnder white  
and black, this plaintiffe here, the offendour did call mee  
affe, I beseech you let it be remembered in his punish-  
ment, and also the vvatch heard them talke of one Deform-  
ed, they say he wearas a key in his care and a lock hang-  
ing by it, and borrowes monie in Gods name, the which  
he hath vs'd so long, and neuer paid, that now men grow  
hard-harted and will lend nothing for Gods sake : praie  
you examine him vpon that point.

*Leon*. I thanke thee for thy care and honest paines.

*Const*. Your vvorship speakes like a most thankfull  
and reuerend youth, and I praife God for you.

*Leon*. There's for thy paines.

*Const*. God saue the foundation.

*Leon*. Goe, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I  
thanke thee.

*Const*. I leaue an arrant knaue vvvith your vvorship,  
which I beseech your vvorship to correct your selfe, for  
the example of others : God keepe your vvorship, I  
vvish your vvorship vvvell, God restore you to health,  
I humbly giue you leaue to depart, and if a mer-  
rie meeting may be wisht, God prohibite it : come  
neighbour.

*Leon*. Vntill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

*Exeunt.*

*Brot*. Farewell my Lords, vve looke for you to mor-  
row.

*Prin*. We will not faile.

*Clau*. To night ile mourne with *Hero* :

*Leon*. Bring you these fellowes on, weel talke vvvith  
*Margaret*, how her acquaintance grew vvvith this lewd  
fellow.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Benedicke and Margaret.*

*Ben*. Praie thee sweete Mistris *Margaret*, deserue  
vvell at my hands, by helping mee to the speech of *Bea-  
trice*.

*Mar*. Will

*Mar.* Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of my beautie?

*Bene.* In so high a stile *Margaret*, that no man living shall come ouer it, for in most comely truth thou deseruest it.

*Mar.* To haue no man come ouer me, why, shall I alwaies keepe below staires?

*Bene.* Thy wit is as quicke as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches.

*Mar.* And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not.

*Bene.* A most manly wit *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman: and so I pray thee call *Beatrice*, I giue thee the bucklers.

*Mar.* Giue vs the swords, wee haue bucklers of our owne.

*Bene.* If you vse them *Margaret*, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maides.

*Mar.* Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who I thinke hath legges.

*Exit Margarete.*

*Ben.* And therefore will come. The God of loue that sits aboue, and knowes me, and knowes me, how pittifull I deferue. I meane in singeing, but in louing, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first imploier of pandars, and a whole booke full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose name yet runne smoothly in the euen rode of a blanke verse, why they were neuer so truly turned ouer and ouer as my poore selfe in loue: marrie I cannot shew it rime, I haue tried, I can finde out no rime to Ladie but babie, an innocent rime: for scorne, horne, a hard time: for schoole foole, a babling time: verie ominous endings, no, I was not borne vnder a riming Plannet, for I cannot wooe in festiuall tearmes:

*Enter Beatrice.*

Sweete *Beatrice* would'st thou come when I cal'd thee?

*Beat.* Yea Signior, and depart when you bid me.

*Bene.* O stay but till then.

*Beat.* Then, is spoken: fare you well now, and yet ere I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath past betweene you and *Claudio*.

*Bene.* Onely foule words, and thereupon I will kisse thee.

*Beat.* Foule words is but foule wind, and foule wind is but foule breath, and foule breath is noisome, therefore I will depart vnkissed.

*Bene.* Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sence, so forcible is thy wit, but I must tell thee plainly, *Claudio* vndergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly heare from him, or I will subscribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in loue with me?

*Beat.* For them all together, which maintain'd so politique a state of euill, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first suffer loue for me?

*Bene.* Suffer loue! a good epithite, I do suffer loue indeede, for I loue thee against my will.

*Beat.* In spight of your heart I think, alas poore heart, if you spight it for my sake, I will spight it for yours, for I will neuer loue that which my friend hates.

*Bened.* Thou and I are too wise to wooe peaceably.

*Bea.* It appeares not in this confession, there's not one wise man among twentie that will praise himselfe.

*Bene.* An old, an old instance *Beatrice*, that liueth the time of good neighbours, if a man doe not erre this age his owne tombe ere he dies, hee shall liue longer in monuments, then the Bels ring, & the Wines weeps.

*Beat.* And how long is that thinke you?

*Ben.* Question, why an hower in clamour and a matter in rehwme, therefore is it most expedient for thee, if Don worrne (his conscience) finde no impediment the contrarie, to be the trumpet of his owne vertue I am to my selfe so much for praising my selfe, who selfe will beare witnesse is praise worthie, and now me, how doth your cofin?

*Beat.* Verie ill.

*Bene.* And how doe you?

*Beat.* Verie ill too.

*Enter Orfula.*

*Bene.* Serue God, loue me, and mend, there will I liue you too, for here comes one in haste.

*Vrf.* Madam, you must come to your Vncle, I ders old coile at home, it is proued my Ladie ro hath bin falselie accusde, the *Prince* and *Claudio* mightilie abused, and *Don Iohn* is the author of all, is fled and gone: will you come presentlie?

*Beat.* Will you go heare this newes Signior?

*Bene.* I will liue in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be ried in thy eies: and moreouer, I will goe with thy Vncles. *Ex*

*Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or foure with Tapers.*

*Claudio.* Is this the monument of *Leonato*?

*Lord.* It is my Lord.

*Epitaph.*

*Done to death by slanderous tongues,*

*Was the Hero that bere lies:*

*Death in guerdon of her wrongs,*

*Giues her fame which neuer dies:*

*So the life that dyed with shame,*

*Liues in death with glorious fame.*

*Hang thou there vpon the tombe,*

*Praising her when I am dombe.*

*Claudio.* Now musick found & sing your solemn hy

*Song.*

*Pardon goddess of the night,*

*Those that slew thy virgin knight,*

*For the which with songs of woe,*

*Round about her tombe they goe:*

*Midnight assist our mone, helpe vs to sigh and*

*Heauily, beuailly.*

*Graues yawne and yeelde your dead,*

*Till death be uttered,*

*Heauenly, beauenly.*

(this is)

*Lo.* Now vnto thy bones good night, yeerely will

*Prin.* Good morrow masters, put your Torches out The wolues haue pried, and looke, the gentle day Before the wheeles of *Phæbus*, round about Dapples the drowfie East with spots of grey: Thanks to you all, and leaue vs, fare you well.

*Claudio.* Good morrow masters, each his feuerall way.

*Prin.* Come let vs hence, and put on other weedes And then to *Leonatos* we will goe.

*Claudio.* And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,

his for whom we rendred vp this woe. *Exeunt.*

*Leonato, Bene. Marg. Vrsula, old man, Frier, Hero.*

Did I not tell you she was innocent?

So are the *Prince* and *Claudio* who accus'd her, he error that you heard debated:

*Margaret* was in some fault for this, though against her will as it appeares, true course of all the question.

Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.

Well daughter, and you gentlemwomen all,

aw into a chamber by your selues,

hen I send for you, come hither mask'd:

*Prince* and *Claudio* promis'd by this howre

to me, you know your office Brother,

but be father to your brothers daughter,

as her to young *Claudio*. *Exeunt Ladies.*

Which I will doe with confirm'd countenance.

Frier, I must intreat your paines, I thinke.

To doe what Signior?

To binde me, or vndoe me, one of them:

*Leonato*, truth it is good Signior,

eece regards me with an eye of fauour.

That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.

And I doe with an eye of loue requite her.

The sight whereof I thinke you had from me, *Claudio*, and the *Prince*, but what's your will?

d. Your answer sir is Enigmatically,

my will, my will is, your good will

and with ours, this day to be conioyn'd,

state of honourable marriage,

ch (good Frier) I shall desire your helpe.

My heart is with your liking.

And my helpe.

*Enter Prince and Claudio, with attendants.*

Good morrow to this faire assembly.

Good morrow *Prince*, good morrow *Claudio*:

ere attend you, are you yet determin'd,

to marry with my brothers daughter?

d. He hold my minde were she an Ethiopie.

Call her forth brother, heres the Frier ready.

Good morrow *Benedicke*, why what's the matter?

ou haue such a Februarie face,

of frost, of storme, and clowdiness.

d. I thinke he thinkes vpon the sauage bull:

are not man, wee'll tip thy hornes with gold,

Europa shall reioyce at thee,

Europa did at lusty *Ioue*,

he would play the noble beast in loue.

Bull *Ioue* sir, had an amiable low,

me such strange bull leapt your fathers Cow,

Calf in that same noble feat,

like to you, for you haue iust his bleat.

er brother, *Hero*, *Beatrice*, *Margaret*, *Vrsula*.

For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.

is the Lady I must seize vpon?

This same is she, and I doe giue you her.

Why then she's mine, sweet let me see your face.

No that you shal not, till you take her hand,

this Frier, and sweare to marry her.

Giue me your hand before this holy Frier,

our husband if you like of me.

And when I liu'd I was your other wife,

hen you lou'd, you were my other husband.

Another *Hero*?

*Hero*. Nothing certainer.

One *Hero* died, but I doe liue,

And surely as I liue, I am a maid.

*Prin*. The former *Hero*, *Hero* that is dead.

*Leon*. Shee died my Lord, but whiles her slander liu'd.

*Frier*. All this amazement can I qualifie,

When after that the holy rites are ended,

Ile tell you largely of faire *Hero*'s death:

Meane time let wonder seeme familiar,

And to the chappell let vs presently.

*Ben*. Soft and faire Frier, which is *Beatrice*?

*Beat*. I answer to that name, what is your will?

*Ben*. Doe not you loue me?

*Beat*. Why no, no more then reason.

*Ben*. Why then your Vncle, and the *Prince*, & *Claudio*, haue beene deceiued, they swore you did.

*Beat*. Doe not you loue mee?

*Ben*. Troth no, no more then reason.

*Beat*. Why then my Cousin *Margaret* and *Vrsula* Are much deceiued, for they did sweare you did.

*Ben*. They swore you were almost sicke for me.

*Beat*. They swore you were wel-nye dead for me.

*Ben*. 'Tis no matter, then you doe not loue me?

*Beat*. No truly, but in friendly recompence.

*Leon*. Come Cousin, I am sure you loue the gentlemā.

*Claudio*. And Ile be sworne vpon't, that he loues her,

For heres a paper written in his hand,

A halting sonnet of his owne pure braine,

Fashioned to *Beatrice*.

*Hero*. And heeres another,

Writ in my cousins hand, stolne from her pocket,

Containing her affection vnto *Benedicke*.

*Ben*. A miracle, here's our owne hands against our hearts: come I will haue thee, but by this light I take thee for pittie.

*Beat*. I would not denie you, but by this good day, I yeeld vpon great perswasion, & partly to saue your life, for I was told, you were in a consumption.

*Leon*. Peace I will stop your mouth.

*Prin*. How dost thou *Benedicke* the married man?

*Ben*. Ile tell thee what *Prince*: a Colledge of wit-crackers cannot flout mee out of my humour, dost thou think I care for a Satyre or an Epigram? no, if a man will be beaten with braines, a shall weare nothing handsome about him: in briefe, since I do purpose to marry, I will thinke nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it, and therefore neuer flout at me, for I haue said against it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion: for thy part *Claudio*, I did thinke to haue beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, liue vnbruis'd, and loue my cousin.

*Claudio*. I had well hop'd I wouldst haue denied *Beatrice*, I might haue cudgel'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer, which out of questiō thou wilt be, if my Cousin do not looke exceeding narrowly to thee.

*Ben*. Come, come, we are friends, let's haue a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wiuers heeles.

*Leon*. Wee'll haue dancing afterward.

*Ben*. First, of my vword, therefore play musick. *Prince*, thou art sad, get thee a vwife, get thee a vwife, there is no staff more reuerend then one tipt with horn. *Enter Mess.*

*Messen*. My Lord, your brother *John* is tane in flight, And brought with armed men backe to *Messina*.

*Ben*. Thinke not on him till to morrow, ile deuise thee braue punishments for him: strike vp Pipers. *Dance.*

L F I N I S.

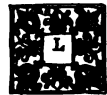


# Loues Labour's loft.

## *Actus primus.*

*Enter Ferdinand King of Nauarre, Beroune, Longauill, and Dumane.*

*Ferdinand.*



Et *Fame*, that all hunt after in their liues,  
Liue registred vpon our brazen Tombes,  
And then grace vs in the disgrace of death:  
when spight of cormorant deuouring Time,  
Th'endeuour of this present breath may buy:  
That honour which shall bate his sythes keene edge,  
And make vs heyres of all eternitie.  
Therefore braue Conquerours, for so you are,  
That warre against your owne affections,  
And the huge Armie of the worlds desires.  
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force,  
*Nauar* shall be the wonder of the world.  
Our Court shall be a little Achademe,  
Still and contemplative in liuing Art.  
You three, *Beroune, Dumaine, and Longauill*,  
Haue sworne for three yeeres terme, to liue with me:  
My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes  
That are recorded in this scedule heere.  
Your oathes are past, and now subscribe your names:  
That his owne hand may strike his honour downe,  
That violates the smallest branch heerein:  
If you are arm'd to doe, as sworne to do,  
Subscribe to your deepe oathes, and keepe it to.

*Longauill.* I am resolu'd, 'tis but a three yeeres fast:  
The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,  
Fat paunches haue leane pates: and dainty bits,  
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

*Dumane.* My louing Lord, *Dumane* is mortified,  
The grosser manner of these worlds delights,  
He throwes vpon the grosse worlds baser slaues:  
To loue, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,  
With all these liuing in Philosophie.

*Beroune.* I can but say their protestation ouer,  
So much, deare Liege, I haue already sworne,  
That is, to liue and study heere three yeeres.  
But there are other strict obseruances:  
As not to see a woman in that terme,  
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.  
And one day in a weeke to touch no foode:  
And but one meale on euery day beside:  
The which I hope is not enrolled there.  
And then to sleepe but three houres in the night,  
And not be seene to winke of all the day.  
When I was wont to thinke no harme all night,  
And make a darke night too of halfe the day:

Which I hope well is not enrolled there.

O, these are barren taskes, too hard to keepe,  
Not to see Ladies, study, fast, not sleepe.

*Ferd.* Your oath is past, to passe away from these.

*Berou.* Let me say no my Liedge, and if you please,  
I onely swore to study with your grace,  
And stay heere in your Court for three yeeres space.

*Longa.* You swore to that *Beroune*, and to the rest.

*Berou.* By yea and nay sir, than I swore in iest.

What is the end of study, let me know?

*Fer.* Why that to know which else wee should know.

*Ber.* Things hid & bard (you meane) frō cōmon se.

*Ferd.* I, that is studies god-like recompence.

*Berou.* Come on then, I will sweare to studie so,

To know the thing I am forbid to know:

As thus, to study where I well may dine,

When I to fast expressly am forbid.

Or studie where to meet some Mistrisse fine,

When Mistrisses from common sence are hid.

Or hauing sworne too hard a keeping oath,

Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.

If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,

Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,

Sweare me to this, and I will nere say no.

*Ferd.* These be the stops that hinder studie quite,  
And traine our intellects to vaine delight.

*Ber.* Why? all delights are vaine, and that most vaine  
Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,

As painefully to poare vpon a Booke,

To seeke the light of truth, while truth the while

Doth falsely blinde the eye-sight of his looke:

Light seeking light, doth light of light beguile:

So ere you finde where light in darkenesse lies,

Your light growes darke by losing of your eyes.

Studie me how to please the eye indeede,

By fixing it vpon a fairer eye,

Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,

And giue him light that it was blinded by.

Studie is like the heauens glorious Sunne,

That will not be deepe search'd with sawcy looks:

Small haue continuall plodders euer wonne,

Save base authoritie from others Bookes.

These earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,

That giue a name to euery fixed Starre,

Haue no more profit of their shining nights,

Then those that walke and wot not what they are.

Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:

And euery Godfather can giue a name.

*Fer.* How well hee's read, to reason against reading.

*Dum.* Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.

*Lon.* Hee weedes the corne, and still lets grow the weeding.

*Ber.* The Spring is neare when greene geesse are a breeding.

*Dum.* How follows that?

*Ber.* Fit in his place and time.

*Dum.* In reason nothing.

*Ber.* Something then in rime.

*Ferd.* *Beroume* is like an envious sneaping Froft, That bites the first borne infants of the Spring.

*Ber.* Wel, say I am, why should proud Summer boast, Before the Birds haue any cause to sing?

Why should I ioy in any abortiue birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,

Then with a Snow in Mayes new fangled shewes:

But like of each thing that in season growes.

So you to studie now it is too late,

That were to clymbe ore the house to vnlocke the gate.

*Fer.* Well, fit you out: go home *Beroume*: adue.

*Ber.* No my good Lord, I haue sworn to stay with you.

And though I haue for barbarisme spoke more,

Then for that Angell knowledge you can say,

Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue sworne,

And bide the pennance of each three yeares day.

Giue me the paper, let me reade the fame,

And to the strictest decrees Ile write my name.

*Fer.* How well this yeelding rescues thee from shame.

*Ber. Item.* That no woman shall come within a mile of my Court.

Hath this bin proclaimed?

*Lon.* Foure dayes agoe.

*Ber.* Let's see the penaltie.

On paine of loosing her tongue.

Who deuils'd this penaltie?

*Lon.* Marry that did I.

*Ber.* Sweete Lord, and why?

*Lon.* To fright them hence with that dread penaltie, A dangerous law against gentilitie.

*Item.* If any man be seene to talke with a woman within the tearme of three yeares, hee shall indure such publike shame as the rest of the Court shall possibly deuise.

*Ber.* This Article my Liedge your selfe must breake, For well you know here comes in Embassie

The *French Kings* daughter, with your selfe to speake:

A Maide of grace and compleate maiestie,

About surrender vp of *Aquitaine*:

To her decrepit, sicke, and bed-rid Father.

Therefore this Article is made in vaine,

Or vainly comes th'admired Princeesse hither.

*Fer.* What say you Lords?

Why, this was quite forgot.

*Ber.* So Studie euermore is ouershot,

While it doth study to haue what it would,

It doth forget to doe the thing it should:

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,

'Tis won as townes with fire, so won, so lost.

*Fer.* We must of force dispence with this Decree, She must lye here on meere necessitie.

*Ber.* Necessity will make vs all forsworne

Three thousand times within this three yeeres space:

For euery man with his affects is borne,

Not by might mastered, but by speciall grace.

If I breake faith, this word shall breake for me,

I am forsworne on meere necessitie.

So to the Lawes at large I write my name,  
And he that breakes them in the least degree,  
Stands in attainder of eternall shame.

Suggestions are to others as to me:  
But I beleue although I seeme so loth,  
I am the last that will last keepe his oth.  
But is there no quicke recreation granted?

*Fer.* I that there is, our Court you know is hanted

With a refined trauailer of *Spaine*,

A man in all the worlds new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his braine:

One, who the musicke of his owne vaine tongue,

Doth rauish like enchanting harmonie:

A man of complements whom right and wrong

Haue chose as vmpire of their mutinie.

This childe of fancie that *Armado* hight,

For interim to our studies shall relate,

In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight:

From tawnie *Spaine* lost in the worlds debate.

How you delight my Lords, I know not I,

But I protest I loue to heare him lie,

And I will vse him for my Minstrelsie.

*Ber.* *Armado* is a most illustrious wight,

A man of fire, new words, fashions owne Knight.

*Lon.* *Cofard* the swaine and he, shall be our sport,

And so to studie, three yeeres is but short.

*Enter a Constable with Cofard with a Letter.*

*Const.* Which is the Dukes owne person.

*Ber.* This fellow, What would'st?

*Con.* I my selfe reprehend his owne person, for I am his graces Tharborough: But I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

*Ber.* This is he.

*Con.* Signeior *Arme*, *Arme* commends you:

Their villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.

*Clow.* Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching mee.

*Fer.* A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.

*Ber.* How low soeuer the matter, I hope in God for high words.

*Lon.* A high hope for a low heauen, God grant vs patience.

*Ber.* To heare, or forbear hearing.

*Lon.* To heare meekely sir, and to laugh moderately, or to forbear both.

*Ber.* Well sir, be it as the stile shall giue vs cause to cline in the merriness.

*Clow.* The matter is to me fir, as concerning *Iaquetta*.

The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

*Ber.* In what manner?

*Clow.* In manner and forme following fir all those three. I was seene with her in the Mannor house, sitting with her vpon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke: which put to gether, is in manner and forme following. Now fir for the manner; It is the manner of a man to speake to a woman, for the forme in some forme.

*Ber.* For the following fir.

*Clow.* As it shall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.

*Fer.* Will you heare this Letter with attention?

*Ber.* As we would heare an Oracle.

*Clow.* Such is the simplicitie of man to harken after the flesh.

L 2

*Fer. Great*

Ferdinand.

Great Deputie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and sole dominator of Nauar, my soules earthis God, and bodies forcing patrons:

Cos. Not a vword of Cosfard yet.

Ferd. So it is.

Cos. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling true: but so.

Ferd. Peace,

Clow. Be to me, and euery man that dares not fight.

Ferd. No words,

Clow. Of other mens secrets I beseech you.

Ferd. So it is besieged with sable coloured melancholie, I did commend the blacke oppressing humour to the most wholesome Physicke of thy health-giving ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betooke my selfe to walke: the time When? about the fixt houre, When beasts most graze, birds best pecke, and men sit downe to that nonrisht which is called supper: So much for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I meane I walke upon, it is yclipped, Thy Parke. Then for the place Where? where I meane I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous euent that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon coloured Inke, which beere thou viewest, beboldest, suruayest, or seest. But to the place Where? It standeth North North-east and by East from the West corner of thy curious knotted garden; There did I see that low spirited Swaine, that base Minnow of thy myrth, (Clown. Mee?) that vnlettered small knowing soule, (Clow Me?) that shallow vassall (Clow. Still mee?) which as I remember, bight Cosfard, (Clow. O me) sorted and comforted contrary to thy established proclaymed Edict and Continent, Cannon: Which with, & with, but with this I passion to say wherewith:

Clow. With a Wench.

Ferd. With a childe of our Grandmother Eue, a female; or for thy more sweet understanding a woman: him, I (as my euer esteemed dutie pricketh me on) haue sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment by thy sweet Graces Officer Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, & estimation.

Ant. Me, an't shall please you? I am Anthony Dull.

Ferd. For Iaquenetta (so is the weaker vessell called) which I apprehended with the aforesaid Swaine, I keepe her as a vessell of thy Lawes furie, and shall at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine in all complements of deuoted and heart-burning beat of dutie.

Don Adriana de Armado.

Br. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that euer I heard.

Fer. I the best, for the worst. But sirra, What say you to this?

Clow. Sir I confesse the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

Clow. I doe confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Fer. It was proclaimed a yeeres imprisment to bee taken with a Wench.

Clow. I was taken with none sir, I was taken vvith a Damosell.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damosell.

Clow. This was no Damosell neyther sir, shee was a Virgin.

Fer. It is so varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clow. If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

Fer. This Maide will not serue your turne sir.

Clow. This Maide will serue my turne sir.

Kin. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a Weeke with Branne and water.

Clow. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and Porridge.

Kin. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.

My Lord Berowne, see him deliuer'd ore,  
And goe we Lords to put in practice that,  
Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.

Bero. Ile lay my head to any good mans hat,  
These oathes and lawes will proue an idle scorne.  
Sirra, come on.

Clow. I suffer for the truth sir: for true it is, I was taken with Iaquenetta, and Iaquenetta is a true girle, and therefore welcome the fowre cup of prosperitie, affliction may one day smile againe, and vntill then sit downe sorrow. Exit.

Enter Armado and Motb his Page.

Arma. Boy, What signe is it when a man of great spirit growes melancholy?

Boy. A great signe sir, that he will looke sad.

Brag. Why? sadnesse is one and the selfe-same thing deare impe.

Boy. No no, O Lord fir no.

Brag. How canst thou part sadnesse and melancholy my tender Iuuenall?

Boy. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough signeur.

Brag. Why tough signeur? Why tough signeur?

Boy. Why tender Iuuenall? Why tender Iuuenall?

Brag. I spoke it tender Iuuenall, as a congruent apathaton, appertaining to thy young daies, which we may nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough signeur, as an appertinent tide to your olde time, which we may name tough.

Brag. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How meane you fir, I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying prettie?

Brag. Thou pretty because little.

Boy. Little pretty, because little: wherefore apt?

Brag. And therefore apt, because quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my praise Master?

Brag. In thy condigne praise.

Boy. I will praise an Eecl with the same praise.

Brag. What? that an Eecl is ingenuous.

Boy. That an Eecl is quicke.

Brag. I doe say thou art quicke in answeres. Thou heat'st my blood.

Boy. I am answer'd fir.

Brag. I loue not to be crost.

(him.)

Boy. He speakes the meere contrary, crosses loue not

Br. I haue promis'd to study iij. yerres with the Duke.

Boy. You may doe it in an houre fir.

Brag. Impossible.

Boy. How many is one thrice told?

Br. I am ill at reckning, it fits the spirit of a Tapster.

Boy. You are a gentleman and a gamester fir.

Brag. I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the grosse summe of deus-ace amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the base vulgar call three.

Br. True. Boy. Why fir is this such a peece of study? Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how easie it is to put yerres to the word three, and study three yerres in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Brag. A

A most fine Figure.

To proue you a Cypher.

I will heereupon confesse I am in loue : and as for a Souldier to loue ; so am I in loue with a sch. If drawing my sword against the humour ion, would deliuer mee from the reprobate of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ranfome my French Courtier for a new deu'sd curtise. I come to figh, me thinkes I should out-sweare Comfort me Boy, What great men haue beene

*Hercules Master.*

Most sweete *Hercules* : more authority deare ne more ; and sweet my childe let them be men repute and carriage.

*Sampson* Master, he was a man of good carriage, riage : for hee carried the Towne-gates on his ce a Porter : and he was in loue.

O well-knit *Sampson*, strong ioynted *Sampson*; tell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst mee ng gates. I am in loue too. Who was *Sampsons* deare *Morb*?

A Woman, Master.

Of what complexion?

Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one ure.

Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Of the sea-water Greene fir.

Is that one of the foure complexions?

As I haue read fir, and the best of them too.

Greene indeed is the colour of Louers : but to Loue of that colour, methinkes *Sampson* had small r it. He surely affected her for her wit. It was so fir, for she had a Greene wit.

My Loue is most immaculate white and red.

Most immaculate thoughts Master, are mask'd ch colours.

Define, define, well educated infant.

My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue assist

Sweet inuocation of a childe, most pretty and ill.

If thee be made of white and red,

ts will nere be knowne :

h-in cheekes by faults are bred,

res by pale white showne :

rou shall not know,

her cheekes possesse the same,

native she doth owe :

gerous rime master against the reason of white e.

Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the

The world was very guilty of such a Ballet some es since, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or e, it would neither serue for the writing, nor the

I will haue that subiect newly writ ore, that I mple my digression by some mighty president. doe loue that Country girle that I tooke in ce with the rationall hinde *Coffard*: she deserues

To bee whip'd : and yet a better loue then my

Sing Boy, my spirit grows heavy in ioue.

Boy. And that's great maruell, louing a light wench.

Brag. I say sing.

Boy. Forbeare till this company be past.

*Enter Clowne, Constable, and Wench.*

*Const.* Sir, the Dukes pleasure, is that you keepe *Coffard* safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance, but hee must fast three daies a weeke : for this Damsell, I must keepe her at the Parke, shee is alowd for the Day-woman. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Brag. I do betray my selfe with blushing : Maide.

Maid. Man.

Brag. I wil visit thee at the Lodge.

Maid. That's here by.

Brag. I know where it is situate.

Mai. Lord how wife you are!

Brag. I will tell thee wonders.

Ma. With what face?

Brag. I loue thee.

Mai. So I heard you say.

Brag. And so farewell.

Mai. Faire weather after you.

Clo. Come *laquenetta*, away. *Exeunt.*

Brag. Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Clo. Well fir, I hope when I doe it, I shall doe it on a full stomacke.

Brag. Thou shalt be heauily punished.

Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Clo. Take away this villaine, shut him vp.

Boy. Come you transgressing slaue, away.

Clo. Let mee not bee pent vp fir, I will fast being loose.

Boy. No fir, that were fast and loose : thou shalt to prison.

Clo. Well, if euer I do see the merry dayes of defolation that I haue scene, some shall see.

Boy. What shall some see?

Clo. Nay nothing, Master *Morb*, but what they looke vpon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing : I thanke God, I haue as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. *Exit.*

Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is base) where her shooe (which is baser) guided by her foote (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falshood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falsly attempted? Loue is a familiar, Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill Angell but Loue, yet *Sampson* was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength : Yet was *Salomon* so seduced, and hee had a very good witte. *Cupids* Butshaft is too hard for *Hercules* Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spaniards Rapier : The first and second cause will not serue my turne : the *Passado* hee respects not, the *Duello* he regards not ; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to subdue men. Adue Valour, rust Rapier, bee still Drum, for your manager is in loue ; yea hee loueth. Assist me some extemporall god of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Deuise Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Exit.*

*Finis Actus Primus.*



*Actus Secunda.*

*Enter the Princeesse of France, with three attending Ladies, and three Lords.*

*Boyet.* Now Madam summon vp your dearest spirits,  
Consider who the King your father sends :  
To whom he sends, and what's his Embassie.  
Your selfe, held precious in the worlds esteeme,  
To parlee with the sole inheritour  
Of all perfections that a man may owe,  
Matchlesse *Nauarre*, the plea of no lesse weight  
Then *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie for a Queene.  
Be now as prodigall of all deare grace,  
As Nature was in making Graces deare,  
When he did starue the generall world beside,  
And prodigally gaue them all to you.

*Queen.* Good L. *Boyet*, my beauty though but mean,  
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise :  
Beauty is bought by iudgement of the eye,  
Not vttered by base sale of chapmens tongues :  
I am lesse proud to heare you tell my worth,  
Then you much willing to be counted wise,  
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.  
But now to taske the tasker, good *Boyet*,

*Prin.* You are not ignorant all-telling fame  
Doth noyfe abroad *Nauar* hath made a vow,  
Till painefull studie shall out-weare three yeares,  
No woman may approach his silent Court :  
Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull course,  
Before we enter his forbidden gates,  
To know his pleasure, and in that behalfe  
Bold of your worthinesse, we single you,  
As our best mouing faire sollicit :  
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,  
On serious businesse crauing quicke dispatch,  
Imports perfonall conference with his grace.  
Haſte, signifie so much while we attend,  
Like humble viſag'd futers his high will.

*Boy.* Proud of imployment, willingly I goe. *Exit.*

*Prin.* All pride is willing pride, and yours is so :  
Who are the Votaries my louing Lords, that are vow-  
fellows with this vertuous Duke ?

*Lor.* *Longauill* is one.

*Prin.* Know you the man ?

*Lady.* I know him Madame at a marriage feaſt,  
Betweene L. *Perigort* and the beautilous heire  
Of *Iaques Fauconbridge* ſolemnized.  
In *Normandie* ſaw I this *Longauill*,  
A man of ſoueraigne parts he is eſteem'd :  
Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes :  
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.  
The onely ſoyle of his faire vertues gloſſe,  
If vertues gloſſe will ſtaine with any ſoyle,  
Is a ſharp wit match'd with too blunt a Will :  
Whoſe edge hath power to cut whoſe will ſtill wills,  
It ſhould none ſpare that come within his power.

*Prin.* Some merry mocking Lord belike, iſt ſo ?

*Lad. 1.* They ſay ſo moſt, that moſt his humors know.

*Prin.* Such ſhort liu'd wits do wither as they grow.

Who are the reſt ?

*Lad. 2.* The yong *Dumaine*, a well accompliſht youth,

Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued.  
Moſt power to doe moſt harme, leaſt knowing ill :  
For he hath wit to make an ill ſhape good,  
And ſhape to win grace though he had no wit.  
I ſaw him at the Duke *Alanjoes* once,  
And much too little of that good I ſaw,  
Is my report to his great worthineſſe.

*Roffa.* Another of theſe Students at that time,  
Was there with him, as I haue heard a truth.

*Berowne* they call him, but a merrier man,  
Within the limit of becomming mirth,  
I neuer ſpent an houres talke withall.  
His eye begets occaſion for his wit,  
For euery object that the one doth catch,  
The other turnes to a mirth-mouing ieſt.  
Which his faire tongue (conceits expoſitor)  
Deliuers in ſuch apt and gracious words,  
That aged eares play treuant at his tales,  
And yonger hearings are quite rauiſhed.  
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.

*Prin.* God bleſſe my Ladies, are they all in loue ?  
That euery one her owne hath garniſhed,  
With ſuch bedecking ornaments of praiſe.

*Ma.* Heere comes *Boyet*.

*Enter Boyet.*

*Prin.* Now, what admittance Lord ?

*Boyet.* *Nauar* had notice of your faire approach ;  
And he and his competitors in oath,  
Were all addreſt to meete you gentle Lady  
Before I came : Marrie thus much I haue learnt,  
He rather meanes to lodge you in the field,  
Like one that comes heere to beſiege his Court,  
Then ſecke a diſpenſation for his oath :  
To let you enter his vnpeopled houſe.

*Enter Nauar, Longauill, Dumaine, and Berowne.*

Heere comes *Nauar*.

*Nau.* Faire Princeſſe, welcom to the Court of *Nau*.

*Prin.* Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcome  
haue not yet : the rooſe of this Court is too high to b  
yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too baſe to  
mine.

*Nau.* You ſhall be welcome Madam to my Court.

*Prin.* I will be welcome then, Conduſt me thither.

*Nau.* Heare me deare Lady, I haue ſworne an oath.

*Prin.* Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'll be forſworne.

*Nau.* Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.

*Prin.* Why, will ſhall breake it will, and nothing el

*Nau.* Your Ladithip is ignorant what it is.

*Prin.* Were my Lord ſo, his ignorance were wiſe,  
Where now his knowledge muſt proue ignorance.

I heare your grace hath ſworne out Houſekeeping :

'Tis deadly finne to keepe that oath my Lord,

And finne to breake it :

But pardon me, I am too ſodaine bold,

To teach a Teacher ill beſeemeth me.

Vouchſafe to read the purpoſe of my comming,

And ſodainly reſolue me in my ſuite.

*Nau.* Madam, I will, if ſodainly I may.

*Prin.* You will the ſooner that I were away,  
For you'll proue periur'd if you make me ſtay.

*Berow.* Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once ?

*Roffa.* Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once ?

*Ber.*

know you did.  
low needlesse was it then to ask the question?  
ou must not be so quicke.  
'Tis long of you y<sup>e</sup> spur me with such questions.  
our wits too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.  
Not till it leaue the Rider in the mire.  
'hat time a day?  
'he howre that fooles should aske.  
ow faire befall your maske.  
'aire fall the face it covers.  
nd send you many louers.  
men, so you be none.  
ay then will I be gone.  
ladame, your father heere doth intimate,  
ent of a hundred thousand Crownes,  
th'one halfe, of an intire summe,  
by my father in his warres.  
at he, or we, as neither haue  
hat summe; yet there remaines vnpaid  
d thousand more: in surety of the which,  
if *Aquitaine* is bound to vs,  
not valued to the moneys worth.  
e King your father will restore  
ne halfe which is vnstatisfied,  
iue vp our right in *Aquitaine*,  
faire friendship with his Maiestie:  
t seemes he little purpoeth,  
e doth demand to haue repaie,  
ed thousand Crownes, and not demands  
ent of a hundred thousand Crownes,  
his title liue in *Aquitaine*.  
: much rather had depart withall,  
the money by our father lent,  
*Aquitaine*, so gueldest as it is.  
ceffe, were not his requests so farre  
ons yeelding, your faire selfe should make  
g'ainst some reason in my breif,  
vell satisfied to *France* againe.  
'ou doe the King my Father too much wrong,  
g the reputation of your name,  
eming to confesse receyt  
hich hath so faithfully beene paid.  
doe protest I neuer heard of it,  
I proue it, Ile repay it backe,  
'p *Aquitaine*.  
Ve arrest your word:  
can produce acquittances  
summe, from speciall Officers,  
his Father.  
tisfie me so.  
o please your Grace, the packet is not come  
it and other specialties are bound,  
w you shall haue a sight of them.  
shall suffice me; at which interview,  
I reason would I yeeld vnto:  
ie, receiue such welcome at my hand,  
r, without breach of Honour may  
ier of, to thy true worthinesse.  
not come faire Princeesse in my gates,  
without you shall be so receiue'd,  
Il deeme your selfe lodg'd in my heart,  
'deni'd farther harbour in my house:  
e good thoughts excuse me, and farewell,  
w we shall visit you againe.  
weet health & faire desires confort your grace.  
y own with wish I thee, in euery place. *Exit.*

*Boy.* Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart.  
*La. Ro.* Pray you doe my commendations,  
I would be glad to see it.  
*Boy.* I would you heard it grone.  
*La. Ro.* Is the soule sicke?  
*Boy.* Sicke at the heart.  
*La. Ro.* Alacke, let it bloud.  
*Boy.* Would that doe it good?  
*La. Ro.* My Phisicke saies I.  
*Boy.* Will you prick't with your eye.  
*La. Ro.* No poynt, with my knife.  
*Boy.* Now God saue thy life.  
*La. Ro.* And yours from long liuing.  
*Ber.* I cannot stay thankf-giuing. *Exit.*

*Enter Dumane.*

*Dum.* Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that fame?  
*Boy.* The heire of *Alanfon*, *Rofalin* her name.  
*Dum.* A gallant Lady, Mounfier fare you well.  
*Long.* I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?  
*Boy.* A woman sometimes, if you saw her in the light.  
*Long.* Perchance light in the light: I desire her name.  
*Boy.* Shee hath but one for her selfe,  
To desire that were a shame.  
*Long.* Pray you sir, whose daughter?  
*Boy.* Her Mothers, I haue heard.  
*Long.* Gods blessing a your beard.  
*Boy.* Good sir be not offended,  
Shee is an heyre of *Faulconbridge*.  
*Long.* Nay, my choller is ended:  
Shee is a most sweet Lady. *Exit. Long.*  
*Boy.* Not vnlike sir, that may be.

*Enter Beroune.*

*Ber.* What's her name in the cap.  
*Boy.* Katherine by good hap.  
*Ber.* Is she wedded, or no.  
*Boy.* To her will sir, or so.  
*Ber.* You are welcome sir, adieu.  
*Boy.* Fare well to me sir, and welcome to you. *Exit.*  
*La. Ma.* That last is *Beroune*, the merry mad-cap Lord.  
Not a word with him, but a iest.  
*Boy.* And euery iest but a word.  
*Pri.* It was well done of you to take him at his word.  
*Boy.* I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord.  
*La. Ma.* Two hot Sheepes marie:  
And wherefore not Ships? (lips.  
*Boy.* No Sheepe (sweet Lamb) vnlesse we feed on your  
*La.* You Sheep and I pasture: shall that finish the iest?  
*Boy.* So you grant pasture for me.  
*La.* Not so gentle beast.  
My lips are no Common, though feuerall they be.  
*Bo.* Belonging to whom?  
*La.* To my fortunes and me.  
*Prin.* Good wits will be iangling, but gentles agree.  
This ciuill warre of wits were much better vsed  
On *Nauar* and his bookemen, for heere 'tis abus'd.  
*Bo.* If my obseruation (which very seldom lies  
By the hearts still rhetoricke, disclosed with eyes)  
Deceiue me not now, *Nauar* is infected.  
*Prin.* With what?  
*Bo.* With that which we Louers intitle affected.  
*Prin.* Your reason.  
*Bo.* Why all his behauiours doe make their retire,  
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire.  
His hart like an Agot with your print impressed,

Proud

Proud with his forme, in his eie pride exprested.  
His tongue all impatient to speake and not see,  
Did fumble with haste in his eie-sight to be,  
All fences to that fence did make their repaire,  
To feele onely looking on fairest of faire:  
Me thought all his fences were lockt in his eye,  
As Jewels in Christall for some Prince to buy. (glast,  
Who tending their own worth from whence they were  
Did point out to buy them along as you past.  
His faces owne margent did coate such amazes,  
That all eyes saw his eies enchanted with gazes.  
He giue you *Aquitaine*, and all that is his,  
And you giue him for my sake, but one louing Kisse.

*Prin.* Come to our Pauillion, *Boy*et is disposed.

*Bro.* But to speake that in words, which his eie hath dif-  
I onelic haue made a mouth of his eie, (clos'd.  
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.

*Lad. Ro.* Thou art an old Loue-monger, and speakest  
skilfully.

*Lad. Ma.* He is *Cupids* Grandfather, and learns news  
of him.

*Lad. 2.* Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her fa-  
ther is but grim.

*Boy.* Do you heare my mad wenches?

*La. 1.* No.

*Boy.* What then, do you see?

*Lad. 2.* I, our way to be gone.

*Boy.* You are too hard for me.

*Exeunt omnes.*

### *Actus Tertius.*

*Enter Broggart and Boy.*

*Song.*

*Bra.* Warble childe, make passionate my sense of hea-  
ring.

*Boy.* Concolinel.

*Brag.* Sweete Ayer, go tenderneffe of yeares: take  
this Key, giue enlargement to the swaine, bring him fe-  
stinatly hither: I must imploy him in a letter to my  
Loue.

*Boy.* Will you win your loue with a French braule?

*Bra.* How meanest thou, brauling in French?

*Boy.* No my compleat master, but to ligge off a tune  
at the tongues end, canarie to it with the feete, humour  
it with turning vp your eie: sigh a note and sing a note,  
sometime through the throate: if you swallowed loue  
with singing, loue sometime through: nose as if you  
snust vp loue by smelling loue with your hat penthouse-  
like ore the shop of your eies, with your armes crost on  
your thinbellie doublet, like a Rabbet on a spit, or your  
hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting,  
and keepe not too long in one tune, but a snip and away:  
these are complements, these are humours, these betraie  
nice wenches that would be betraied without these, and  
make them men of note: do you note men that most are  
affected to these?

*Brag.* How hast thou purchased this experience?

*Boy.* By my penne of obseruation.

*Brag.* But O, but O.

*Boy.* The Hobbie-horse is forgot.

*Bra.* Cal'st thou my loue Hobbie-horse.

*Boy.* No Master, the Hobbie-horse is but a Colt, and  
and your Loue perhaps, a Hacknie:

But haue you forgot your Loue?

*Brag.* Almost I had.

*Boy.* Negligent student, learne her by heart.

*Brag.* By heart, and in heart Boy.

*Boy.* And out of heart Master: all those three I will  
proue.

*Brag.* What wilt thou proue?

*Boy.* A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and without, vp-  
on the instant: by heart you loue her, because your heart  
cannot come by her: in heart you loue her, because your  
heart is in loue with her: and out of heart you loue her,  
being out of heart that you cannot enioy her.

*Brag.* I am all these three.

*Boy.* And three times as much more, and yet nothing  
at all.

*Brag.* Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carrie mee a  
letter.

*Boy.* A message well simpatis'd, a Horse to be em-  
bassadour for an Affe.

*Brag.* Ha, ha, What saiest thou?

*Boy.* Marrie sir, you must send the Affe vpon the Horse  
for he is verie slow gated: but I goe.

*Brag.* The way is but short, away.

*Boy.* As swift as Lead sir.

*Brag.* Thy meaning prettie ingenious, is not Lead a  
mettall heauie, dull, and slow?

*Boy.* Minnime honest Master, or rather Master no.

*Brad.* I say Lead is slow.

*Boy.* You are too swift sir to say so.

Is that Lead slow which is sir'd from a Gunne?

*Brag.* Sweete smoke of Rhetorike,  
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he:  
I shoote thee at the Swaine.

*Boy.* Thump then, and I flee.

*Bra.* A most acute Iuuenall, voluble and free of grace,  
By thy fauour sweet Welkin, I must sigh in thy face.  
Most rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.  
My Herald is return'd.

*Enter Page and Clowne.*

*Pag.* A wonder Master, here's a *Coffard* broken in a  
shin.

*Ar.* Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy *Lenuoy*  
begin.

*Clo.* No egma, no riddle, no *lenuoy*, no salue, in thee  
male sir. Or sir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no *lenuoy*, no  
*lenuoy*, no Salue sir, but a Plantan.

*Ar.* By vertue thou inforcest laughter, thy fillie  
thought, my spleene, the heauing of my lunges prouokes  
me to ridiculous smyling: O pardon me my stars, doth  
the inconsiderate take *salue* for *lenuoy*, and the word *le-  
nuoy* for a *salue*?

*Pag.* Doe the wise thinke them other, is not *lenuoy* a  
*salue*?

*Ar.* No *Page*, it is an epilogue or discourse to make  
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore bin faire.

Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with  
my *lenuoy*.

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,

Were still at oddes, being but three.

*Arm.* Vntill the Goose came out of doore,

Staying the oddes by adding foure.

*Pag.* A good *Lenuoy*, ending in the Goose: would you  
desire more?

*Clo.* The Boy hath sold him a bargain, a Goose, that's  
flat

r penny-worth is good, and your Goofe be fat.  
a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loofe :  
see a fat *Lenuoy*, I that's a fat Goofe.  
Come hither, come hither :

I this argument begin ?

By saying that a *Coffard* was broken in a shin.  
I'd you for the *Lenuoy*.

True, and I for a Plantan :

me your argument in :

ie Boyes fat *Lenuoy*, the Goofe that you bought,  
ended the market.

But tell me : How was there a *Coffard* broken in

I will tell you fencibly.

Thou hast no feeling of it *Moth*,  
eake that *Lenuoy*.

I running out, that was safely within,  
r the threshold, and broke my shin.

We will talke no more of this matter.

Till there be more matter in the shin.

Sirra *Coffard*, I will infranchise thee.

O, marrie me to one *Francis*, I smell some *Lenuoy*  
Goofe in this.

By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at li-  
Enfreedoming thy person : thou wert emured,  
d, captivated, bound.

True, true, and now you will be my purgation,  
ne loofe.

I giue thee thy libertie, set thee from durance,  
lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this :  
is significant to the countrey Maide *Iaquetta* :  
remuneration, for the best ward of mine honours  
ling my dependants. *Moth*, follow.

Like the sequell I.

*Coffard* adew.

*Exit.*

My sweete ounce of mans flesh, my in-conie  
ow will I looke to his remuneration.

ration, O, that's the Latine word for three-far-  
Three-farthings remuneration, What's the price  
ncle? i.e. no, Ile giue you a remuneration : Why?  
a it remuneration : Why? It is a fairer name then  
i-Crowne. I will neuer buy and sell out of this

*Enter Berowne.*

O my good knaue *Coffard*, exceedingly well met.  
Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon

can buy for a remuneration ?

What is a remuneration ?

Marrie sir, halfe pennie farthing.

O, Why then threefarthings worth of Silke.

I thanke you worship, God be wy you.

O stay slaue, I must employ thee :

wilt win my fauour, good my knaue,  
thing for me that I shall intreate.

When would you haue it done sir ?

O this after-noone.

Well, I will doe it sir : Fare you well.

O thou knowest not what it is.

I shall know sir, when I haue done it.

Why villaine thou must know first.

wil come to your worship to morrow morning.

It must be done this after-noone,

laue, it is but this :

necessesse comes to hunt here in the Parke,

And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie :  
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,  
And *Rosaline* they call her, aske for her :  
And to her white hand see thou do commend  
This seal'd-vp counsaile. Ther's thy guerdon : goe.

*Clo.* Gardon, O sweete gardon, better then remun-  
eration, a leuenpence-farthing better : most sweete gar-  
don. I will doe it fir in print : gardon, remuneration.

*Exit.*

*Ber.* O, and I forsooth in loue,

I that haue beene loues whip ?

A verie Beadle to a humerous sigh : A Criticke,  
Nay, a night-watch Constable.

A domineering pedant ore the Boy,

Then whom no mortall so magnificent.

This wimpled, whyning, purblinde waiward Boy,

This signior *Iunio* gyant drawfe, don *Cupid*,

Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,

Th'annointed soueraigne of sighes and groanes :

Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents :

Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces.

Sole Emperor and great generall

Of trotting Parrators (O my little heart.)

And I to be a Corporall of his field,

And weare his colours like a Tumblers hoope.

What? I loue, I sue, I seeke a wife,

A woman that is like a Germane Cloake,

Still a repairing : euer out of frame,

And neuer going a right, being a Watch :

But being watcht, that it may still goe right.

Nay, to be periurde, which is worst of all :

And among three, to loue the worst of all,

A whitly wanton, with a veluet brow.

With two pitch bals stucke in her face for eyes.

I, and by heauen, one that will doe the deede,

Though *Argus* were her Eunuch and her garde.

And I to sigh for her, to watch for her,

To pray for her, go to : it is a plague

That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect,

Of his almighty dreadfull little might.

Well, I will loue, write, sigh, pray, sue, grone,

Some men must loue my Lady, and some Ione.

## *Actus Quartus.*

*Enter the Princeesse, a Forrester, her Ladies, and  
her Lords.*

*Qu.* Was that the King that spurd his horse so hard,  
Against rhe steepe vprising of the hill ?

*Boy.* I know not, but I thinke it was not he.

*Qu.* Who ere a was, a shew'd a mounting minde :

Well Lords, to day we shall haue our dispatch,

On Saturday we will returne to *France*.

Then *Forrester* my friend, Where is the Bush

That we must stand and play the murderer in ?

*For.* Hereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,

A Stand where you may make the fairest shoote.

*Qu.* I thanke my beautie, I am faire that shoote,

And thereupon thou speak'ft the fairest shoote.

*For.* Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so.

*Qu.* What, what? First praise me, & then again say no.

O short liu'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe.

*For.* Yes

For. Yes Madam faire.

Qu. Nay, neuer paint me now,  
Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow.  
Here (good my glasse) take this for telling true:  
Faire paiement for foule words, is more then due.

For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.

Qu. See, see, my beautie will be sau'd by merit.  
O heresie in faire, fit for these dayes,  
A giuing hand, though foule, shall haue faire praise.  
But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,  
And shooting well, is then accounted ill:  
Thus will I saue my credit in the shoote,  
Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't:  
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,  
That more for praise, then purpose meant to kill.  
And out of question, so it is sometimes:  
Glory grows guiltie of detested crimes,  
When for Fames sake, for praise an outward part,  
We bend to that, the working of the hart.  
As I for praise alone now seeke to spill  
The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.

Boy. Do not curst wiues hold that selfe-soueraigntie  
Onely for praise sake, when they strue to be  
Lords ore their Lords?

Qu. Onely for praise, and praise we may afford,  
To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.

*Enter Clowne.*

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Clow. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head Lady?

Qu. Thou shalt know her fellow, by the rest that haue no heads.

Clow. Which is the greatest Lady, the highest?

Qu. The thickest, and the tallest.

Clow. The thickest, & the tallest: it is so, truth is truth.  
And your waste Mistris, were as slender as my wit,  
One a these Maides girdles for your waste should be fit.  
Are not you the chiefe womā? You are the thickest here?

Qu. What's your will fir? What's your will?

Clow. I haue a Letter from Monfieur *Beroune*,  
To one Lady *Rosaline*.

Qu. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.  
Stand a fide good bearer.

Boyet, you can carue,  
Breake vp this Capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serue.

This Letter is mistooke: it importeth none here:  
It is writ to *Iaquenetta*.

Qu. We will reade it, I sweare.  
Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue eare.

*Boyet reads.*

BY heauen, that thou art faire, is most infallible: true  
that thou art beauteous, truth it selfe that thou art  
louely: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beauteous,  
truer then truth it selfe: haue comiferation on thy heroi-  
call Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustre King  
*Copbetua* set eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate Beg-  
ger *Zenelopbon*: and he it was that might rightly say, *Veni,  
vidi, vici*: Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O  
base and obscure vulgar; *videliset*, He came, See, and o-  
uercame: hee came one; see, two; couercame three:  
Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why

did he see? to ouercome. To whom came he? to the  
Begger. What saw he? the Begger. Who ouercame  
he? the Begger. The conclusion is victorie: On whose  
side? the King: the captiue is inricht: On whose side?  
the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall: on whose  
side? the Kings: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am  
the King (for so stands the comparifon) thou the Beg-  
ger, for so witneseth thy lowlineffe. Shall I command  
thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I could.  
Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, shalt thou ex-  
change for ragges, robes: for tittles titles, for thy selfe  
mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on  
thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy  
euerie part.

*Thine in the dearest designs of industrie,*

Don Adriana de Armatho.

Thus dost thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,  
Gainst thee thou Lambe, that standest as his pray:  
Submissiue fall his princely feete before,  
And he from forrage will incline to play.

But if thou strue (poore foule) what art thou then?  
Foode for his rage, repasture for his den.

Qu. What plume of feathers is hee that indited this  
Letter? What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you  
euer heare better?

Boy. I am much deceiued, but I remember the stile.

Qu. Else your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile.

Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in court  
A Phantafime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport  
To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

Qu. Thou fellow, a word.

Who gaue thee this Letter?

Clow. I told you, my Lord.

Qu. To whom should'st thou giue it?

Clow. From my Lord to my Lady.

Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady?

Clow. From my Lord *Beroune*, a good master of mine,  
To a Lady of France, that he call'd *Rosaline*.

Qu. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away.  
Here sweete, put vp this, twill be thine another day.

*Exeunt.*

Boy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?

Rosa. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. I my continent of beautie.

Rosa. Why she that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,  
Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miscarrie.  
Finely put on.

Rosa. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boy. And who is your Deare?

Rosa. If we choofe by the hornes, your selfe come not  
neare. Finely put on indeede.

Maria. You still wrangle with her Boyet, and shee  
strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But her selfe is hit lower:

Haue I hit her now.

Rosa. Shall I come vpon thee with an old saying, that  
was a man when King *Pippin* of France was a little boy, as  
touching the hit it.

Boyet. So I may answere thee with one as old that  
was a woman when Queené *Guinour* of Brittain was a  
little wench, as touching the hit it.

Rosa. Thou

*Refa.* Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,  
Thou canst not hit it my goodman.

*Boy.* I cannot, cannot, cannot:

And I cannot, another can.

*Exit.*

*Clo.* By my troth most pleasant, how both did fit it.

*Mar.* A marke marvellous well shot, for they both did hit.

*Boy.* A mark, O marke but that marke: a marke saies my Lady.

Let the mark haue a pricke in't, to meat at, if it may be.

*Mar.* Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.

*Clo.* Indeepe a'must shoote nearer, or heele ne're hit the clout.

*Boy.* And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

*Clo.* Then will thee get the vpshoot by cleauing the is in.

*Ma.* Come, come, you talke greafely, your lips grow foule.

*Clo.* She's too hard for you at pricks, fir challenge her to boule.

*Boy.* I feare too much rubbing: good night my good Oule.

*Clo.* By my soule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne.

Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.

O my troth most sweete iests, most inconie vulgar wit,

When it comes so smoothly off, so obsecenely, as it were, so fit.

*Armathe* ath to the side, O a most dainty man.

To see him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan.

To see him kisse his hand, and how most sweetly a will sweare:

And his Page at other side, that handfull of wit,

Ah heauens, it is most pathetical nit.

Sowla, sowla.

*Exeunt.*

Shoote within.

*Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nataniel.*

*Nat.* Very reuerent sport truly, and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

*Ped.* The Deare was (as you know) sanguis in blood, ripe as a Pomwater, who now hangeth like a Iewell in the care of *Celo* the skie; the welken the heauen, and anon falleth like a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the soyle, the land, the earth.

*Curat. Natb.* Truly M. *Holofernes*, the epythithes are sweetly varied like a scholler at the least: but fir I assure ye, it was a Bucke of the first head.

*Hol.* Sir *Nataniel*, *baud credo*.

*Dul.* 'Twas not a *baud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

*Hol.* Most barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of infirmation, as it were in *via*, in way of explication *facere*: as it were replication, or rather *ostentare*, to show as it were his inclination after his vndressed, vnpolished, vneducated, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or rather vnconfirmed fashion, to insert againe my *baud credo* for a Deare.

*Dul.* I said the Deare was not a *baud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

*Hol.* Twice sod simplicitie, *bi coctus*, O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed doost thou looke.

*Natb.* Sir hee hath neuer fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.

He hath not eate paper as it were:

He hath not drunke inke.

His intellect is not replenished, hee is onely an animall, onely sensible in the duller parts: and such barren plants are set before vs, that we thankfull should be: which we taste and feeling, are for those parts that doe fructifie in vs more then he.

For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiscreet, or a foole;

So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a Schoole.

But *omne bene* say I, being of an old Fathers minde, Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.

*Dul.* You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit, What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not five weekes old as yet?

*Hol.* *Disitima* Goodman *Dull*, *disitima* Goodman *Dull*.

*Dul.* What is *disitima*?

*Natb.* A title to *Pbebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone*.

*Hol.* The Moone was a month old when *Adam* was no more. (score.

And wrought not to five-weekes when he came to five-  
Th'allusion holds in the Exchange.

*Dul.* 'Tis true indeede, the Collusion holds in the Exchange.

*Hol.* God comfort thy capacity, I say th'allusion holds in the Exchange.

*Dul.* And I say the polusion holds in the Exchange: for the Moone is neuer but a month old: and I say beside that, 'twas a Pricket that the Princesse kill'd.

*Hol.* Sir *Nataniel*, will you heare an extemporall Epytaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the ignorant call'd the Deare, the Princesse kill'd a Pricket.

*Natb.* *Perge*, good M. *Holofernes*, *perge*, so it shall please you to abrogate scurillie.

*Hol.* I will something affect the letter, for it argues facilitie.

*The prayfull Princesse pearst and prickt*

*a prettie pleasing Pricket,*

*Some say a Sore, but not a fore,*

*till now made fore with shooting.*

*The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,*

*then Sorell iumps from thicket:*

*Or Pricket-fore, or else Sorell,*

*the people fall a booting.*

*If Sore be fore, then ell to Sore,*

*makes fiftie sores O forell:*

*Of one fore I an hundred make*

*by adding but one more L.*

*Natb.* A rare talent.

*Dul.* If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him with a talent.

*Natb.* This is a gift that I haue simple: simple, a foolish extravagant spirit, full of formes, figures, shapcs, obiects, Ideas, apprehensions, motions, reuolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memorie, nourisht in the wombe of primater, and deliuered vpon the mellowing of occasion: but the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankfull for it.

*Hol.* Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners, for their Sonnes are well tutor'd by you, and their Daughters profit very greatly vnder you: you are a good member of the common-wealth.

*Natb.* *Me berce*, If their Sonnes be ingenuous, they shall

shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir sapi qui pauca loquitur*, a soule Feminine saluteth vs.

*Enter Jaquenetta and the Clowne.*

*Iagu.* God giue you good morrow *M. Person*.

*Natb.* Master Person, *quasi* Person? And if one should be perft, Which is the one?

*Cl.* Marry *M.* Schoolemaster, hee that is likeft to a hogthead.

*Natb.* Of perfting a Hogthead, a good luster of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.

*Iagu.* Good Master Person be so good as reade mee this Letter, it was giuen mee by *Cofard*, and sent mee from *Don Armato*: I beseech you reade it.

*Natb.* *Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia sub umbra ruminat*, and so forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may speake of thee as the traueiler doth of *Venice*, *vemebat, uenit, que non te unde, que non te perrebat*. Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*. Who vnderstandeth thee not, *ut re sol la mi fa*: Vnder pardon sir, What are the contents? or rather as *Horrace* sayes in his, What my soule verses.

*Hol.* I sir, and very learned.

*Natb.* Let me heare a stasse, a stanze, a verse, *Lege domine*.

If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue?

Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed.

Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ile faithfull proue.

Those thoughts to mee were Okes, to thee like *Ofers* bowed.

Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.

Where all those pleasures liue, that Art would comprehend.

If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice.

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.

All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder.

Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;

Thy eye *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder.

Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweet fire.

Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong,

That sings heauens praise, with such an earthly tongue.

*Ped.* You finde not the apostrophas, and so misse the accent. Let me superuise the cangenet.

*Natb.* Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poesie *caret*: *Ouidius Naso* was the man. And why in deed *Naso*, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horfe his rider: But *Damofella virgin*, Was this directed to you?

*Iag.* I sir from one mounfier *Berowne*, one of the strange Queenes Lords.

*Natb.* I will ouerglance the superscript.

To the snow-white band of the most beauious Lady *Rosaline*. I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the person written vnto.

Your *Ladisships* in all desired employment, *Berowne*.

*Per.* Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a sequent of the stranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and

goe my sweete, deliuer this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complement, I forgieue thy duetie, adue.

*Maid.* Good *Cofard* go with me:

Sir God saue your life.

*Cof.* Haue with thee my girle.

*Exit.*

*Hol.* Sir you haue done this in the feare of God very religiously: and as a certaine Father saith

*Ped.* Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare colourable colours. But to returne to the Verses, Did they please you sir *Natbaniel*?

*Natb.* Marueilous well for the pen.

*Peda.* I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pupill of mine, where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuledge I haue with the parents of the foresaid Childe or Pupill, vndertake your *bien uenute*, where I will proue those Verses to be very vnlearned, neither fauouring of Poetrie, Wit, nor Inuention. I beseech your Societie.

*Nat.* And thanke you to: for societie (saith the text) is the happinesse of life.

*Peda.* And certes the text most infallibly concludes it. Sir I do inuite you too, you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba*.

Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.*

*Bero.* The King he is hunting the Deare, I am courting my selfe.

They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toying in a pyth, pitch that defiles; defile, a foule word: Well, set thee downe sorrow; for so they say the foole said, and so say I, and I the foole: Well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as mad as *Aiax*, it kills sheepe, it kills mee, I a sheepe: Well proued againe a my side. I will not loue; if I do hang me: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath taught mee to Rime, and to be mallicholie: and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholie. Well, she hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clowne, sweeter Foole, sweetest Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

*He stands aside.*

*The King entreth.*

*Kin.* Ay mee!

*Ber.* Shot by heauen: proceede sweet *Cupid*, thou hast thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left pap: in faith secrets.

*King.* So sweete a kisse the golden Sunne giues not, To those fresh morning drops vpon the Rose, As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse haue smot. The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flows. Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright, Through the transparent bosome of the deepe, As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light: Thou shin'st in euery teare that I doe weepe, No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee: So ridest thou triumphing in my woe. Do but behold the teares that swell in me, And they thy glory through my griefe will show:

But

But doe not loue thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe  
My teares for glasse, and still make me weepe.  
O Queene of Queenes, how farre dost thou excell,  
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.  
How shall she know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.  
Sweet leaues shade folly. Who is he comes heere?

*Enter Longaile. The King steps aside.*  
What Longaile, and reading: listen eare.

*Ber.* Now in thy likenesse, one more foole appeare.  
*Long.* Ay me, I am forsworne.  
*Ber.* Why he comes in like a periure, wearing papers.  
*Long.* In loue I hope, sweet fellowship in shame.  
*Ber.* One drunkard loues another of the name.  
*Lon.* Am I the first y haue been periur'd so? (know,  
*Ber.* I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I  
Thou makest the triumphery, the corner cap of societie,  
The shape of Loues Tiburne, that hangs vp simplicitie.  
*Lon.* I feare these stubborn lines lack power to moue.  
O sweet Maria, Empresse of my Loue,  
These numbers will I teare, and write in prose.  
*Ber.* O Rimes are gards on wanton Cupids hofe,  
Disfigure not his Shop.

*Lon.* This fame shall goe. *He reads the Sonnet.*  
'Did not the beaueuly Rhetoriche of thine eye,  
'Gainst whom the world cannot bold argument,  
Perswade my heart to this false periurie?  
Vowes for thee broke deserue not punishment.  
*A Woman I forswore, but I will proue,*  
*Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee.*  
*My Vow was earbly, thou a beaueuly Loue.*  
*Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.*  
*Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.*  
*Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth dost shine,*  
*Exalest this vapor-vow, in thee it is:*  
*If broken then, it is no fault of mine:*  
*If by me broke, What foole is not so wise,*  
*To lose an oath, to win a Paradise?*  
*Ber.* This is the liuer veine, which makes flesh a deity.  
A greene Goose, a Coddesse, pure pure Idolatry.  
God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o'th' way.

*Enter Dumaine.*  
*Lon.* By whom shall I fend this (company?) Stay.  
*Bero.* All hid, all hid, an old infant play,  
Like a demie God, here sit I in the skie,  
And wretched foolles secrets heedfully ore-eye.  
More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my with,  
Dumaine transform'd, foure Woodcocks in a dish.  
*Dum.* O most diuine Kate.  
*Bero.* O most prophane coxcombe.  
*Dum.* By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.  
*Bero.* By earth she is not, corporall, there you lye.  
*Dum.* Her Amber haire for foule hath amber coted.  
*Ber.* An Amber coloured Rauens well noted.  
*Dum.* As vpriight as the Cedar.  
*Ber.* Stoope I say, her shoulder is with-child.  
*Dum.* As faire as day.  
*Ber.* I as some daies, but then no sunne must shine.  
*Dum.* O that I had my with?  
*Lon.* And I had mine.  
*Kin.* And mine too good Lord.  
*Ber.* Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?  
*Dum.* I would forget her, but a Feuer she  
Raignes in my bloud, and will remembered be.  
*Ber.* A Feuer in your bloud, why then incision

Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet misprision.  
*Dum.* Once more Ile read the Ode that I haue writ.  
*Ber.* Once more Ile marke how Loue can varry Wit.

*Dumaine reads his Sonnet.*

*On a day, alack the day:*  
*Loue, whose Month is euery May,*  
*Spied a blossome passing faire,*  
*Playing in the wanton ayre:*  
*Through the Veluet, leaues the winde,*  
*All vnseene, can passage finde.*  
*That the Louer ficke to death,*  
*Wish himselfe the beaueuly breath.*  
*Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe,*  
*Ayre, would I might triumph so.*  
*But alacke my hand is sworne,*  
*Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:*  
*Vow alacke for youth vnmeet,*  
*Youth so apt to plucke a sweet.*  
*'Doe not call it sinne in me,*  
*That I am forsworne for thee.*  
*Thou for whom Loue would sweare,*  
*Iuno but an Ebiop were,*  
*And denie himselfe for Loue.*  
*Turning mortall for thy Loue.*

This will I fend, and something else more plaine.  
That shall expresse my true-loues fasting paine.  
O would the King, Berowne and Longaile,  
Were Louers too, ill to example ill,  
Would from my forehead wipe a periur'd note:  
For none offend, where all alike doe dote.  
*Lon.* Dumaine, thy Loue is farre from charitie,  
That in Loues griefe desir'st societie:  
You may looke pale, but I should blush I know,  
To be ore-heard, and taken napping so.  
*Kin.* Come sir, you blush: as his, your case is such,  
You chide at him, offending twice as much.  
You doe not loue Maria? Longaile,  
Did neuer Sonnet for her sake compile;  
Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart  
His louing bosome, to keepe downe his heart.  
I haue beene closely shrowded in this bush,  
And markt you both, and for you both did blush.  
I heard your guilty Rimes, obseru'd your fashion:  
Saw sighes reeke from you, noted well your passion.  
Aye me, sayes one! O Loue, the other cries!  
On her haire were Gold, Christall the others eyes.  
You would for Paradise breake Faith and troth,  
And Loue for your Loue would infringe an oath.  
What will Berowne say when that he shall heare  
Faith infringed, which such zeale did sweare.  
How will he scorne? how will he spend his wit?  
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?  
For all the wealth that euer I did see,  
I would not haue him know so much by me.  
*Bero.* Now step I forth to whip hypocritie.  
Ah good my Liedege, I pray thee pardon me.  
Good heart, What grace hast thou thus to reprove  
These wormes for louing, that art most in loue?  
Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.  
There is no certaine Princeesse that appeares.  
You'll not be periur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:  
Tush, none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting.  
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not

M

All



All three of you, to be thus much ore'shot?  
 You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see:  
 But I a Beame doe finde in each of three.  
 O what a Scene of fool'ry haue I seene.  
 Of sighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:  
 O me, with what strict patience haue I sat,  
 To see a King transformed to a Gnat?  
 To see great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,  
 And profound *Salomon* tuning a lyyge?  
 And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the boyes,  
 And *Criticke Tymon* laugh at idle toyes.  
 Where lies thy grieft? O tell me good *Dumaine*;  
 And gentle *Longauill*, where lies thy paine?  
 And where my Liedges? all about the brest:  
 A Candle hoa!

*Kin.* Too bitter is thy iest.  
 Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?  
*Ber.* Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.  
 I that am honest, I that hold it sinne  
 To breake the vow I am ingaged in.  
 I am betrayed by keeping company  
 With men, like men of inconstancie.  
 When shall you see me write a thing in rime?  
 Or grone for *Ioane*? or spend a minutes time,  
 In pruning mee, when shall you heare that I will praise a  
 hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a state, a brow, a brest,  
 a waste, a legge, a limme.

*Kin.* Soft, Whither a-way so fast?  
 A true man, or a theefe, that gallops fo.  
*Ber.* I post from Loue, good Louer let me go.

*Enter Iaquetta and Clowne.*

*Iaqu.* God blesse the King.  
*Kin.* What Present hast thou there?  
*Clo.* Some certaine treason.  
*Kin.* What makes treason heere?  
*Clo.* Nay it makes nothing sir.  
*Kin.* If it marre nothing neither,  
 The treason and you goe in peace away together.  
*Iaqu.* I beseech your Grace let this Letter be read,  
 Our person mis-doubts it: it was treason he said.  
*Kin.* *Berowne*, read it ouer. *He reades the Letter.*  
*Kin.* Where hadst thou it?  
*Iaqu.* Of *Coffard*.  
*Kin.* Where hadst thou it?  
*Coff.* Of *Dun Adramadio*, *Dun Adramadio*.  
*Kin.* How now, what is in you? why dost thou tear it?  
*Ber.* A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needs not  
 feare it.  
*Long.* It did moue him to passion, and therefore let's  
 heare it.  
*Dum.* It is *Berowne's* writing, and heere is his name.  
*Ber.* Ah you whorson loggerhead, you were borne  
 to doe me shame.  
 Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse.  
*Kin.* What?  
*Ber.* That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to make  
 vp the messe.  
 He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,  
 Are picke-purses in Loue, and we deserue to die.  
 O dimitt this audience, and I shall tell you more.  
*Dum.* Now the number is even.  
*Berow.* True true, we are fowre: will these Turtles  
 be gone?  
*Kin.* Hence firs, away.  
*Clo.* Walk aside the true folke, & let the traytors stay.

*Ber.* Sweet Lords, sweet Louers, O let vs imbrace,  
 As true we are as flesh and blood can be,  
 The Sea will ebbe and flow, heauen will shew his face:  
 Young blood doth not obey an old decree.  
 We cannot crosse the cause why we are borne:  
 Therefore of all hands must we be forsworne.

*King.* What, did these rent lines shew some loue of  
 thine? *(Rosaline, the heavenly)*

*Ber.* Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly  
 That (like a rude and sauage man of *Inde*.)  
 At the first opening of the gorgeous East,  
 Bowes not his vassall head, and struoken blinde,  
 Kisses the base ground with obedient breaft?  
 What peremptory Eagle-sighted eye  
 Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,  
 That is not blinded by her maiestie?

*Kin.* What zeale, what furie, hath inspir'd thee now?  
 My Loue (her Mistris) is a gracious Moone,  
 Shee (an attending Starre) scarce seene a light.

*Ber.* My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*.  
 O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,  
 Of all complexions the cul'd soueraignty,  
 Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheekes,  
 Where severall Worthies make one dignity,  
 Where nothing wants, that want it felle doth seeke.  
 Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,  
 Fie painted Rethoricke, O she needs it not,  
 To things of sale, a sellers praise belongs:  
 She passes prayse, then praye too short doth blot.  
 A withered Hermite, fuelcore winters worne,  
 Might shake off fiftie, looking in her eye:  
 Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new borne,  
 And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.  
 O 'tis the Sunne that maketh all things shine.

*King.* By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.

*Berow.* Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?  
 A wife of such wood were felicitie.

O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?  
 That I may sweare Beauty doth beauty lacke,  
 If that the learne not of her eye to looke:  
 No face is faire that is not full so blacke.

*Kin.* O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,  
 The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:  
 And beauties crest becomes the heauens well.

*Ber.* Diuels sooneft tempt resembling spirits of light.  
 O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,  
 It mournes, that painting vsurping haire  
 Should rauish doters with a false aspect:  
 And therefore is the borne to make blacke, faire.  
 Her fauour turnes the fashion of the dayes,  
 For native blood is counted painting now:  
 And therefore red that would auoyd dispraise,  
 Paints it selfe blacke, to imitate her brow.

*Dum.* To look like her are Chimny-sweepers blacke.

*Lon.* And since her time, are Colliers counted bright.

*King.* And *Ethiops* of their sweet complexion crake.

*Dum.* Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.

*Ber.* Your mistresses dare neuer come in raine,  
 For feare their colours should be washt away.

*Kin.* 'Twere good yours did: for fir to tell you plaine,  
 Ile finde a fairer face not washt to day.

*Ber.* Ile proue her faire, or talke till dooms-day here.

*Kin.* No Diuell will fright thee then so much as shee.

*Dum.* I neuer knew man hold vile stuffe so deere.

*Lon.* Looke, heer's thy loue, my foot and her face see.

*Ber.* O if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her

much too dainty for fuch tread.  
 le, then as ſhe goes what upward lyes?  
 ſee as the walk'd ouer head.  
 hat of this, are we not all in loue?  
 hing ſo ſure, and thereby all forſworne.  
 leaue this chat, & good *Beroun* now proue  
 vfull, and our fayth not torne.  
 rie there, ſome flattery for this euill.  
 ne authority how to proceed,  
 ſome quillies, how to cheat the diuell.  
 ſalue for periurie.  
 more then neede.  
 ſen affections men at armes,  
 you firſt did ſweare vnto:  
 ly, and to ſee no woman:  
 painſt the Kingly ſtate of youth.  
 aſt? your ſtomacks are too young:  
 e ingenders maladies.  
 at you haue vow'd to ſtudie (Lords)  
 if you haue forſworne his Booke.  
 breame and pore, and thereon looke.  
 ſaid you my Lord, or you, or you,  
 ſe ground of ſudies excellence,  
 beauty of a womans face;  
 eyes this doctrine I deriue,  
 Ground, the Bookes, the Achademes,  
 doth ſpring the true *Promethean* fire.  
 all plodding poyſons vp  
 pirts in the arteries,  
 d long during action tyres  
 vigour of the trauailer.  
 looking on a womans face,  
 that forſworne the vſe of eyes:  
 o, the cauſer of your vow.  
 any Author in the world,  
 beauty as a womans eye:  
 at an adiunct to our ſelfe,  
 re are, our Learning likewiſe is.  
 our ſelues we ſee in Ladies eyes,  
 ſes.  
 ikewiſe ſee our learning there?  
 ade a Vow to ſtudie, Lords,  
 row we haue forſworne our Bookes:  
 ſaid you (my Lege) or you, or you?  
 ſtemplation haue found out  
 ſumbers as the prompting eyes,  
 ſtors haue enrich'd you with:  
 ſarts intirely keeps the braine:  
 e finding barraine praſtizers,  
 ſharueſt of their heauy toyle.  
 t learned in a Ladies eyes,  
 ne emured in the braine:  
 motion of all elements,  
 ſiſt as thought in euery power,  
 euery power a double power,  
 functions and their offices.  
 ſcious ſeeing to the eye:  
 ſs will gaze an Eagle blinde.  
 e will heare the loweſt found.  
 ſpicious head of theft is ſtopt.  
 g is more ſoft and ſenſible,  
 e tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.  
 : proues dainty, *Bacbus* groſſe in taſte,  
 s not Loue a *Hercules*?  
 trees in the *Heſperides*.  
 binx, as ſweet and muſicall,

As bright *Apollo's* Lute, ſtrung with his haire.  
 And when Loue ſpeakes, the voyce of all the Gods,  
 Make heauen drowſie with the harmonie.  
 Neuer durſt Poet touch a pen to write,  
 Vntill his Inke were tempered with Loues ſighes:  
 O then his lines would rauish ſauage eares,  
 And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.  
 From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.  
 They ſparcle ſtill the right promethean fire,  
 They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes,  
 That ſhew, containe, and nourish all the world.  
 Elie none at all in ought proues excellent.  
 Then fooles you were theſe women to forſweare:  
 Or keeping what is ſworne, you will proue fooles,  
 For Wiſedomes ſake, a word that all men loue:  
 Or for Loues ſake, a word that loues all men.  
 Or for Mens ſake, the author of theſe Women:  
 Or Womens ſake, by whom we men are Men.  
 Let's once looſe our oathes to finde our ſelues,  
 Or elſe we looſe our ſelues, to keepe our oathes:  
 It is religion to be thus forſworne.  
 For Charity it ſelfe fulfills the Law:  
 And who can ſeuer loue from Charity.  
*Kin.* Saint *Cupid* then, and Souldiers to the field.  
*Ber.* Aduance your ſtandards, & vpon them Lords.  
 Pell, mell, downe with them: but be firſt aduiſ'd,  
 In conſiſt that you get the Sunne of them.  
*Long.* Now to plaine dealing, Lay theſe glozes by,  
 Shall we reſolue to woe theſe girles of France?  
*Kin.* And winne them too, therefore let vs deuife,  
 Some entertainment for them in their Tents.  
*Ber.* Firſt from the Park let vs conſduct them thither,  
 Then homeward euery man attach the hand  
 Of his faire Miſtreſſe, in the afternoone  
 We will with ſome ſtrange paſtime ſolace them:  
 Such as the ſhortneſſe of the time can ſhape,  
 For Reuels, Dances, Maskes, and merry houres,  
 Fore-runne faire Loue, ſtrewing her way with flowres.  
*Kin.* Away, away, no time ſhall be omitted,  
 That will be time, and may by vs be fitted.  
*Ber.* Alone ſowed Cockell, reap'd no Corne,  
 And Juſtice alwaies whirles in equall meaſure:  
 Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forſworne,  
 If ſo, our Copper buyes no better treaſure. *Exeunt.*

## Actus Quartus.

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.

*Pedant.* *Satis quid ſufficit.*

*Curat.* I praiſe God for you ſir, your reaſons at dinner  
 haue bene ſharpe & ſententious: pleaſant without ſcur-  
 rillity, witty without affection, audacious without im-  
 pudency, learned without opinion, and ſtrange without  
 hereſie: I did conuerſe this *quondam* day with a compa-  
 nion of the Kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called,  
*Don Adriano de Armato.*

*Ped.* *Noui hominum tanquam te,* His humour is lofty,  
 his diſcourſe peremptorie: his tongue filed, his eye  
 ambitious, his gate maiſteſticall, and his generall behavi-  
 our vaine, ridiculous, and thraſonically. He is too picked,  
 too ſpruce, too affected, too odde, as it were, too pette-  
 grinat, as I may call it.

M 2

*Curat.*

Curat. A most singular and choise Epithat,  
*Draw out his Table-booke.*

Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verbosity, finer then the staple of his argument. I abhor such phantick phantasies, such infociable and poynt deuise companions, such rackers of orthographie, as to speake dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d e b t, not det: he clepeth a Calf, Cause: halfe, haufe: neighbour vocatur nebour; neigh abreuiaed ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abhominable: it insinuateth me of infamie: *ne intelligis domine*, to make franticke, lunaticke?

Curat. *Laus deo, bene intelligo.*

Peda. Some boon for boon prescian, a little scratcht, 'twil serue.

Enter Bragart, Boy.

Curat. *Vides ne quis venit?*

Peda. *Vide, & gaudio.*

Brag. Chirra.

Peda. *Quari* Chirra, not Sirra?

Brag. Men of peace well incountred.

Peda. Most millitarie fir salutation.

Boy. They haue beene at a great feast of Languages, and stolne the scraps.

Clow. O they haue liu'd long on the almes-basket of words. I maruell thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art easier swallowed then a flapdragon.

Page. Peace, the peale begins.

Brag. Mounfier, are you not lettred?

Page. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke: What is Ab ipeld backward with the horn on his head?

Peda. Ba, *puericia* with a horne added.

Page. Ba most seely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his learning.

Peda. *Quis quis*, thou Consonant?

Page. The last of the five Vowels if You repeat them, or the fift if I.

Peda. I will repeat them: a e i.

Page. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.

Brag. Now by the salt waue of the mediteranium, a sweet tutch, a quicke vene we of wit, snip snap, quick & home, it reioyceth my intellectu, true wit.

Page. Offered by a childe to an olde man: which is wit-old.

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes.

Peda. Thou disputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigge.

Page. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie *unum cita* a gigge of a Cuck-olds horne.

Clow. And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst haue it to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maister, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of discretion. O & the heauens were so pleased, that thou wert but my Bastard; What a ioyfull father wouldst thou make mee? Goe to, thou hast it *ad dungil*, at the fingers ends, as they say.

Peda. Oh I smell false Latine, *dungbel* for *unguem*.

Brag. *Artif-man preambular*, we will bee singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charge-house on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda. Or *Mons* the hill.

Brag. At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountaine.  
 Peda. I doe *sans question*.

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure, to congratulate the Princess at her *Posterior* of this day, which the rude mulke call the after-noonne.

Peda. The *posterior* of the day, most generous, ble, congruent, and measurable for the after-noonne word is well culd, chose, sweet, and apt I doe assure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, as familiar, I doe assure ye very good friend: for ward betweene vs, let it passe. I doe beseech member thy curtesie. I beseech thee apparell thee and among other importunate & most serious and of great import indeed too: but let that passe must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the sometime to leane vpon my poore shoulder, his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, mustachio: but sweet heart let that passe. By I recount no fable, some certaine speciall he pleaseth his greatnesse to impart to *Armado* a man of trauell, that hath seene the world: but passe; the very all of all is: but sweet heart, I doe secrete, that the King would haue mee present the Princess (sweet chucke) with some delightfull tion, or show, or pageant, or anticke, or fir Now, vnderstanding that the Curate and your are good at such eruptions, and sodaine breaking myrth (as it were) I haue acquainted you with the end to craue your assistance.

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the *Nithies*. Sir *Holofernes*, as concerning some enter of time, some show in the posterior of this day rendred by our assistants the Kings command: most gallant, illustrate and learned Gentleman the Princess: I say none so fit as to present the Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthy to present them?

Peda. *Iofua*, your selfe: my selfe, and this gentleman *Iudas Machabeus*; this Swaine (becau great limme or ioynt) shall passe *Pompey* the great Page *Hercules*.

Brag. Pardon sir, error: He is not quantitie for that Worthies thumb, hee is not so big as this Club.

Peda. Shall I haue audience? he shall prefer *les* in minoritie: his *enter* and *exit* shall bee stricken Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpose.

Page. An excellent deuice: so if any of the hisse, you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou shalt the Snake; that is the way to make an officious, though few haue the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my selfe.

Page. Thrice worthy Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Peda. We attend.

Brag. We will haue, if this fadge not, an Answer beseech you follow.

Peda. *Via* good-man Dull, thou hast spoken all this while.

Dull. Nor vnderstood none neither sir.

Peda. Alone, we will employ thee.

Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or so: or I

to the Worthies, & let them dance the hey.  
off *Dull*, honest *Dull*, to our sport away. *Exit*.

*Enter Ladies.*

et hearts we shall be rich ere we depart,  
come thus plentifully in.  
all'd about with Diamonds: Look you, what I  
the louing King.  
adam, came nothing else along with that?  
thing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,  
e cram'd vp in a sheet of paper  
th sides the leafe, margent and all,  
as faine to seale on *Cupids* name.  
hat was the way to make his god-head wax:  
h beene five thousand yeeres a Boy.  
and a shrewd vnhappy gallows too.  
I'll nere be friends with him, a kild your sister.  
le made her melancholy, sad, and heauy, and  
: had she beene Light like you, of such a mer-  
stirring spirit, she might a bin a Grandam ere  
and so may you: For a light heart liues long.  
at's your darke meaning moufe, of this light

light condition in a beauty darke.  
: need more light to finde your meaning out.  
u'll marre the light by taking it in snuffe:  
He darkely end the argument.  
ok what you doe, you doe it stil i'th darke.  
do not you, for you are a light Wench.  
leed I waigh not you, and therefore light.  
u waigh me not, O that's you care not for me.  
at reason: for past care, is still past cure.  
:ll bandied both, a set of Wit well played.  
e, you haue a Favourite too?  
it? and what is it?  
ould you knew.  
face were but as faire as yours,  
: were as great, be witnesse this.  
: Verfes too, I thanke *Berowne*,  
ers true, and were the numbring too,  
fairest goddesse on the ground.  
ar'd to twenty thousand fairs.  
drawne my picture in his letter.  
y thing like?  
ich in the letters, nothing in the praile.  
uteous as Incke: a good conclusion.  
re as a text B. in a Coppie booke.  
re pensals. How? Let me not die your debtor,  
minicall, my golden letter.  
r face were full of Oes.  
Pox of that iest, and I befrew all Shrowes:  
ine, what was sent to you  
*Dumaine*?  
adame, this Gloue.  
l he not send you twaine?  
s Madame: and moreouer,  
sand Verfes of a faithfull Louer.  
inflation of hypocrisie,  
ipiled, profound simplicitie.  
his, and these Pearls, to me sent *Longaile*.  
is too long by halfe a mile.  
sinke no lesse: Dost thou wish in heart  
e were longer, and the Letter short.  
or I would these hands might neuer part.  
e are wise girles to mocke our Louers so.  
ey are worse fooles to purchase mocking so.

That same *Berowne* ile torture ere I goe.  
O that I knew he were but in by th' weeke,  
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and seeke,  
And wait the season, and obserue the times,  
And spend his prodigall wits in bootles rimes.  
And shape his seruice wholly to my deuice,  
And make him proud to make me proud that iests.  
So pertaunt like would I o'refway his state,  
That he shold be my foole, and I his fatc.

*Qu.* None are so surely caught, when they are catcht,  
As Wit turn'd foole, follie in Wisedome hatch'd:  
Hath wisedomes warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,  
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?

*Ref.* The blood of youth burns not with such excesse,  
As grauities reuolt to wantons be.

*Mar.* Follie in Fooles beares not so strong a note,  
As fool'ry in the Wise, when Wit doth dote:  
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,  
To proue by Wit, worth in simplicitie.

*Enter Boyet.*

*Qu.* Heere comes *Boyet*, and mirth in his face.

*Boy.* O I am stab'd with laughter, Wher's her Grace?

*Qu.* Thy newes *Boyet*?

*Boy.* Prepare Madame, prepare.

Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,  
Against your Peace, Loue doth approach, disguis'd:  
Armed in arguments, you'll be surpris'd.  
Muster your Wits, stand in your owne defence,  
Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flie hence.

*Qu.* Saint *Dennis* to *S. Cupid*: What are they,  
That charge their breath against vs? Say scout say.

*Boy.* Vnder the coole shade of a Siccamore,  
I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:  
When lo to interrupt my purpos'd rest,  
Toward that shade I might behold adrest,  
The King and his companions: warily  
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,  
And ouer-heard, what you shall ouer-heare:  
That by and by disguis'd they will be heere.  
Their Herald is a pretty knauish Page:  
That well by heart hath con'd his embassage,  
Action and accent did they teach him there.  
Thus must thou speake, and thus thy body beare.  
And euer and anon they made a doubt,  
Prefence maiestically would put him out:  
For quoth the King, an Angell shalt thou see:  
Yet feare not thou, but speake audaciously.  
The Boy reply'd, An Angell is not euill:  
I should haue fear'd her, had she beene a deuill.  
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,  
Making the bold wagg by their praises bolder.  
One rub'd his elbow thus, and flect'd, and swore,  
A better speech was neuer spoke before.  
Another with his finger and his thumb,  
Cry'd *via*, we will doo't, come what will come.  
The third he caper'd and cried, All goes well.  
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell:  
With that they all did tumble on the ground,  
With such a zelous laughter so profound,  
That in this spleene ridiculous appeares,  
To checke their folly passions solemne teares.

*Quee.* But what, but what, come they to visit vs?

*Boy.* They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,  
Like *Muscouites*, or *Ruffians*, as I gesse.  
Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and dance,

And every one his Loue-feat will aduance,  
Vnto his feuerall Miftresse: which they'll know  
By fauours feuerall, which they did bestow.

*Queen.* And will they for the Gallants shall be taskt:  
For Ladies; we will every one be maskt,  
And not a man of them shall haue the grace  
Despight of sute, to see a Ladies face.  
Hold *Rosaline*, this Fauour thou shalt weare,  
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:  
Hold, take thou this my sweet, and giue me thine,  
So shall *Beroune* take me for *Rosaline*.  
And change your Fauours too, so shall your Loues  
Woo contrary, deceiu'd by these remoues.

*Rosa.* Come on then, weare the fauours most in fight.

*Katb.* But in this changing, What is your intent?

*Queen.* The effect of my intant is to crosse theirs:  
They doe it but in mocking merriment,  
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.  
Their feuerall counfels they vnbosome shall,  
To Loues mistooke, and so be mockt withall.  
Vpon the next occasion that we meete,  
With Visages displayd to talke and greet.

*Ros.* But shall we dance, if they desire vs too't?

*Queen.* No, to the death we will not moue a foot,  
Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:  
But while 'tis spoke, each turne away his face.

*Boy.* Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,  
And quite diuorce his memory from his part.

*Queen.* Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,  
The rest will ere come in, if he be out.

Theres no such sport, as sport by sport orethrowne:  
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.  
So shall we stay mocking entended game,

And they well mockt, depart away with shame. *Sound.*

*Boy.* The Trompet sounds, be maskt, the maskers  
come.

*Enter Black moores with musicke, the Boy with a speech,  
and the rest of the Lords disguised.*

*Page.* All baile, the richest Beauties on the earth.

*Ber.* Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.

*Page.* A boly parcell of the fairest dames that euer turn'd  
their backs to mortall viewes.

The Ladies turne their backs to him.

*Ber.* Their eyes villaine, their eyes.

*Page.* That euer turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes.

*Out*

*Boy.* True, out indeed.

*Page.* Out of your fauours beaueuly spirits vouchsafe  
Not to bebolde.

*Ber.* Once to behold, rogue.

*Page.* Once to bebold with your Sunne beamed eyes,  
With your Sunne beamed eyes.

*Boy.* They will not answer to that Epythite,  
You were best call it Daughter beamed eyes.

*Page.* They do not marke me, and that brings me out.

*Bero.* Is this your perfectnesse? be gon you rogue.

*Rosa.* What would these strangers?

Know their mindes *Boyet*.

If they doe speake our language, 'tis our will  
That some plaine man recount their purposes.

Know what they would?

*Boyet.* What would you with the Princes?

*Ber.* Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

*Ros.* What would they, say they?

*Boy.* Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

*Rosa.* Why that they haue, and bid them so be gon.

*Boy.* She saies you haue it, and you may be gon.

*Kin.* Say to her we haue measur'd many miles,  
To tread a Measure with you on the grasse.

*Boy.* They say that they haue measur'd many a mile,  
To tread a Measure with you on this grasse.

*Rosa.* It is not so. Aske them how many inches  
Is in one mile? If they haue measur'd manie,  
The measure then of one is easlie told.

*Boy.* If to come hither, you haue measur'd miles,  
And many miles: the Princeesse bids you tell,  
How many inches doth fill vp one mile?

*Ber.* Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

*Boy.* She heares her selfe.

*Rosa.* How manie wearie steps,  
Of many wearie miles you haue ore-gone,  
Are numbred in the trauell of one mile?

*Bero.* We number nothing that we spend for you,  
Our dutie is so rich, so infinite,  
That we may doe it still without accompt.  
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine, of your face,  
That we (like sauages) may worship it.

*Rosa.* My face is but a Moone, and clouded too.

*Kin.* Blessed are clouds, to doe as such clouds do.  
Vouchsafe bright Moone, and these thy stars to shine,  
(Those clouds remooued) vpon our waterie eyne.

*Rosa.* O vaine petitioner, beg a greater matter,  
Thou now requests but Mooneshine in the water.

*Kin.* Then in our measure, vouchsafe but one change.  
Thou bidst me begge, this begging is not strange.

*Rosa.* Play musicke then: may you must doe it soone.  
Not yet no dance: thus change I like the Moone.

*Kin.* Will you not dance? How come you thus e-  
stranged?

*Rosa.* You tooke the Moone at full, but now shee's  
changed?

*Kin.* Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man.

*Rosa.* The musick playes, vouchsafe some motion to  
it: Our eares vouchsafe it.

*Kin.* But your legges should doe it.

*Ros.* Since you are strangers, & come here by chance,  
Wee'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.

*Kin.* Why take you hands then?

*Rosa.* Onelie to part friends.

Curtie sweet hearts, and so the Measure ends.

*Kin.* More measure of this measure, be not nice.

*Rosa.* We can afford no more at such a price.

*Kin.* Praise your selues: What buyes your companie?

*Rosa.* Your absence onelie.

*Kin.* That can neuer be.

*Rosa.* Then cannot we be bought: and so adue,  
Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.

*Kin.* If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat.

*Ros.* In priuate then.

*Kin.* I am best pleas'd with that.

*Be.* White handed Mistris, one sweet word with thee.

*Qu.* Hony, and Milke, and Sugar: there is three.

*Ber.* Nay then two treyes, an if you grow so nice  
Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well runne dice:  
There's halfe a dozen sweets.

*Qu.* Seuenth sweet adue, since you can cogg,  
Ile play no more with you.

*Ber.* One word in secret.

*Qu.* Let it not be sweet.

*Ber.* Thou greeu'st my gall.

*Queen*

Gall, bitter.  
Therefore meete.  
Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?  
Name it.  
Faile Ladie.  
Say you so? Faile Lord:  
u that for your faile Lady.  
'leafe it you,  
i in priuate, and Ile bid adieu.  
What, was your vizard made without a tong?  
I know the reason Ladie why you aske.  
O for your reason, quickly fir, I long.  
You haue a double tongue within your mask.  
It affordd my speechlesse vizard halfe.  
Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not Veale a

A Calfe faile Ladie?  
No, a faile Lord Calfe.  
Let's part the word.  
No, Ile not be your halfe:  
and weane it, it may proue an Oxe.  
Looke how you but your selfe in these sharpe  
ockes.  
giue hornes chaft Ladie? Do not so.  
Then die a Calfe before your horns do grow.  
One word in priuate with you ere I die.  
Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares you cry.  
The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen  
: Razors edge, inuisible:  
a smaller haire then may be seene,  
be fence of fence so sensible:  
their conference, their conceits haue wings,  
hen arrows, bullets wind, thought, swifter things  
Not one word more my maides, breake off,  
ff.  
By heauen, all drie beaten with pure scoffe.  
Farewell madde Wenches, you haue simple

*Exeunt.*

'wentic adieus my frozen Muscouits.  
e the breed of wits so wondred at?  
Tapers they are, with your sweete breathes

Wel-liking wits they haue, grosse, fat, fat.  
O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout.  
y not (thinke you) hang themselues to night?  
but in vizards shew their faces:  
t *Beroune* was out of count'nance quite.  
They were all in lamentable cafes.  
ig was vveeping ripe for a good word.  
*Beroune* did sweare himselfe out of all suite.  
*Dumaine* was at my seruice, and his sword:  
t (quoth I:) my seruant straight vvas mute.  
ord *Longaill* said I came ore his hart:  
w you vwhat he call'd me?  
ualme perhaps.  
Yes in good faith.  
So sicknesse as thou art.  
Well, better wits haue worne plain statute caps,  
you heare; the King is my loue sworne.  
And quicke *Beroune* hath plighted faith to me.  
And *Longaill* was for my seruice borne.  
'*Dumaine* is mine as sure as barke on tree.  
Madam, and prettie mistresses giue eare,  
itely they will againe be heere  
owne shapen: for it can neuer be,  
It digest this harsh indignitie.

*Qu.* Will they returne?  
*Boy.* They will they will, God knowes,  
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes:  
Therefore change Fauours, and when they repara,  
Blow like sweet Roses, in this summer aire.  
*Qu.* How blovv? how blovv? Speake to bee vnder-  
stood.  
*Boy.* Faile Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:  
Dismaskt, their damaske sweet commixture showne,  
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne.  
*Qu.* Auant perplexitie: What shall vve do,  
If they returne in their owne shapen to wo?  
*Rosa.* Good Madam, if by me you'll be adois'd,  
Let's mocke them still as well knowne as disguis'd:  
Let vs complaine to them vwhat fooles were heare,  
Disguis'd like Muscouites in shapelesse geare:  
And wonder what they were, and to what end  
Their shallow shoves, and Prologue vildely pen'd:  
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,  
Should be presented at our Tent to vs.

*Boyet.* Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.  
*Qu.* Whip to our Tents, as Roses runnes ore Land.  
*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King and the reft.*

*King.* Faile fir, God saue you. Wher's the Princeffe?  
*Boy.* Gone to her Tent.  
Pleafe it your Maiestie command me any seruice to her?  
*King.* That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.  
*Boy.* I will, and so will she, I know my Lord. *Exit.*  
*Ber.* This fellow pickes vp wit as Pigeons peafe,  
And vtters it againe, when *Ioue* doth pleafe.  
He is Wits Pedler, and retails his Wares,  
At Wakes, and Waffels, Meetings, Markets, Faires.  
And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,  
Haue not the grace to grace it with such shew.  
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeue.  
Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempted *Eue*.  
He can carue too, and lifse: Why this is he,  
That kist away his hand in courtesie.  
This is the Ape of Forme, Monsieur the nice,  
That when he plaies at Tables, chides the Dice  
In honorable tearmes: Nay he can sing  
A meane most meanly, and in Vshering  
Mend him who can: the Ladies call him sweete.  
The staires as he treads on them kisse his feete.  
This is the flower that smiles on euerie one,  
To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone.  
And consciences that wil not die in debt,  
Pay him the dutie of honie-tongued *Boyet*.  
*King.* A blister on his sweet tongue with my hart,  
That put *Armatboes* Page out of his part.

*Enter the Ladies.*

*Ber.* See where it comes. Behaviour what wer't thou,  
Till this madman shew'd thee? And what art thou now?  
*King.* All haile sweet Madame, and faire time of day.  
*Qu.* Faile in all Haile is foule, as I conceiue.  
*King.* Construe my speeches better, if you may.  
*Qu.* Then with me better, I wil giue you leaue.  
*King.* We came to visit you, and purpose now  
To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.  
*Qu.* This field shal hold me, and so hold your vow:  
Nor God, nor I, delights in periur'd men.  
*King.* Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:  
The

The vertue of your eie must breake my oth.

*Q.* You nickname vertue: vice you should haue spoke:

For vertues office neuer breakes men troth.

Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure

As the vnfallied Lilly, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yeeld to be your houses guest:

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integritie.

*Kin.* O you haue liu'd in desolation heere,

Vnseene, vnvisited, much to our shame.

*Q.* Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,

We haue had pastimes heere, and pleafant game,

A messe of Ruffians left vs but of late.

*Kin.* How Madam? Ruffians?

*Q.* I in truth, my Lord.

Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.

*Rofa.* Madam speake true. It is not so my Lord:

My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)

In curtesie giues vnderferuing praise.

We foure indeed confronted were with foure

In Ruffia habit: Heere they stayed an houre,

And talk'd apace: and in that houre (my Lord)

They did not blesse vs with one happy word.

I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,

When they are thirstie, fooles would faine haue drinke.

*Ber.* This iest is drie to me. Gentle sweete,

Your wits makes wife things foolish when we greeete

With eies best seeing, heauens fierie eie:

By light we loose light; your capacitie

Is of that nature, that to your huge store,

Wife things seeme foolish, and rich things but poore.

*Rof.* This proues you wife and rich: for in my eie

*Ber.* I am a foole, and full of pouertie.

*Rof.* But that you take what doth to you belong,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

*Ber.* O, I am yours, and all that I possesse.

*Rof.* All the foole mine.

*Ber.* I cannot giue you lesse.

*Rof.* Which of the Vizards what it that you wore?

*Ber.* Where? when? What Vizard?

Why demand you this?

*Rof.* There, then, that vizard, that superfluous case,

That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

*Kin.* We are discried,

They'l mocke vs now downeright.

*Du.* Let vs confesse, and turne it to a iest.

*Q.* Amaz'd my Lord? Why lookes your Highnes  
faded?

*Rofa.* Helpe hold his browes, hee'l found: why looke  
you pale?

Sea-sicke I thinke comming from Muscouie.

*Ber.* Thus poure the stars down plagues for periury.

Can any face of brasse hold longer out?

Heere stand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,

Bruiſe me with scornes, confound me with a flout.

Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance.

Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:

And I will with thee neuer more to dance,

Nor neuer more in Ruffian habit waite.

O! neuer will I trust to speeches pen'd,

Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boies tongue.

Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,

Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers songue,

Taffata phrases, filken tearmes precise,

Three-pil'd Hyperboles, spruce affection;

Figures pedanticall, these summer flies,

Haue blowne me full of maggot ostentation.

I do forswear them, and I heere protest,

By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)

Henceforth my woining minde shall be exprest

In russet yeas, and honest kerſie noes.

And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,

My loue to thee is found, *fans* cracke or flaw.

*Rofa.* *Sans, fans*, I pray you.

*Ber.* Yet I haue a tricke

Of the old rage: beare with me, I am sicke.

Ile leaue it by degrees: soft, let vs see,

Write *Lord haue mercie on vs*, on those three,

They are infected, in their hearts it lies:

They haue the plague, and caught it of your eyes:

These Lords are visited, you are not free:

For the Lords tokens on you do I see.

*Q.* No, they are free that gaue these tokens to vs.

*Ber.* Our states are forfeit, seeke not to vndo vs.

*Rof.* It is not so; for how can this be true,

That you stand forfeit, being those that sue.

*Ber.* Peace, for I will not haue to do with you.

*Rof.* Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

*Ber.* Speake for your selues, my wit is at an end.

*King.* Teach vs sweete Madame, for our rude transgression, some faire excuse.

*Q.* The fairest is confession.

Were you not heere but euen now, disguis'd?

*Kin.* Madam, I was.

*Q.* And were you well aduis'd?

*Kin.* I was faire Madam.

*Q.* When you then were heere,

What did you whisper in your Ladies eare?

*King.* That more then all the world I did respect her

*Q.* When shee shall challenge this, you will reiect her.

*King.* Vpon mine Honor no.

*Q.* Peace, peace, forbear: your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

*King.* Despise me when I breake this oath of mine.

*Q.* I will, and therefore keepe it. *Rosaline*,  
What did the Ruffian whisper in your eare?

*Rof.* Madam, he swore that he did hold me deare

As precious eye-sight, and did value me

About this World: adding thereto moreouer,

That he vvould Wed me, or else die my Louer.

*Q.* God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord

Most honorably doth vphold his word.

*King.* What meane you Madame?

By my life, my troth,

I neuer swore this Ladie such an oth.

*Rof.* By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,  
you gaue me this: But take it fir againe.

*King.* My faith and this, the Princeſſe I did giue,  
I knew her by this Iewell on her sleeue.

*Q.* Pardon me fir, this Iewell did she weare,

And Lord *Beroune* (I thanke him) is my deare.

What? Will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?

*Ber.* Neither of either, I remit both twaine.

I see the tricke on't: Heere was a consent,

Knowing aforehand of our merriment,

To dash it like a Christmas Comedie.

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight Zanie,

Some mumble-newes, some trencher-knight, som Dick

That smiles his cheek in yeares, and knowes the trick

To make my Lady laugh, when she's dispos'd;

Told

intents before : which once disclos'd,  
ies did change Fauours; and then we  
g the signes, woo'd but the signe of she.  
ur periurie, to adde more terror,  
again forsworne in will and error.  
on this tis : and might not you  
our sport, to make vs thus vntrue ?  
ou know my Ladies foot by'th squier ?  
gh vpon the apple of her eie ?  
id betweene her backe fir, and the fire,  
a trencher, lefting merrilie ?  
our Page out : go, you are alowd.  
n you will, a smocke shall be your shrowd.  
e vpon me, do you ? There's an eie  
like a Leaden sword.  
Full merrily hath this braue manager, this car-  
ie run.  
Loe, he is tilting straight. Peace, I haue don.

*Enter Clowne.*

e pure wit, thou part'ft a faire fray.  
) Lord fir, they would kno,  
r the three worthies shall come in, or no.  
What, are there but three ?  
o fir, but it is vara fine,  
ie one purfents three.  
And three times thrice is nine.  
ot so fir, vnder correction fir, I hope it is not fo.  
not beg vs fir, I can assure you fir, we know what  
v : I hope fir three times thrice fir.  
Is not nine.  
Vnder correction fir, wee know where-vntill it  
ount.  
By loue, I alwaies tooke three threes for nine.  
O Lord fir, it were pittie you should get your  
reckning fir.  
How much is it ?  
) Lord fir, the parties themselues, the actors fir  
w where-vntill it doth amount : for mine owne  
um (as they say, but to perfect one man in one  
an) *Pompion* the great fir.  
Art thou one of the Worthies ?  
t pleased them to thinke me worthie of *Pompey*  
t : for mine owne part, I know not the degree of  
rthie, but I am to stand for him.  
Go, bid them prepare. *Exit.*  
We will turne it finely off fir, we wil take some

*Berowne*, they will shame vs :  
n not approach.  
We are shame-prooffe my Lord : and 'tis some  
to haue one shew worfe then the Kings and his  
e.  
I say they shall not come.  
Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;  
ort best please, that doth least know how.  
Zeale striues to content, and the contents  
the Zeale of that which it presents :  
rme confounded, makes most forme in mirth,  
reat things labouring perith in their birth.  
A right description of our sport my Lord.

*Enter Braggart.*

. Annoynted, I implore so much expence of thy

royall sweet breath, as will vtter a brace of words.

*Qu.* Doth this man serue God ?

*Ber.* Why aske you ?

*Qu.* He speak's not like a man of God's making.

*Brag.* That's all one my faire sweet honie Monarch:  
For I protest, the Schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical:  
Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we wil put it (as they  
say) to *Fortuna delaguar*, I wish you the peace of minde  
most royall cupplement.

*King.* Here is like to be a good prefence of Worthies;  
He presents *Heñor* of Troy, the Swaine *Pompey* y great,  
the Parish Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules*,  
the Pedant *Judas Macabew* : And if these foure Wor-  
thies in their first shew thrive, these foure will change  
habites, and present the other fve.

*Ber.* There is fve in the first shew.

*Kin.* You are deceiued, tis not fo.

*Ber.* The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Priest, the  
Foole, and the Boy,

Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world againe,  
Cannot pricke out fve such, take each one in's vaine.

*Kin.* The ship is vnder saile, and here she coma amain.

*Enter Pompey.*

*Clo.* I *Pompey* am.

*Ber.* You lie, you are not he.

*Clo.* I *Pompey* am.

*Boy.* With Libbards head on knee.

*Ber.* Well said old mocker,

I must needs be friends with thee.

*Clo.* I *Pompey* am, *Pompey* surnam'd the big.

*Du.* The great.

*Clo.* It is great fir : *Pompey* surnam'd the great :

*That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,*  
*did make my foe to sweat :*

*And trauailing along this coast, I beere am come by chance,*  
*And lay my Armes before the legs of this sweet Lasse of*  
*France.*

If your Ladiship would say thanks *Pompey*, I had done.

*La.* Great thanks great *Pompey*.

*Clo.* Tis not so much worth : but I hope I was per-  
fect. I made a little fault in great.

*Ber.* My hat to a halfe-penie, *Pompey* prooues the  
best Worthie.

*Enter Curate for Alexander.*

*Curat.* When in the world I liu'd, I was the worldes Com-  
mander :

*By East, West, North, & South, I sped my conquering might*  
*My Scutcheon plaine declares that I am Alifander.*

*Boiet.* Your nose saies no, you are not :

For it stands too right.

*Ber.* Your nose smells no, in this most tender smell-  
ing Knight.

*Qu.* The Conqueror is difmaid :

Procede good *Alexander*.

*Cur.* When in the world I liued, I was the worldes Com-  
mander.

*Boiet.* Most true, 'tis right : you were so *Alifander*.

*Ber.* *Pompey* the great.

*Clo.* your seruant and *Cofard*.

*Ber.* Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alifander*

*Clo.* O fir, you haue ouerthrowne *Alifander* the con-  
queror : you will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for  
this.



this : your Lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close stoole, will be giuen to Ajax. He will be the ninth wor-thie. A Conqueror, and affraid to speake? Runne away for shame *Aljander*. There an't shall please you : a foolish milde man, an honest man, looke you, & soon dasht. He is a marvellous good neighbour insooth, and a verie good Bowler : but for *Aljander*, alas you see, how 'tis a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming, will speake their minde in some other fort. *Exit Cu.*

*Qu.* Stand aside good Pompey.

*Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.*

*Ped.* Great *Hercules* is presented by this Impe, Whose Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canus*, And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe, Thus did he strangle Serpents in his *Mannus* : *Quoniam*, he seemeth in minoritie, *Ergo*, I come with this Apologie.

Keepe some state in thy *exit*, and vanish. *Exit Boy*

*Ped.* Iudas I am.

*Dum.* A Iudas?

*Ped.* Not *Isariot* fir.

*Iudas* I am, ycliped *Macabaeus*.

*Dum.* *Iudas Macabaeus* clipt, is plaine Iudas.

*Ber.* A kising traitor. How art thou prou'd *Iudas*?

*Ped.* Iudas I am.

*Dum.* The more shame for you *Iudas*.

*Ped.* What meane you fir?

*Boi.* To make *Iudas* hang himselfe.

*Ped.* Begin fir, you are my elder.

*Ber.* Well follow'd, *Iudas* was hang'd on an Elder.

*Ped.* I will not be put out of countenance.

*Ber.* Because thou hast no face.

*Ped.* What is this?

*Boi.* A Citterne head.

*Dum.* The head of a bodkin.

*Ber.* A deaths face in a ring.

*Lon.* The face of an old Roman coine, scarce seene.

*Boi.* The pummell of *Cæsars* Faulchion.

*Dum.* The caru'd-bone face on a Flaske.

*Ber.* S. Georges halfe cheek in a brooch.

*Dum.* I, and in a brooch of Lead.

*Ber.* I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.

And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance

*Ped.* You haue put me out of countenance.

*Ber.* False, we haue giuen thee faces.

*Ped.* But you haue out-fac'd them all.

*Ber.* And thou wer't a Lion, we would do so.

*Boi.* Therefore as he is, an Asse, let him go :

And so adieu sweet *Iude*. Nay, why dost thou stay?

*Dum.* For the latter end of his name.

*Ber.* For the *Asse* to the *Iude* : giue it him. *Iud-as* a-way.

*Ped.* This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

*Boi.* A light for monsieur *Iudas*, it growes darke, he may stumble.

*Que.* Alas poore *Macabaeus*, how hath hee beene baited.

*Enter Braggart.*

*Ber.* Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes *Hector* in *Armes*.

*Dum.* Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.

*King.* *Hector* was but a Trojan in respect of this.

*Boi.* But is this *Hector*?

*Kin.* I thinke *Hector* was not so cleane timber'd.

*Lon.* His legge is too big for *Hector*.

*Dum.* More Calfe certaine.

*Boi.* No, he is best indued in the small.

*Ber.* This cannot be *Hector*.

*Dum.* He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

*Brag.* The *Armipotent Mars*, of *Launces* the almighty, gaue *Hector* a gift.

*Dum.* A gilt Nutmegge.

*Ber.* A Lemmon.

*Lon.* Strucke with Cloues.

*Dum.* No clouen.

*Brag.* The *Armipotent Mars* of *Launces* the almighty, Gaue *Hector* a gift, the beire of *Illion* ;

A man so breasted, that certaine he would fight : yea From morne till night, out of his *Pauillion*.

I am that Flower.

*Dum.* That Mint.

*Long.* That Cullambine.

*Brag.* Sweet Lord *Longauill* reine thy tongue.

*Lon.* I must rather giue it the reine : for it runnes against *Hector*.

*Dum.* I, and *Hector*'s a Grey-hound.

*Brag.* The sweet War-man is dead and rotten, Sweet chuckes, beat not the bones of the buried : But I will forward with my deuice ; Sweet Royaltie bestow on me the sence of hearing.

*Berowne* steppes forth.

*Qu.* Speake braue *Hector*, we are much delighted.

*Brag.* I do adore thy sweet *Graces* slipper.

*Boi.* Loues her by the foot.

*Dum.* He may not by the yard.

*Brag.* This *Hector* farre surmounted *Hanniball*.

The partie is gone.

*Clo.* Fellow *Hector*, she is gone ; she is two moneths on her way.

*Brag.* What meanest thou?

*Clo.* Faith vnlesse you play the honest Trojan, the poore Wench is cast away : she's quick, the child brag in her belly alreadie : tis yours.

*Brag.* Dost thou infamouise me among Potentates? Thou shalt die.

*Clo.* Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Laquenetta* that is quicke by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.

*Dum.* Most rare *Pompey*.

*Boi.* Renowned *Pompey*.

*Ber.* Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey* : *Pompey* the huge.

*Dum.* *Hector* trembles.

*Ber.* *Pompey* is moued, more Atees more Atees stirre them, or stirre them on.

*Dum.* *Hector* will challenge him.

*Ber.* I, if a haue no more mans blood in's belly, then will sup a Flea.

*Brag.* By the North-pole I do challenge thee.

*Clo.* I wil not fight with a pole like a Northern man ; Ile slash, Ile do it by the sword : I pray you let mee borrow my *Armes* againe.

*Dum.* Rooome for the incensed Worthies.

*Clo.* Ile do it in my shirt.

*Dum.* Most resolute *Pompey*.

*Page.* Master, let me take you a button hole lower : Do you not see *Pompey* is vncauing for the combat : what meane

ou? you will lose your reputation.

Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will bat in my shirt.

You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made the e.

Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.  
What reason haue you for't?

The naked truth of it is, I haue no shirt, outward for penance.

True, and it was iniointed him in *Rome* for want in: since when, Ile be sworne he wore none, but out of *Iaquenettas*, and that hee weares next his a fauour.

*Enter a Messenger, Monsieur Marcade.*

God saue you Madame.

Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interruptest riment.

I am forrie Madam, for the newes I bring is in my tongue. The King your father Dead for my life.

Euen so: My tale is told.

Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I ene the day of wrong, through the little hole of n, and I will right my selfe like a Souldier.

*Exeunt Worthies*

How fare's your Maiestie?

*Boyer* prepare, I will away to night.

Madame not so, I do beseech you stay.

Prepare I say. I thanke you gracious Lords

your faire endeouours and entreats:

a new sad-soule, that you vouchsafe,

rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,

erall opposition of our spirits,

boldly we haue borne our selues,

ouerle of breath (your gentleness

ittie of it.) Farewell worthie Lord:

ie heart beares not a humble tongue.

me so, comming so short of thanks,

great suite, so easily obtain'd.

The extreme parts of time, extremelie formes

ses to the purpose of his speed:

en at his verie loose decides

hich long processe could not arbitrate.

ough the mourning brow of progenie

he smiling curtesie of Loue:

ly suite which faine it would conuince,

re loues argument was first on foote,

the cloud of sorrow iustle it

hat it purpos'd: since to waile friends lost,

y much so wholsome profitable,

ioyce at friends but newly found.

I vnderstand you not, my griefes are double.

onest plain words, best pierce the ears of griefe

these badges vnderstand the King,

r faire fakes haue we neglected time,

le play with our oaths: your beautie Ladies

uch deformed vs, fashioning our humors

the opposed end of our intents.

at in vs hath seem'd ridiculous:

is full of vnbesitting straines,

ston as a childe, skipping and vaine.

by the eie, and therefore like the eie.

fraying shaps, of habits, and of formes

Varying in subiects as the eie doth roule,

To euerie varied obiekt in his glance:

Which partie-coated presence of loose loue

Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eies,

Haue misbecom'd our oathes and grauities.

Those heauenlie eies that looke into these faults,

Suggested vs to make: therefore Ladies

Our loue being yours, the error that Loue makes

Is likewise yonrs. We to our selues proue false,

By being once false, for euer to be true

To those that make vs both, faire Ladies you.

And euen that falshood in it selfe a sinne,

Thus purifies it selfe, and turnes to grace.

*Qu.* We haue receiu'd your Letters, full of Loue:

Your Fauours, the Ambassadors of Loue.

And in our maiden counsaile rated them,

At courtship, pleasant iest, and curtesie,

As bumfast and as lining to the time:

But more deuout then these are our respects

Haue we not bene, and therefore met your loues

In their owne fashion, like a merriment.

*Du.* Our letters Madam, shew'd much more then iest.

*Lon.* So did our lookes.

*Refsa.* We did not coat them so.

*Kin.* Now at the latest minute of the houre,

Grant vs your loues.

*Qu.* A time me thinkes too short,

To make a world-without-end bargain in;

No, no my Lord, your Grace is periur'd much,

Full of deare guiltinesse, and therefore this:

If for my Loue (as there is no such cause)

You will do ought, this shall you do for me.

Your oth I will not trust: but go with speed

To some forlorne and naked Hermitage,

Remote from all the pleasures of the world:

There stay, vntill the twelue Celestiall Signes

Haue brought about their annuall reckoning.

If this austere insociable life,

Change not your offer made in heate of blood:

If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds

Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Loue,

But that it beare this triall, and last loue:

Then at the expiration of the yeare,

Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,

And by this Virgin palme, now kissing thine,

I will be thine: and till that instant shut

My wofull selfe vp in a mourning house,

Raining the teares of lamentation,

For the remembrance of my Fathers death.

If this thou do denie, let our hands part,

Neither intitled in the others hart.

*Kin.* If this, or more then this, I would denie,

To flatter vp these powers of mine with rest,

The sodaine hand of death close vp mine eie.

Hence euer then, my heart is in thy breast.

*Ber.* And what to me my Loue? and what to me?

*Refsa.* You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd.

You are attaint with faults and periurie:

Therefore if you my fauor meane to get,

A tweluemonth shall you spend, and neuer rest,

But seeke the wearie beds of people sicke.

*Du.* But what to me my loue? but what to me?

*Kat.* A wife? a beard, faire health, and honestie,

With three-fold loue, I wish you all these three.

*Du.* O shall I say, I thanke you gentle wife?

*Kat.* Not so my Lord, a tweluemonth and a day,

Ile marke no words that smoothfac'd wooers say.  
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come :  
Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you some.

*Dum.* Ile serue thee true and faithfully till then.

*Katb.* Yet sweare not, leaft ye be forsworne agen.

*Lon.* What saies *Maria*?

*Mari.* At the tweluemonths end,

Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.

*Lon.* Ile stay with patience : but the time is long.

*Mari.* The liker you, few taller are so yong.

*Ber.* Studies my Ladie? Mistresse, looke on me,  
Behold the window of my heart, mine eie :  
What humble suite attends thy answer there,  
Impose some seruice on me for my loue.

*Rof.* Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Beroume*,  
Before I saw you : and the worlds large tongue  
Proclaimes you for a man replete with mockes,  
Full of comparisons, and wounding floutes :  
Which you on all estates will execute,  
That lie within the mercie of your wit.  
To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,  
And therewithall to win me, if you please,  
Without the which I am not to be won :  
You shall this tweluemonth terme from day to day,  
Visite the speechlesse sickes, and still conuerse  
With groaning wretches : and your taske shall be,  
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,  
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

*Ber.* To moue wilde laughter in the throat of death?  
It cannot be, it is impossible.

Mirth cannot moue a soule in agonie.

*Rof.* Why that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,  
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,  
Which shallow laughing hearers giue to foolles :  
A iests prosperitie, lies in the eare  
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue  
Of him that makes it : then, if sickly eares,  
Deaft with the clamors of their owne deare grones,  
Will heare your idle scornes; continue then,  
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.  
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,  
And I shal finde you emptie of that fault,  
Right ioyfull of your reformation.

*Ber.* A tweluemonth? Well : befall what will befall,  
Ile iest a tweluemonth in an Hospitall.

*Qu.* I sweet my Lord, and so I take my leaue.

*King.* No Madam, we will bring you on your way.

*Ber.* Our woiing doth not end like an old Play:  
Iacke hath not Gill : these Ladies courtesie  
Might wel haue made our sport a Comedie.

*King.* Come fir, it wants a tweluemonth and a day,  
And then 'twil end.

*Ber.* That's too long for a play.

*Enter Braggart.*

*Brag.* Sweet Maiefty vouchsafe me.

*Qu.* Was not that Hector?

*Dum.* The worthie Knight of Troy.

*Brag.* I wil kisse thy royal finger, and take leaue.  
I am a Votarie, I haue vow'd to *laquetta* to holde the

Plough for her sweet loue three yeares. But most  
med greatnesse, wil you heare the Dialogue that the  
Learned men haue compiled, in praise of the Owle  
the Cuckow? It should haue followed in the end o  
shew.

*King.* Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

*Brag.* Holla, Approach.

*Enter all.*

This side is *Hiems*, Winter.

This *Ver*, the Spring : the one maintained by the Ow  
Th'other by the Cuckow.

*Ver*, begin.

*The Song.*

When Daisies pied, and Violets blew,  
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew :  
And Ladie-smockes all siluer white,  
Do paint the Medowes with delight.  
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,  
Mockes married men, for thus sings he,  
Cuckow.  
Cuckow, Cuckow : O word of feare,  
Vnpleasing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten strawes,  
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes :  
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,  
And Maidens bleach their summer smockes :  
The Cuckow then on euerie tree  
Mockes married men ; for thus sings he,  
Cuckow.  
Cuckow, Cuckow : O word of feare,  
Vnpleasing to a married eare.

*Winter.*

When Icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dicke the Sphepherd blowes his naile ;  
And Tom beares Logges into the hall,  
And Milke comes frozen home in paille :  
When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,  
Then nightly sings the staring Owle  
Tu-whit to-who.

A merrie note,

While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the winde doth blow,  
And coffing drownes the Parsons saw :  
And birds fit brooding in the snow,  
And Marrians nose looks red and raw :  
When roasted Crabs hiss in the bowle,  
Then nightly sings the staring Owle,  
Tu-whit to who :

A merrie note,

While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

*Brag.* The Words of Mercurie,  
Are harth after the songs of Apollo :  
You that way ; we this way.

*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.



A  
M I D S O M M E R  
Nights Dreame.

*Actus primus.*

*Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.*

*Theseus.*

Now faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre  
Drawes on apace: foure happy daies bring in  
Another Moon: but oh, me thinkes, how slow  
This old Moon wanes; She lingers my desires  
to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,  
withering out a yong mans reuennue.  
Foure daies wil quickly keep themselves in nights  
nights wil quickly dreame away the time:  
hent the Moone, like to a siluer bow,  
bent in heauen, shal behold the night  
solemnities.

Go Philostrate,  
vp the Athenian youth to merriments,  
e the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,  
melancholy forth to Funerals:  
ale companion is not for our pompe,  
lita, I woo'd thee with my sword,  
vonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries:  
will wed thee in another key,  
pompe, with triumph, and with reuelling.

*Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lyfander,  
and Demetrius.*

Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned Duke.  
Thanks good *Egeus*: what's the news with thee?  
Full of vexation, come I, with complaint  
ft my childe, my daughter Hermia.

*Stand forth Demetrius.*

Ooble Lord,  
nan hath my consent to marrie her.

*Stand forth Lyfander.*

ny gracious Duke,  
nan hath bewitch'd the bosome of my childe:  
thou *Lyfander*, thou hast giuen her rimes,  
nterchang'd loue-tokens with my childe:  
haft by Moone-light at her window sung,  
faining voice, verses of faining loue,  
toke the impresson of her fantasie,  
bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,  
kes, trifles, Nose-gaies, sweet meats (messengers  
ong preuailment in vnhardned youth)

With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughters heart,  
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)  
To stubborn harshnesse. And my gracious Duke,  
Be it so she will not heere before your Grace,  
Consent to marrie with *Demetrius*,  
I beg the ancient priuiledge of Athens;  
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;  
Which shall be either to this Gentleman,  
Or to her death, according to our Law,  
Immediately provided in that case.

*The.* What say you Hermia? be aduis'd faire Maide,  
To you your Father should be as a God;  
One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one  
To whom you are but as a forme in waxe  
By him imprinted: and within his power,  
To leaue the figure, or disfigure it:  
*Demetrius* is a worthy Gentleman.

*Her.* So is *Lyfander*.

*The.* In himselfe he is.

But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce.  
The other must be held the worthier.

*Her.* I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

*The.* Rather your eyes must with his iudgment looke.

*Her.* I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.

I know not by what power I am made bold,  
Nor how it may concerne my modestie  
In such a presence heere to pleade my thoughts:  
But I beseech your Grace, that I may know  
The worst that may befall me in this case,  
If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.

*The.* Either to dye the death, or to abiure  
For euer the society of men.

Therefore faire Hermia question your desires,  
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,  
Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice)  
You can endure the luerie of a Nunne,  
For aye to be in shady Cloister mew'd,  
To liue a barren sister all your life,  
Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone,  
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,  
To vndergoe such maiden pilgrimage,  
But earthlier happie is the Rose distill'd,  
Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,  
Growes, liues, and dies, in single blessednesse.

N

*Her.*

*Her.* So will I grow, so lue, so die my Lord,  
Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent vp  
Vnto his Lordship, whole vnwished yoake,  
My soule consents not to giue foueraignty.

*The.* Take time to pause, and by the next new Moon  
The sealing day betwixt my loue and me,  
For euerlasting bond of fellowship:  
Vpon that day either prepare to dye,  
For disobedience to your fathers will,  
Or else to wed *Demetrius* as hee would,  
Or on *Dianas* Altar to protest  
For aie, austeritie, and single life.

*Dem.* Relent sweet *Hermia*, and *Lysander*, yeelde  
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.

*Lysf.* You haue her fathers loue, *Demetrius*:  
Let me haue *Hermias*: do you marry him.

*Egeus.* Scornfull *Lysander*, true, he hath my Loue;  
Aud what is mine, my loue shall render him.  
And she is mine, and all my right of her,  
I do estate vnto *Demetrius*.

*Lysf.* I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as he,  
As well posselt: my loue is more then his:  
My fortunes euery way as fairly ranck'd  
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*:  
And (which is more then all these boasts can be)  
I am belou'd of beauteous *Hermia*.

Why should not I then prosecute my right?  
*Demetrius*, Ile auouch it to his head,  
Made loue to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,  
And won her soule: and she (sweet Ladie) dotes,  
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,  
Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.

*The.* I must confesse, that I haue heard so much,  
And with *Demetrius* thought to haue spoke thereof:  
But being ouer-full of selfe-affaires,  
My minde did lose it. But *Demetrius* come,  
And come *Egeus*, you shall go with me,  
I haue some priuate schooling for you both.  
For you faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your selfe,  
To fit your fancies to your Fathers will;  
Or else the Law of Athens yeelds you vp  
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)  
To death, or to a vow of single life.  
Come my *Hippolita*, what cheare my loue?  
*Demetrius* and *Egeus* go along:  
I must imploy you in some businesse  
Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you  
Of something, neederly that concerns your selues.

*Ege.* With dutie and desire we follow you. *Exeunt*  
*Manet Lysander and Hermia.*

*Lysf.* How now my loue? Why is your cheek so pale?  
How chance the Roses there do fade so fast?

*Her.* Belike for want of raine, which I could well  
Beteeme them, from the tempest of mine eyes.

*Lysf.* For ought that euer I could reade,  
Could euer heare by tale or historie,  
The course of true loue neuer did run smooth,  
But either it was different in blood.

*Her.* O crosse! too high to be enthral'd to loue.

*Lysf.* Or else misgraffed, in respect of yeares.

*Her.* O spight! too old to be ingag'd to yong.

*Lysf.* Or else it stood vpon the choise of merit.

*Her.* O hell! to chooſe loue by anothers eie.

*Lysf.* Or if there were a simpatheie in choise,  
Warre, death, or sicknesse, did lay siege to it;  
Making it momentarie, as a sound:

Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,  
Briefe as the lightning in the collied night,  
That (in a spleene) vnolds both heauen and earth;  
And ere a man hath power to say, behold,  
The iawes of darknesse do deuoure it vp:  
So quicke bright things come to confusion.

*Her.* If then true Louers haue bene euer crost,  
It stands as an edict in destinie:  
Then let vs teach our triall patience,  
Because it is a customarie crosse,  
As due to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and sighes,  
Wishes and teares: poore Fancies followers.

*Lysf.* A good perswasion; therefore heare me *Hermia*,  
I haue a Widdow Aunt, a dowager,  
Of great reuennue, and she hath no childe,  
From Athens is her house remou'd seuen leagues,  
And she respects me, as her onely sonne:  
There gentle *Hermia*, may I marrie thee,  
And to that place, the sharpe Athenian Law  
Cannot pursue vs. If thou lou'st me, then  
Steale forth thy fathers house to morrow night:  
And in the wood, a league without the towne,  
(Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*,  
To do obseruance for a morne of May)  
There will I stay for thee.

*Her.* My good *Lysander*,  
I sweare to thee, by Cupids strongest bow,  
By his best arrow with the golden head,  
By the simplicitie of Venus Doues,  
By that which knitteth soules, and prospers loue,  
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene,  
When the false Trojan vnder saile was seene,  
By all the voves that euer men haue broke,  
(In number more then euer women spoke)  
In that same place thou hast appointed me,  
To morrow truly will I meete with thee.

*Lysf.* Keepe promise loue: looke here comes *Helena*.

*Enter Helena.*

*Her.* God speede faire *Helena*, whither away?

*Hel.* Cal you me faire? that faire againe vnſay,  
*Demetrius* loues you faire: O happie faire!  
Your eyes are loadstarres, and your tongues sweet ayre  
More tuneable then Larke to shepheards eare,  
When wheate is Greene, when hauthorne buds appeare,  
Sicknesse is catching: O were fauor so,  
Your words I catch, faire *Hermia* ere I go,  
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,  
My tongue should catch your tongues sweet melodie,  
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,  
The rest Ile giue to be to you translated  
O teach me how you looke, and with what art  
you sway the motion of *Demetrius* hart.

*Her.* I frowne vpon him, yet he loues me still.

*Hel.* O that your frownes would teach my smiles  
such skil.

*Her.* I giue him curses, yet he giues me loue.

*Hel.* O that my prayers could such affection moue.

*Her.* The more I hate, the more he follows me.

*Hel.* The more I loue, the more he hateth me.

*Her.* His folly *Helena* is none of mine.

*Hel.* None but your beauty, wold that fault wer mine

*Her.* Take comfort: he no more shall see my face,

*Lysander* and my selfe will flie this place.

Before the time I did *Lysander* see,

Seem'd Athens like a Paradise to mee.

hat graces in my Loue do dwell,  
 ith turn'd a heauen into hell.  
 en, to you our mindes we will vnfold,  
 night, when *Phæbe* doth behold  
 visage, in the watry glasse,  
 ith liquid pearle, the bladed grasse  
 at Louers flights doth still concale)  
*Titbens* gates, haue we deu's'd to steale.  
 id in the wood, where often you and I,  
 Primrose beds, were wont to lye,  
 our bosomes, of their counsell sweld:  
*Lyfander*, and my selfe shall meete,  
 e from *Athens* turne away our eyes  
 ew friends and strange companions,  
 eet play-fellow, pray thou for vs,  
 lucke grant thee thy *Demetrius*.  
 d *Lyfander* we must starue our fight,  
 s foode, till morrow deepe midnight.

*Exit Hermia.*

ill my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu,  
 him, *Demetrius* dotes on you *Exit Lyfander*.  
 ow happy some, ore otherforme can be?  
*Titbens* I am thought as faire as she.  
 f that? *Demetrius* thinks not so:  
 t know, what all, but he doth know,  
 :erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes;  
 ring of his qualities:  
 e and vilde, holding no quantity,  
 anspose to forme and dignity,  
 s not with the eyes, but with the minde,  
 ore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blinde.  
 oues minde of any iudgement taste:  
 no eyes, figure, vnheedy haste.  
 ore is Loue said to be a childe,  
 choise he is often beguil'd,  
 boyes in game themselves forswear;  
 Loue is periur'd euery where.  
*metrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyne,  
 lowne oathes that he was onely mine.  
 this Haile some heat from *Hermia* felt,  
 lu'd, and showres of oathes did melt,  
 ell him of faire *Hermias* flight:  
 e wood will he, to morrow night  
 ; and for his intelligence,  
 rankes, it is a deere expence:  
 i meane I to enrich my paine,  
 s fight thither, and backe againe. *Exit.*

ice the Carpenter, *Snug* the Ioyner, *Bottom* the  
*Flute* the bellowes-mender, *Snout* the Tinker, and  
*g* the Taylor.

all our company heere?  
 ou were best to call them generally, man by  
 ling to the scrip.  
 ere is the scrowle of euery mans name, which  
 fit through all *Athens*, to play in our Enter-  
 the Duke and the Dutches, on his wedding  
 t.  
 ft, good *Peter Quince*, say what the play treats  
 ed the names of the Actors: and so grow on

farry our play is the most lamentable Come-  
 ft cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbie*.  
 very good peece of worke I assure you, and a

merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call forth your Actors  
 by the scrowle. Masters spread your selues.

*Quince*. Answere as I call you. *Nick Bottom* the  
 Weaver.

*Bottom*. Ready; name what part I am for, and  
 proceed.

*Quince*. You *Nicke Bottom* are set downe for *Py-  
 ramus*.

*Bot*. What is *Pyramus*, a loue, or a tyrant?

*Quin*. A Louer that kills himselfe most gallantly for  
 loue.

*Bot*. That will aske some teares in the true perfor-  
 ming of it: if I do it, let the audience looke to their eies:  
 I will mooue stormes; I will condole in some measure.  
 To the rest yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could  
 play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all  
 split the raging Rocks; and shuering shocks shall break  
 the locks of prison gates, and *Phibbus* carre shall shine  
 from farre, and make and marre the foolish Fates. This  
 was lofty. Now name the rest of the Players. This  
 is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrants vaine: a loue is more condo-  
 ling.

*Quin*. *Francis Flute* the Bellowes-mender.

*Flu*. Heere *Peter Quince*.

*Quin*. You must take *Thisbie* on you.

*Flut*. What is *Thisbie*, a wandring Knight?

*Quin*. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* must loue.

*Flut*. Nay faith, let not mee play a woman, I haue a  
 beard comming.

*Qui*. That's all one, you shall play it in a Maske, and  
 you may speake as small as you will.

*Bot*. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisbie* too:  
 Ile speake in a monstrous litle voyce; *Tbifne*, *Tbifne*, ah  
*Pyramus* my loue deare, thy *Tbubie* deare, and Lady  
 deare.

*Quin*. No no, you must play *Pyramus*, and *Flute*, you  
*Tbubie*.

*Bot*. Well, proceed.

*Qu*. *Robin Starueling* the Taylor.

*Star*. Heere *Peter Quince*.

*Quince*. *Robin Starueling*, you must play *Thisbies*  
 mother?

*Tom Snout*, the Tinker.

*Snout*. Heere *Peter Quince*.

*Quin*. You, *Pyramus* father; my self, *Tbubies* father;  
*Snugge* the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: and I hope there  
 is a play fitted.

*Snug*. Haue you the Lions part written? pray you if  
 be, giue it me, for I am slow of studie.

*Quin*. You may doe it extemporie, for it is nothing  
 but roaring.

*Bot*. Let mee play the Lyon too, I will roare that I  
 will doe any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare,  
 that I will make the Duke say, Let him roare againe, let  
 him roare againe.

*Quin*. If you should doe it too terribly, you would  
 fright the Dutchesse and the Ladies, that they would  
 shrike, and that were enough to hang vs all.

*All*. That would hang vs euery mothers sonne.

*Bottom*. I graunt you friends, if that you should  
 fright the Ladies out of their Wittes, they would  
 haue no more discretion but to hang vs: but I will ag-  
 grauate my voyce so, that I will roare you as gently as  
 any sucking Doue; I will roare and 'twere any Nightin-  
 gale.

*Quin*. You can play no part but *Pyramus*, for *Pira-*

*mus* is a sweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one shall see in a summers day ; a most louely Gentleman-like man, therefore you must needs play *Piramus*.

*Bot.* Well, I will vndertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

*Quin.* Why, what you will.

*Bot.* I will discharge it, in either your straw-colour beard, your orange tawnie beard, your purple in graine beard, or your French-crowne colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

*Quin.* Some of your French Crownes haue no haire at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But masters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by too morrow night : and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the Towne, by Moone-light, there we will rehearse : for if we meete in the Citie, we shalbe dog'd with company, and our deuises knowne. In the meane time, I wil draw a bil of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

*Bottom.* We will meete, and there we may rehearse more obfencely and courageously. Take paines, be perfect, adieu.

*Quin.* At the Dukes oake we meete.

*Bot.* Enough, hold or cut bow-strings.

*Exeunt*

### *Actus Secundus.*

*Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin good-fellow at another.*

*Rob.* How now spirit, whether wander you?

*Fai.* Ouer hil, ouer dale, through bush, through briar,  
Ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire,  
I do wander euerie where, swifter then  $\frac{y}{2}$  Moons sphere ;  
And I serue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the  
The Cowslips tall, her pensioners bee, (green.  
In their gold coats, spots you see,  
Those be Rubies, Fairie fauors,  
In those freckles, liue their fauors,  
I must go seeke some dew drops heere,  
And hang a pearle in euerie cowslips eare.  
Farewell thou Lob of spirits, Ile be gon,  
Our Queene and all her Elues come heere anon.

*Rob.* The King doth keepe his Reuels here to night,  
Take heed the Queene come not within his sight,  
For *Oberon* is pasing fell and wrath,  
Because that she, as her attendant, hath  
A louely boy stolne from an Indian King,  
She neuer had so sweet a changeling,  
And ielous *Oberon* would haue the childe  
Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde.  
But she (perforce) with-holds the loued boy,  
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy.  
And now they neuer meete in groue, or greene,  
By fountaine cleere, or spangled star light sheene,  
But they do square, that all their Elues for feare  
Creepe into Acorne cups and hide them there.

*Fai.* Either I mistake your shape and making quite,  
Or else you are that shrew'd and knauish spirit  
Cal'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee,  
That frights the maidens of the Villagrees,  
Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne,  
And bootlesse make the breathlesse hufwife cherne,  
And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme,

Misleade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme,  
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke,  
You do their worke, and they shall haue good lucke.  
Are not you he?

*Rob.* Thou speake'st aright ;  
I am that merrie wanderer of the night :  
I left to *Oberon*, and make him smile,  
When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile,  
Neighing in likenesse of a silly foale,  
And sometime lurke I in a Gossips bole,  
In very likenesse of a roasted crab :  
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,  
And on her withered dewlop poure the Ale.  
The wisest Aunt telling the saddest tale,  
Sometime for three-foot stooles, mistaketh me,  
Then slip I from her bum, downe topples she,  
And tailour cries, and falls into a coffe.  
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,  
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and sweare,  
A merrier houre vvas neuer waited there.  
But roome Fairy, heere comes *Oberon*.

*Fair.* And heere my Mistris :  
Would that he vvere gone.

*Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine,  
and the Queene at another with hers.*

*Ob.* Ill met by Moone-light,  
Proud *Tytania*.

*Qu.* What, ielous *Oberon*? Fairy skip hence.  
I haue forsworne his bed and companie.

*Ob.* Tarrie rash Wanton ; am not I thy Lord?

*Qu.* Then I must be thy Lady : but I know  
When thou vvasst stolne away from Fairy Land,  
And in the shape of *Corin*, late all day,  
Playing on pipes of Corne, and versing loue  
To amorous *Phyllida*. Why art thou heere  
Come from the farthest steeps of *India*?  
But that forsooth the bouncing *Ameron*  
Your buskin'd Mistrisse, and your Warrior loue,  
To *Thebes* must be Wedded ; and you come,  
To giue their bed ioy and prosperitie.

*Ob.* How canst thou thus for shame *Tytania*,  
Glance at my credite, vwith *Hippolita*?  
Knowing I know thy loue to *Thebes*?  
Didst thou not leade him through the glimmering night  
From *Peregina*, whom he rauished?  
And make him vwith faire Eagles breake his faith  
With *Ariadne*, and *Atiopa*?

*Que.* These are the forgeries of ielousie,  
And neuer since the middle Summers spring  
Met vve on hil, in dale, Forrest, or mead,  
By paled fountaine, or by rushe brooke,  
Or in the beached margent of the sea,  
To dance our ringlets to the whistling Winde,  
But vwith thy braules thou hast disturb'd our sport.  
Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine,  
As in reuenge, haue suck'd vp from the sea  
Contagious fogges : Which falling in the Land,  
Hath euerie petty Riuer made so proud,  
That they haue ouerborne their Continents.  
The Oxe hath therefore stretch'd his yoa ke in vaine,  
The Ploughman loft his sweat, and the greene Corne  
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard :  
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,  
And Crows are fatted vwith the murion flocke,

The

ens Morris is filld vp with mud,  
 int Mazes in the wanton greene,  
 tread are vndistinguiſhable.  
 e mortals want their winter heere,  
 now with hymne or caroll bleſt;  
 e Moone (the gouerneſſe of floods)  
 anger, waſhes all the aire;  
 naticke diſeaſes doe abound.  
 h this diſtemperature, we ſee  
 alter; hoared headed froſts  
 reſh lap of the crimſon Roſe,  
*Hyems* chinne and icie crowne,  
 Chaplet of ſweet Sommer buds  
 kry ſet. The Spring, the Sommer,  
 g Autumne, angry Winter change  
 d Liueries, and the mazed world,  
 reaſe, now knowes not which is which;  
 ne progeny of euills,  
 our debate, from our diſſention,  
 r parents and originall.  
 you amend it then, it lies in you,  
*Titania* croſſe her *Oberon*?  
 a little changeling boy,  
 lenchman.  
 our heart at reſt,  
 and buyes not the childe of me,  
 was a *Votreſſe* of my Order,  
 ſpiced *Indian* aire, by night  
 ath ſhe goſſipt by my ſide,  
 h me on *Neptunes* yellow ſands,  
 embarked traders on the flood,  
 aue laught to ſee the ſailes conceiue,  
 ig bellied with the wanton winde:  
 with pretty and with ſwimming gate,  
 her wombe then rich with my yong ſquire)  
 ate, and ſaile vpon the Land,  
 : trifles, and returne againe,  
 oyage, rich with merchandize.  
 ig mortall, of that boy did die,  
 ſake I doe reare vp her boy,  
 ſake I will not part with him.  
 long within this wood intend you ſtay?  
 hance till after *Theſeus* wedding day.  
 atiently dance in our Round,  
 Moone-light reuels, goe with vs;  
 me and I will ſpare your haunts.  
 : me that boy, and I will goe with thee.  
 for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away:  
 ide downe right, if I longer ſtay. *Exeunt.*  
 go thy way: thou ſhalt not from this groue,  
 int thee for this injury.  
*Pucke* come hither; thou remembreſt  
 ſat vpon a promontory,  
 a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,  
 h dulcet and harmonious breath,  
 de ſea grew ciuill at her ſong,  
 e ſtarres ſhot madly from their *Spheares*,  
 e Sea-maids muſicke.  
 member.  
 very time I ſay (but thou couldſt not)  
 eene the cold Moone and the earth,  
 n'd; a certaine aime he tooke  
 eſtall, throned by the Weſt,  
 his loue-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,  
 pierce a hundred thouſand hearts,  
 ſee young *Cupids* fiery ſhaft

Quencht in the chaſte beames of the watry Moone;  
 And the imperiall *Votreſſe* paſſed on,  
 In maiden meditation, fancy free.  
 Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.  
 It fell vpon a little weſterne flower;  
 Before, milke-white; now purple with loues wound,  
 And maidens call it, Loue in idleneſſe.  
 Fetch me that flower; the hearb I ſhew'd thee once,  
 The iuyce of it, on ſleeping eye-lids laid,  
 Will make or man or woman madly dote  
 Vpon the next liue creature that it ſees.  
 Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe,  
 Ere the *Leuiathan* can ſwim a league.  
*Pucke*. Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty mi-  
 nutes.  
*Ober*. Hauing once this iuyce,  
 Ile watch *Titania*, when ſhe is aſleepe,  
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:  
 The next thing when ſhe waking lookes vpon,  
 (Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,  
 On medling Monkey, or on buſie Ape)  
 Shee ſhall purſue it, with the ſoule of loue.  
 And ere I take this charme off from her ſight,  
 (As I can take it with another hearbe)  
 Ile make her render vp her Page to me.  
 But who comes heere? I am inuiſible,  
 And I will ouer-heare their conference.

*Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.*

*Deme*. I loue thee not, therefore purſue me not,  
 Where is *Lysander*, and faire *Hermia*?  
 The one Ile ſtay, the other ſtayeth me.  
 Thou toldſt me they were ſtolne into this wood;  
 And heere am I, and wood within this wood,  
 Becauſe I cannot meet my *Hermia*.  
 Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.  
*Hel*. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,  
 But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart  
 Is true as ſteele. Leaue you your power to draw,  
 And I ſhall haue no power to follow you.  
*Deme*. Do I entice you? do I ſpeake you faire?  
 Or rather doe I not in plaineſt truth,  
 Tell you I doe not, nor I cannot loue you?  
*Hel*. And euen for that doe I loue thee the more;  
 I am your ſpaniell, and *Demetrius*,  
 The more you beat me, I will ſawne on you.  
 Vſe me but as your ſpaniell; ſpurne me, ſtrike me,  
 Neglect me, loſe me; onely giue me leaue  
 (Vnworthy as I am) to follow you.  
 What worſer place can I beg in your loue,  
 (And yet a place of high reſpect with me)  
 Then to be vſed as you doe your dogge.  
*Deme*. Tempt not too much the hatred of my ſpirit,  
 For I am ſicke when I do looke on thee.  
*Hel*. And I am ſicke when I looke not on you.  
*Deme*. You doe impeach your modeſty too much,  
 To leaue the City, and commit your ſelfe  
 Into the hands of one that loues you not,  
 To truſt the opportunity of night,  
 And the ill counſell of a deſert place,  
 With the rich worth of your virginity.  
*Hel*. Your vertue is my priuiledge: for that  
 It is not night when I doe ſee your face.  
 Therefore I thinke I am not in the night,  
 Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,



For you in my respect are nill the world.

Then how can it be said I am alone,  
When all the world is heere to looke on me?

*Dem.* Ile run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,  
And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde beasts.

*Hel.* The wildest hath not such a heart as you;  
Runne when you will, the story shall be chang'd:  
*Apollo* flies, and *Daphne* holds the chase;  
The Doue pursues the Griffin, the milde Hinde  
Makes speed to catch the Tyger. Bootlesse speede,  
When cowardise pursues, and valour flies.

*Demet.* I will not stay thy questions, let me go;  
Or if thou follow me, doe not beleuee,  
But I shall doe thee mischief in the wood.

*Hel.* I, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field  
You doe me mischief. *Fye Demetrius,*  
Your wrongs doe set a scandall on my sexe:  
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe;  
We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.  
I follow thee, and make a heauen of hell,  
To die vpon the hand I loue so well.

*Exit.*

*Ob.* Fare thee well Nymph, ere he doe leaue this groue,  
Thou shalt see him, and he shall seeke thy loue.  
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

*Enter Pucke.*

*Puck.* I, there it is.

*Ob.* I pray thee giue it me.

I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,  
Where Oxslips and the nodding Violet growes,  
Quite ouer-cannop'd with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet muske roses, and with Eglantine;  
There sleepest *Tytania*, sometime of the night,  
Lul'd in these flowers, with dances and delight:  
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skinne,  
Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in.  
And with the iuyce of this Ile streaker her eyes,  
And make her full of hatefull fantasies.  
Take thou some of it, and seek through this groue;  
A sweet *Atbenian* Lady is in loue  
With a disdainfull youth: annoint his eyes,  
But doe it when the next thing he espies,  
May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man,  
By the *Atbenian* garments he hath on.  
Effect it with some care, that he may proue  
More fond on her, then she vpon her loue;  
And looke thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow.

*Pu.* Feare not my Lord, your seruant shall do so. *Exit.*

*Enter Queene of Fairies, with her traine.*

*Queen.* Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song;  
Then for the third part of a minute hence,  
Some to kill Cankers in the muske rose buds,  
Some warre with Reremise, for their leathern wings,  
To make my small Elues coates, and some keepe backe  
The clamorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders  
At our quaint spirits: Sing me now asleepe,  
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

*Fairies Sing.*

*You spotted Snakes with double tongue,  
Thorny Hedgehogges be not seene,  
Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,  
Come not neere our Fairy Queene.  
Philomele with melodie,*

*Sing in your sweet Lullaby,  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,  
Neuer barme, nor spell, nor charme,  
Come our lovely Lady nye,  
So good night with Lullaby.*

*2. Fairy. Weaving Spiders come not neere,  
Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence:  
Beetles blacke approach not neere;  
Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.  
Philomele with melody, &c.*

*1. Fairy. Hence away, now all is well;  
One asleepe, stand Centinell.* *Shee sleepes.*

*Enter Oberon.*

*Ober.* What thou fect when thou doest wake,  
Doe it for thy true Loue take:  
Loue and languish for his sake.  
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,  
Pard, or Boare with bristled haire,  
In thy eye that shall appeare,  
When thou wak'st, it is thy deare,  
Wake when some vile thing is neere.

*Enter Lysander and Hermia.*

*Lif.* Faire loue, you faint with wandring in y<sup>e</sup> woods,  
And to speake troth I haue forgot our way:  
Wee'll rest vs *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,  
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

*Her.* Be it so *Lysander*; finde you out a bed,  
For I vpon this banke will rest my head.

*Lys.* One turfe shall serue as pillow for vs both,  
One heart, one bed, two bosomes, and one troth.

*Her.* Nay good *Lysander*, for my sake my deere  
Lie further off yet, doe not lie so neere.

*Lys.* O take the fence sweet, of my innocence,  
Loue takes the meaning, in lous conference,  
I meane that my heart vnto yours is knit,  
So that but one heart can you make of it.  
Two bosomes interchanged with an oath,  
So then two bosomes, and a single troth.  
Then by your side, no bed-roome me deny,  
For lying so, *Hermia*, I doe not lye.

*Her.* *Lysander* riddles very prettily;  
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,  
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* lied.  
But gentle friend, for loue and courtesie  
Lie further off, in humane modesty,  
Such separation, as may well be said,  
Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a maide,  
So farre be distant, and good night sweet friend;  
Thy loue nere alter, till thy sweet life end.

*Lys.* Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, say I,  
And then end life, when I end loyalty:  
Heere is my bed, sleepe giue thee all his rest.

*Her.* With halfe that with, the wishers eyes be prest.

*Enter Pucke.*

*They sleep.*

*Puck.* Through the Forrest haue I gone,  
But *Atbenian* finde I none,  
One whose eyes I might approue  
This flowers force in stirring loue.  
Night and silence: who is heere?  
Weedes of *Atbens* he doth weare:  
This is he (my master said)  
Despised the *Atbenian* maide:  
And heere the maiden sleeping found,

On

danke and durty ground.  
 oule, she durst not lye  
 his lacke-loue, this kill-curtisie.  
 vpon thy eyes I throw  
 power this charme doth owe :  
 thou wak'st, let loue forbid  
 his seate on thy eye-lid.  
 when I am gone :  
 now to Oberon.

*Exit.*

*Enter Demetrius and Helena running.*

Stay, though thou kill me, sweete *Demetrius*.  
 I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.  
 O wilt thou darkling leaue me? do not so.  
 stay on thy perill, I alone will goe.

*Exit Demetrius.*

O I am out of breath, in this fond chace,  
 where my prayer, the lesfer is my grace,  
 as *Hermia*, wherefore she lies;  
 hath blessed and attractive eyes.  
 where her eyes so bright? Not with salt teares.  
 my eyes are oftner washt then hers.  
 I am as vgly as a Beare;  
 fits that meete me, runne away for feare,  
 where no marriage, though *Demetrius*  
 a monster, sie my preface thus.  
 ricked and dissembling glasse of mine,  
 to compare with *Hermias* (shery eyne?  
 o is here? *Lysander* on the ground;  
 or asleepe? I see no blood, no wound,  
 or, if you liue, good fir awake.  
 And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.  
 where *Helena*, nature her shewes art,  
 rough thy bosome makes me see thy heart.  
 is *Demetrius*? oh how fit a word  
 vile name, to perish on my sword!  
 Do not say so *Lysander*, say not so:  
 though he loue your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?  
*Hermia* still loues you; then be content.  
 Content with *Hermia*? No, I do repent  
 ious minutes I with her haue spent.  
*Hermia*, but *Helena* now I loue;  
 ill not change a Rauens for a Doue?  
 ll of man is by his reason sway'd:  
 ifon saies you are the worthier Maide.  
 growing are not ripe vntill their season;  
 ng yong, till now ripe not to reason,  
 icking now the point of humane skill,  
 becomes the Marshall to my will,  
 ides me to your eyes, where I orelooke  
 tories, written in Loues richest booke.  
 Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?  
 at your hands did I deferre this scorne?  
 enough, if not enough, yong man,  
 did neuer, no nor neuer can,  
 : a sweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,  
 : must flout my insufficiency?  
 oth you do me wrong (good-footh you do)  
 disdainfull manner, me to wooe.  
 : you well; perforce I must confesse,  
 ht you Lord of more true gentlenessse.  
 t a Lady of one man refus'd,  
 of another therefore be abus'd.  
 She sees not *Hermia*: *Hermia* sleepe thou there,  
 uer maist thou come *Lysander* neere;

*Exit.*

For as a surfeit of the sweetest things  
 The deepest loathing to the stomacke brings:  
 Or as the heresies that men do leaue,  
 Are hated most of those that did deceiue:  
 So thou, my surfeit, and my heresie,  
 Of all be hated; but the most of me;  
 And all my powers addresse your loue and might,  
 To honour *Helena*, and to be her Knight.

*Exit.*

*Her.* Helpe me *Lysander*, helpe me; do thy best  
 To plucke this crawling serpent from my breast.  
 Aye me, for pittie; what a dreame was here?  
*Lysander* looke, how I do quake with feare:  
 Me-thought a serpent eate my heart away,  
 And yet sat smiling at his cruell prey.  
*Lysander*, what remoou'd? *Lysander*, Lord,  
 What, out of hearing, gone? No sound, no word?  
 Alacke where are you? speake and if you heare:  
 Speake of all loues; I found almost with feare.  
 No, then I well perceiue you are not nye,  
 Either death or you Ile finde immediately.

*Exit.*

### *Actus Tertius.*

*Enter the Clownes.*

*Bot.* Are we all met?

*Quin.* Pat, pat, and here's a marvailous conuenient  
 place for our rehearfall. This greene plot shall be our  
 stage, this hauthorne brake our tiring house, and we will  
 do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

*Bot.* Peter quince?

*Peter.* What saist thou, bully *Bottom*?

*Bot.* There are things in this Comedy of *Pyramus* and  
*Thisby*, that will neuer please. First, *Pyramus* must draw a  
 sword to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide.  
 How an'were you that?

*Snout.* Berlaken, a parlous feare.

*Star.* I beleue we must leaue the killing out, when  
 all is done.

*Bot.* Not a whit, I haue a deuice to make all well.  
 Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seeme to say,  
 we will do no harme with our swords, and that *Pyramus*  
 is not kill'd indeede: and for the more better assurance,  
 tell them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the  
 Weauer; this will put them out of feare.

*Quin.* Well, we will haue such a Prologue, and it shall  
 be written in eight and fixe.

*Bot.* No, make it two more, let it be written in eight  
 and eight.

*Snout.* Will not the Ladies be asfear'd of the Lyon?

*Star.* I feare it, I promise you.

*Bot.* Masters, you ought to confider with your selues, to  
 bring in (God shield vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most  
 dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde  
 foule then your Lyon liuing: and wee ought to looke  
 to it.

*Snout.* Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not  
 a Lyon.

*Bot.* Nay, you must name his name, and halfe his face  
 must be seene through the Lyons necke, and he himselfe  
 must speake through, saying thus, or to the same defect;  
 Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wish you, or I would  
 request

request you, or I would entreat you, not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pittie of my life. No, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell him plainly hee is *Snug* the ioyner.

*Quin.* Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, *Piramus* and *Tibby* meete by Moone-light.

*Sn.* Doth the Moone shine that night wee play our play?

*Bot.* A Calender, a Calender, looke in the Almanack, finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.

*Enter Pucke.*

*Quin.* Yes, it doth shine that night.

*Bot.* Why then may you leaue a casement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone may shine in at the casement.

*Quin.* I, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorne, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the person of Moone-shine. Then there is another thing, we must haue a wall in the great Chamber; for *Piramus* and *Tibby* (saies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

*Sn.* You can neuer bring in a wall. What say you *Bottome*?

*Bot.* Some man or other must present wall, and let him haue some Plaster, or some Lome, or some rough cast about him, to signifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny, shall *Piramus* and *Tibby* whisper.

*Quin.* If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe euery mothers sonne, and rehearse your parts. *Piramus*, you begin; when you haue spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so euery one according to his cue.

*Enter Robin.*

*Rob.* What hempen home-spuns haue we swagging here,  
So neere the Cradle of the Fairier Queene?  
What, a Play toward? He be an auditor,  
An Actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

*Quin.* Speake *Piramus*: *Tibby* stand forth.

*Pir.* *Tibby*, the flowers of odious fauours sweete.

*Quin.* Odours, odours.

*Pir.* Odours fauours sweete,

So hath thy breath, my dearest *Tibby* deare.

But hark, a voyce: stay thou but here a while,  
And by and by I will to thee appeare. *Exit. Pir.*

*Puck.* A stranger *Piramus*, then ere plaid here.

*Tibb.* Must I speake now?

*Pet.* I marry must you. For you must vnderstand he goes but to see a noyse that he heard, and is to come againe.

*Tibb.* Most radiant *Piramus*, most Lilly white of hue,  
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer,  
Most brisky Iuuenall, and eke most louely lew,  
As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre,  
He meete thee *Piramus*, at *Ninnies* toombe.

*Pet.* *Ninus* toombe man: why, you must not speake that yet; that you answer to *Piramus*: you speake all your part at once, cues and all. *Piramus* enter, your cue is past; it is neuer tyre.

*Tibb.* O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

*Pir.* If I were faire, *Tibby* I were onely thine.

*Pet.* O monstrous. O strange. We are hanted; pray masters, flye masters, helpe.

*The Clownes all Exit.*

*Puk.* He follow you, He leade you about a Round,  
Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through  
Sometime a horse He be, sometime a hound: (bryer,  
A hogge, a headlesse beare, sometime a fire,  
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,  
Like horse, hound, hog, beare, fire, at euery turne. *Exit.*

*Enter Piramus with the Affe head.*

*Bot.* Why do they run away? This is a knauery of them to make me afeard. *Enter Snout.*

*Sn.* O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; What doe I see on thee?

*Bot.* What do you see? You see an Affe-head of your owne, do you?

*Enter Peter Quince.*

*Pet.* Blesse thee *Bottom*, blesse thee; thou art translated. *Exit.*

*Bot.* I see their knauery; this is to make an affe of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not stirre from this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe here, and I will sing that they shall heare I am not afraid.

The Woodell cocke, so blacke of hew,  
With Orenge-tawny bill.

The Throftle, with his note so true,

The Wren and litle quill.

*Tyta.* What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

*Bot.* The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Lark,

The plain-song Cuckow gray;

Whose note full many a man doth marke,

And dares not answer, nay.

For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?  
Who would giue a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow, neuer so?

*Tyta.* I pray thee gentle mortall, sing againe,

Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;

On the first view to say, to sweare I loue thee.

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,

And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me.

*Bot.* Me-thinkes mistresse, you should haue little reason for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and loue keepe little company together, now-a-days. The more the pittie, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke vpon occasion.

*Tyta.* Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.

*Bot.* Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I haue enough to serue mine owne turne.

*Tyta.* Out of this wood, do not desire to goe,  
Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate:

The Summer still doth tend vpon my state,

And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me,

He giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;

And they shall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe,

And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe:

And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse so,

That thou shalt like an airie spirit goe.

*Enter Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seede, and foure Fairies.*

*Fai.* Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where shall we go?

*Tita.* Be

*Tita.* Be kinde and courteous to this Gentleman,  
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,  
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,  
With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,  
The honie-bags steale from the humble Bees,  
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,  
And light them at the fierie-Glow-wormes eyes,  
To haue my loue to bed, and to arise:  
And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,  
To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eies.  
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtesies.

1.*Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

2.*Fai.* Haile.

3.*Fai.* Haile.

*Bot.* I cry your worships mercy hartly; I beseech  
your worships name.

*Cob. Cobweb.*

*Bot.* I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good  
Master *Cobweb*: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold  
with you.

Your name honest Gentleman?

*Peaf. Peafe blossome.*

*Bot.* I pray you commend mee to mistresse *Squash*,  
your mother, and to master *Peasod* your father. Good  
master *Peafe-blossome*, I shal desire of you more acquaint-  
tance to. Your name I beseech you sir?

*Must. Mustard-seede.*

*Peaf. Peafe-blossome.*

*Bot.* Good master *Mustard seede*, I know your pati-  
ence well: that fame cowardly gyant-like Oxe-beefe  
hath deuoured many a gentleman of your house. I pro-  
mise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere  
now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master  
*Mustard-seede*.

*Tita.* Come waite vpon him, lead him to my bower.  
The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a watrie eie,  
And when the weepes, weepe euerie little flower,  
Lamenting some enforced chastitie.  
Tye vp my louers tongue, bring him silently.

*Exit.*

*Enter King of Pharies, solus,*

*Ob.* I wonder if *Titania* be awak't;  
Then what it was that next came in her eye,  
Which she must dote on, in extremitie.

*Enter Pucke.*

Here comes my messenger: how now mad spirit,  
What night-rule now about this gaunted growe?

*Puck.* My Mistris with a monster is in loue,  
Neere to her close and consecrated bower,  
While she was in her dull and sleeping hower,  
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,  
That worke for bread vpon *Athenian* stals,  
Were met together to rehearse a Play,  
Intended for great *Theseus* nuptiall day:  
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,  
Who *Piramus* presented, in their sport,  
Forsooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,  
When I did him at this aduantage take,  
An Asses nole I fixed on his head.  
Anon his *Thibbie* must be answered,  
And forth my Mimick comes: when they him spie,  
As Wilde-geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,  
Or rufled-pated choughes, many in sort  
(Rising and cawing at the guns report)  
Seuer themselves, and madly sweepe the skye:

So at his sight, away his fellowes flye,  
And at our stampe, here ore and ore one fals;  
He murther cries, and helpe from *Athen* calls.  
Their sense thus weake, lost with their fears thus strong,  
Made senselesse things begin to do them wrong.  
For briars and thornes at their apparell snatch,  
Some sleeues, some hats, from yeelders all things catch,  
I led them on in this distracted feare,  
And left sweete *Piramus* translated there:  
When in that moment (so it came to passe)  
*Tytania* waked, and straightway lou'd an Ass.

*Ob.* This fals out better then I could deuise:  
But hast thou yet lacht the *Athenians* eyes,  
With the loue iuyce, as I did bid thee doe?

*Rob.* I tooke him sleeping (that is finisht to)  
And the *Athenian* woman by his side,  
That when he wak't, of force she must be eyde.

*Enter Demetrius and Hermia.*

*Ob.* Stand close, this is the same *Athenian*.

*Rob.* This is the woman, but not this the man.

*Dem.* O why rebuke you him that loues you so?  
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

*Her.* Now I but chide, but I should vse thee worse.  
For thou (I feare) hast given me cause to curse,  
If thou hast slaine *Lysander* in his sleepe,  
Being ore shoes in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill  
me too:

The Sunne was not so true vnto the day,  
As he to me. Would he haue stollen away,  
From sleeping *Hermia*? Ile beleue as soone  
This whole earth may be bord, and that the Moone  
May through the Center creepe, and so displease  
Her brothers noonetide, with th' *Antipodes*.  
It cannot be but thou hast murdred him,  
So should a mutrherer looke, so dead, so grim.

*Dem.* So should the murderer looke, and so should I,  
Pierst through the heart with your stearne cruelty:  
Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleare,  
As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering spheare.

*Her.* What's this to my *Lysander*? where is he?  
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou giue him me?

*Dem.* I'de rather giue his carke asse to my hounds.

*Her.* Out dog, out cur, thou driu'st me past the bounds  
Of maidens patience. Hast thou slaine him then?  
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.

Oh, once tell true, euen for my sake,  
Durst thou a lookt vpon him, being awake?  
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O braue tutch:  
Could not a worme, an Adder do so much?  
An Adder did it: for with doubler tongue  
Then thine (thou serpent) neuer Adder stung.

*Dem.* You spend your passion on a mispri'd mood,  
I am not guiltie of *Lysanders* blood:

Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

*Her.* I pray thee tell me then that he is well.

*Dem.* And if I could, what should I get therefore?

*Her.* A priuledge, neuer to see me more;

And from thy hated presence part I: see me no more  
Whether he be dead or no.

*Exit.*

*Dem.* There is no following her in this fierce vaine,  
Here therefore for a while I will remaine.  
So sorrowes heauinesse doth heauier growe  
For debt that bankrout slip doth sorrow owe,  
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,

If

If for his tender here I make some stay. *Lie downe.*

*Ob.* What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite  
And laid the louse iuyce on some true louses sight:  
Of thy misprision, must perforce ensue  
Some true louse turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

*Rob.* Then fate ore-rules, that one man holding troth,  
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.

*Ob.* About the wood, goe swifter then the winde,  
And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou finde.  
All fancy sicke she is, and pale of cheere,  
With sighes of loue, that costs the fresh blood deare.  
By some illusion see thou bring her heere,  
Ile charme his eyes against she doth appeare.

*Robin.* I go, I go, looke how I goe,  
Swifter then arrow from the *Tartars* bowe.

*Exit.*

*Ob.* Flower of this purple die,  
Hit with *Cupids* archery,  
Sinke in apple of his eye,  
When his loue he doth espie,  
Let her shine as gloriously  
As the *Venus* of the sky.  
When thou wak'st if she be by,  
Beg of her for remedy.

*Enter Pucke.*

*Puck.* Captaine of our Fairy band,  
*Helena* is heere at hand,  
And the youth, mistooke by me,  
Pleading for a Louers fee.  
Shall we their fond Pageant see?  
Lord, what foolies these mortals be!

*Ob.* Stand aside: the noyfe they make,  
Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.

*Puck.* Then will two at once wooe one,  
That must needs be sport alone:  
And those things doe best please me,  
That befall preposterously.

*Enter Lysander and Helena.*

*Lyf.* Why should you think y<sup>e</sup> I should wooe in scorn?  
Scorne and derision neuer comes in teares:  
Looke when I vow I weepe; and vowes so borne,  
In their natiuity all truth appeares.  
How can these things in me, seeme scorne to you?  
Bearing the badge of faith to proue them true.

*Hel.* You doe aduance your cunning more & more,  
When truth kills truth, O diuclish holy fray!  
These vowes are *Hermias*. Will you giue her ore?  
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.  
Your vowes to her, and me, (put in two scales)  
Will euen weigh, and both as light as tales.

*Lyf.* I had no iudgement, when to her I swore.

*Hel.* Nor none in my minde, now you giue her ore.

*Lyf.* *Demetrius* loues her, and he loues not you. *Awa.*

*Dem.* O *Helen*, goddesse, nimph, perfect, diuine,  
To what my, loue, shall I compare thine eyne!  
Christall is muddy, O how ripe in shew,  
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!  
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus* snow,  
Fan'd with the Easterne winde, turnes to a crow,  
When thou holdst vp thy hand. O let me kisse  
This Princeesse of pure white, this seale of blisse.

*Hel.* O spight! O hell! I see you are all bent  
To set against me, for your merriment:  
If you were ciuill, and knew curtesie,  
You would not doe me thus much iniury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,  
But you must ioyne in soules to mocke me to?  
If you are men, as men you are in shew,  
You would not vse a gentle Lady so;  
To vow, and sweare, and superpraise my parts,  
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.  
You both are Riuals, and loue *Hermia*;  
And now both Riuals to mocke *Helena*.  
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,  
To coniure teares vp in a poore maids eyes,  
With your derision; none of noble sort,  
Would so offend a Virgin, and extort  
A poore soules patience, all to make you sport.

*Lyfa.* You are vnkind *Demetrius*; be not so,  
For you loue *Hermia*; this you know I know;  
And here with all good will, with all my heart,  
In *Hermias* loue I yeeld you vp my part;  
And yours of *Helena*, to me bequeath,  
Whom I do loue, and will do to my death.

*Hel.* Neuer did mockers waite more idle breth.

*Dem.* *Lysander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none:  
If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.  
My heart to her, but as guest-wife so iourn'd,  
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,  
There to remaine.

*Lyf.* It is not so.

*De.* Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,  
Left to thy perill thou abide it deare.  
Looke where thy Loue comes, yonder is thy deare.

*Enter Hermia.*

*Her.* Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,  
The eare more quicke of apprehension makes,  
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,  
It paies the hearing double recompence.  
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lysander* found,  
Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to that found.  
But why vnkindly didst thou leaue me so? *(to go)*

*Lyfan.* Why should hee stay whom Loue doth presse?

*Her.* What loue could presse *Lysander* from my side?

*Lyf.* *Lysanders* loue (that would not let him bide)  
Faile *Helena*; who more engilds the night,  
Then all yon fierie oes, and eies of light.  
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,  
The hate I bare thee, made me leaue thee so?

*Her.* You speake not as you thinke; it cannot be.

*Hel.* Loe, she is one of this confederacy,  
Now I perceiue they haue conioyn'd all three,  
To fashion this false sport in spight of me.  
Iniurious *Hermia*, most vngratefull maid,  
Haue you conspir'd, haue you with the contriu'd  
To baite me, with this foule derision?  
Is all the counsell that we two haue shar'd,  
The sisters vowes, the houres that we haue spent,  
When wee haue chid the hasty footed time,  
For parting vs; O, is all forgot?  
All schoole daies friendship, child-hood innocence?  
We *Hermia*, like two Artificiall gods,  
Haue with our needles, created both one flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;  
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and mindes  
Had bene incorporate. So we grew together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
But yet a vnion in partition,

*Tw*

ely berries molded on one stem,  
two seeming bodies, but one heart,  
the first life coats in Heraldry,  
to one and crowned with one crest.  
ll you rent our ancient loue asunder,  
e with men in scorning your poore friend?  
t friendly, 'tis not maidenly.  
e as well as I, may chide you for it,  
I alone doe feele the iniurie.

I am amazed at your passionate words,  
you not; It seemes that you scorne me.  
Haue you not set *Lyfander*, as in scorne  
ow me, and praise my eies and face?  
ade your other loue, *Demetrius*.  
aen but now did spurne me with his foote)  
me goddesse, nimph, diuine, and rare,  
s, celestiall? Wherefore speakes he this  
he hates? And wherefore doth *Lyfander*  
our loue (so rich within his soule)  
nder me (forsooth) affection,  
your setting on, by your consent?  
hough I be not so in grace as you,  
z ypon with loue, so fortunate?  
iferable most, to loue vnlo'd)  
u should pittie, rather then despise.

I vnderstand not what you meane by this.  
I, doe, perseuer, counterfeite sad lookes,  
nouthes vpon me when I turne my backe,  
each at other, hold the sweete left vp:  
ort well carried, shall be chronicled.  
aue any pittie, grace, or manners,  
ould not make me such an argument:  
e ye well, 'tis partly mine owne fault,  
death or absence soone shall remedie.  
Stay gentle *Helena*, heare my excuse,  
e, my life, my soule, faire *Helena*.  
O excellent!

Sweete, do not scorne her so.  
If she cannot entreate, I can compell.  
Thou canst compell, no more then she entreate.  
reats haue no more strength then her weak praise.  
loue thee, by my life I doe;  
e by that which I will lose for thee,  
se him false, that saies I loue thee not.  
I say, I loue thee more then he can do.  
If thou say so, with-draw and proue it too.  
Quick, come.

*Lyfander*, whereto tends all this?  
Away, you *Ethiops*.

No, no, Sir, seeme to breake loose;  
n as you would follow,  
come not: you are a tame man, go.  
Hang off thou cat, thou bur, vile thing let loose,  
ill shake thee from me like a serpent.

Why are you growne so rude?  
change is this sweete Loue?  
Thy loue? out tawny *Tartar*, out;  
thed medicine; O hated poison hence.

Do you not iest?  
Yes sooth, and so do you.  
*Demetrius*: I will keepe my word with thee.  
I would I had your bond: for I perceiue  
ce bond holds you; Ile not trust your word.  
What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?  
gh I hate her, Ile not harme her so.  
What, can you do me greater harme then hate?

Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Loue?  
Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lyfander*?  
I am as faire now, as I was ere while.  
Since night you lou'd me; yet since night you left me.  
Why then you left me (O the gods forbid  
In earnest, shall I say?

*Lyf.* I, by my life;  
And neuer did desire to see thee more.  
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;  
Be certaine, nothing truer: 'tis no iest,  
That I doe hate thee, and loue *Helena*.

*Her.* O me, you iugler, you canker blossome,  
You theefe of loue; What, haue you come by night,  
And stolne my lous heart from him?

*Hel.* Fine yfaith:  
Haue you no modesty, no maiden shame,  
No touch of bashfulnesse? What, will you teare  
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?  
Fie, fie, you counterfeite, you puppet, you.

*Her.* Puppet? why so? I, that way goes the game.  
Now I perceiue that she hath made compare  
Betweene our stature, she hath vrg'd her height,  
And with her personage, her tall personage,  
Her height (forsooth) she hath preuail'd with him.  
And are you growne so high in his esteeme,  
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?  
How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake,  
How low am I? I am not yet so low,  
But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes.

*Hel.* I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,  
Let her not hurt me; I was neuer curst:  
I haue no gift at all in shrewishnesse;  
I am a right maide for my cowardize;  
Let her not strike me: you perhaps may thinke,  
Because she is something lower then my selfe,  
That I can match her.

*Her.* Lower? harke againe.  
*Hel.* Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me,  
I euermore did loue you *Hermia*,  
Did euer keepe your counsels, neuer wronged you,  
Saue that in loue vnto *Demetrius*,  
I told him of your stealth vnto this wood.  
He followed you, for loue I followed him,  
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me  
To strike me, spurne me, nay to kill me too;  
And now, so you will let me quiet go,  
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,  
And follow you no further. Let me go.  
You see how simple, and how fond I am.

*Her.* Why get you gone: who ist that hinders you?  
*Hel.* A foolish heart, that I leaue here behinde.

*Her.* What, with *Lyfander*?

*Her.* With *Demetrius*.

*Lyf.* Be not afraid, she shall not harme thee *Helena*.

*Dem.* No fir, she shall not, though you take her part.

*Hel.* O when she's angry, she is keene and shrewd,  
She was a vixen when she went to schoole,  
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

*Her.* Little againe? Nothing but low and little?  
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?  
Let me come to her.

*Lyf.* Get you gone you dwarfe,  
You *minimus*, of hindring knot-graffe made,  
You bead, you acorne.

*Dem.* You are too officious,  
In her behalfe that scornes your seruices.

Let

Let her alone, speake not of *Helena*,  
Take not her part. For if thou dost intend  
Neuer so little shew of loue to her,  
Thou shalt abide it.

*Lyf.* Now she holds me not,  
Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose right,  
Of thine or mine is most in *Helena*.

*Dem.* Follow? Nay, Ile goe with thee cheeke by  
iowle.

*Her.* You Mistris, all this coyle is long of you.  
Nay, goe not backe.

*Hel.* I will not trust you I,  
Nor longer stay in your curst companie.  
Your hands then mine, are quicker for a fray,  
My legs are longer though to runne away.

*Enter Oberon and Pucke.*

*Ob.* This is thy negligence, still thou mistak'st,  
Or else committ'st thy knaueries willingly.

*Puck.* Beleeue me, King of shadowes, I mistooke,  
Did not you tell me, I should know the man,  
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on?  
And so farre blamelesse proues my enterprize,  
That I haue noited an *Athenians* eie,  
And so farre am I glad, it so did sort,  
As this their iangling I esteeme a sport.

*Ob.* Thou seest these Louers seeke a place to fight,  
Hie therefore *Robin*, ouercast the night,  
The starrie Welkin couer thou anon,  
With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*,  
And lead these testie Riuals so astray,  
As one come not within anothers way.

Like to *Lyfander*, sometime frame thy tongue,  
Then stirre *Demetrius* vp with bitter wrong;  
And sometime raile thou like *Demetrius*;  
And from each other looke thou leade them thus,  
Till ore their browes, death-counterfeiting, sleepe  
With leaden legs, and Battie-wings doth creepe;  
Then crush this hearbe into *Lyfanders* eie,  
Whose liquor bath this vertuous propertie,  
To take from thence all error, with his might,  
And make his eie-balls role with wonted sight.  
When they next wake, all this derision  
Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitlesse vision,  
And backe to *Athen* shall the Louers wend  
With league, whose date till death shall neuer end.  
Whiles I in this affaire do thee imply,  
Ile to my Queene, and beg her *Indian Boy*;  
And then I will her charmed eie release  
From monsters view, and all things shall be peace.

*Puck.* My Fairie Lord, this must be done with haste,  
For night-swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,  
And yonder shines *Auroras* harbinger;  
At whose approach Ghosts wandring here and there,  
Troope home to Church-yards; damned spirits all,  
That in crosse-waies and flouds haue buriall,  
Alreadie to their wormie beds are gone;  
For feare least day should looke their shames vpon,  
They wilfully themselves exile from light,  
And must for aye consort with blacke browd night.

*Ob.* But we are spirits of another sort:  
I, with the mornings loue haue oft made sport,  
And like a Forrester, the groues may tread,  
Euen till the Easterne gate all fierie red,  
Opening on *Neptunes*, with faire blessed beames,  
Turnes into yellow gold, his salt greene streames.

But notwithstanding haste, make no delay:  
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.

*Puck.* Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade  
them vp and downe: I am fear'd in field and towne.  
*Goblin*, lead them vp and downe: here comes one.

*Enter Lyfander.*

*Lyf.* Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*?  
Speake thou now.

*Rob.* Here villaine, drawne & readie. Where art thou?

*Lyf.* I will be with thee straight.

*Rob.* Follow me then to plainer ground.

*Enter Demetrius.*

*Dem.* *Lyfander*, speake againe;  
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?  
Speake in some bush: Where dost thou hide thy head?

*Rob.* Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,  
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,  
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,  
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd  
That drawes a sword on thee.

*Dem.* Yea, art thou there?

*Ro.* Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here. *Exit.*

*Lyf.* He goes before me, and still dares me on,  
When I come where he calt, then he's gone.  
The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I:  
I followed fast, but faster he did flye; *shifting place.*  
That fallen am I in darke vneuen way,  
And here wil rest me. Come thou gentle day: *lye down.*  
For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,  
Ile finde *Demetrius*, and reuenge this spight.

*Enter Robin and Demetrius.*

*Rob.* Ho, ho, ho; coward, why com'st thou not?

*Dem.* Abide me, if thou dar'st. For well I wot,  
Thou runst before me, shifting euery place,  
And dar'st not stand, nor looke me in the face.  
Where art thou?

*Rob.* Come hither, I am here.

*Dem.* Nay then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy this  
deere,

If euer I thy face by day-light see.  
Now goe thy way: faintnesse constraineth me,  
To measure out my length on this cold bed,  
By daies approach looke to be visited.

*Enter Helena.*

*Hel.* O weary night, O long and tedious night,  
Abate thy houres, shine comforts from the East,  
That I may backe to *Athen* by day-light,  
From these that my poore companie detest;  
And sleepe that sometime shuts vp sorrowes eie,  
Steale me a while from mine owne companie. *Sleepe.*

*Rob.* Yet but three? Come one more,  
Two of both kindes makes vp foure.  
Here she comes, curst and sad,  
*Cupid* is a knauish lad,

*Enter Hermia.*

Thus to make poore females mad.

*Her.* Neuer so wearie, neuer so in woe,  
Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars,  
I can no further crawl, no further goe;  
My legs can keepe no pace with my desires.  
Here will I rest me till the breake of day,  
Heauens shield *Lyfander*, if they meane a fray.

*Rob.* On the ground sleepe sound,  
Ile apply your eie gentle louver, remedy.  
When thou wak'st, thou tak'st  
True delight in the sight of thy former Ladies eye,

And

Country Prouerb knowne,  
y man should take his owne,  
raking shall be shewne.  
I haue *fill*, nought shall goe ill,  
I shall haue his Mare againe, and all shall bee

*They sleepe all the Act.*

*Actus Quartus.*

*wene of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the  
rebinds them.*

Come, fit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,  
thy amiable cheekes doe coy,  
ce muske roses in thy sleeke smoothe head,  
e thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.  
Where's *Pease blossome*?

Ready.  
scratch my head, *Pease-blossome*. Wher's *Moun-  
tweb*.  
Ready.

o. Mounfieur *Cobweb*, good Mounfieur get your  
in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble-Bee,  
p of a thistle; and good Mounfieur bring mee  
r bag. Doe not fret your selfe too much in the  
Mounfieur; and good Mounfieur haue a care the  
g breake not; I would be loth to haue yon ouer-  
nith a hony-bag signiour. Where's Mounfieur  
ced?

Ready.  
iue me your neafe, Mounfieur *Mustardseed*.  
leauue your courtesie good Mounfieur.

What's your will?  
othing good Mounfieur, but to help Caualery  
o scratch. I must to the Barbers Mounfieur, for  
tes I am maruellous hairy about the face. And I  
a tender affe, if my haire do but tickle me, I must

What, wilt thou heare some musicke, my sweet

I haue a reasonable good eare in musicke. Let  
he tongs and the bones.

*Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke.*

Or say sweete Loue, what thou desirest to eat.  
o. Truly a pecke of Prouender; I could munch  
d dry Oates. Me-thinkes I haue a great desire  
e of hay: good hay, sweete hay hath no fel-

I haue a venturous Fairy,  
ll seeke the Squirrels hoard,  
h thee new Nuts.

I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried  
ut I pray you let none of your people stirre me, I  
exposition of sleepe come vpon me.  
Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my arms,  
: gone, and be alwaies away.  
he woodbine, the sweet Honifuckle,  
ntwist; the female luy so  
he barky fingers of the Elme.

O how I loue thee! how I dote on thee!

*Enter Robin goodfellow and Oberon.*

Ob. Welcome good Robin:  
Seeft thou this sweet sight?  
Her dotage now I doe begin to pittie.  
For meeting her of late behinde the wood,  
Seeking sweet fauors for this hatefull foole,  
I did vpbraide her, and fall out with her.  
For she his hairy temples then had rounded,  
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers.  
And that same dew which somtime on the buds,  
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearles;  
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,  
Like teares that did their owne disgrace bewaile.  
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,  
And she in milde termes beg'd my patience,  
I then did aske of her, her chaneling childe,  
Which straight she gaue me, and her Fairy sent  
To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.  
And now I haue the Boy, I will vndoe  
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.  
And gentle *Pucke*, take this transformed scalpe,  
From off the head of this *Atbenian* swaine;  
That he awaking when the other doe,  
May all to *Atbens* backe againe repaire,  
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,  
But as the fierce vexation of a dreame.  
But first I will releafe the Fairy Queene.

*Be thou as thou wast wont to be;  
See as thou wast wont to see.  
Dians bud, or Cupids flower,  
Hath such force and blessed power.*

Now my *Titania* wake you my sweet Queene.

*Tita*. My *Oberon*, what visions haue I seene!  
Me-thought I was enamoured of an Ass.

Ob. There lies your loue.  
*Tita*. How came these things to passe?  
Oh, how mine eyes doth loath this visage now!

Ob. Silence a while. *Robin* take off his head:  
*Titania*, musick call, and strike more dead  
Then common sleepe; of all these, fine the sence.

*Tita*. Musicke, ho musicke, such as charmeth sleepe.  
*Musick still.*

*Rob*. When thou wak'st, with thine owne fooles eies  
peepe. (me)

Ob. Sound musick; come my Queen, take hands with  
And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be.  
Now thou and I are new in amity,  
And will to morrow midnight, solemnly  
Dance in Duke *Theseus* house triumphantly,  
And blesse it to all faire posterity.  
There shall the paires of faithfull Louers be  
Wedded, with *Theseus*, all in iollity.

*Rob*. Faire King attend, and marke,  
I doe heare the morning Lark.

Ob. Then my Queene in silence sad,  
Trip we after the nights shade;  
We the Globe can compasse soone,  
Swifter then the wandring Moone.

*Tita*. Come my Lord, and in our flight,  
Tell me how it came this night,  
That I sleeping heere was found,

*Sleepers Lye still.*

O

With



With these mortals on the ground.

*Exeunt.*

*Winde Hornes.*

*Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita and all his traine.*

*Thes.* Goe one of you, finde out the Forrester,  
For now our obseruation is perform'd;  
And since we haue the vaward of the day,  
My Loue shall heare the musicke of my hounds.  
Vncouple in the Westerne valley, let them goe;  
Dispatch I say, and finde the Forrester.  
We will faire Queene, vp to the Mountaines top.  
And marke the muscical confusion  
Of hounds and eccho in coniunction.

*Hip.* I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,  
When in a wood of *Crete* they bayed the Beare  
With hounds of *Sparta*; neuer did I heare  
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groues,  
The skies, the fountaines, euery region neere,  
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard  
So muscical a discord, such sweet thunder.

*Thes.* My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kinde,  
So flew'd, so fanded, and their heads are hung  
With eares that sweepe away the morning dew,  
Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like *Thessalian* Bulls,  
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,  
Each vnder each. A cry more tuneable  
Was neuer hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horne,  
In *Crete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Thessaly*;  
Iudge when you heare. But soft, what nymphs are these?

*Egeus.* My Lord, this is my daughter heere asleepe,  
And this *Lyfander*, this *Demetrius* is,  
This *Helena*, olde *Nedars Helena*,  
I wonder of this being heere together.

*Thes.* No doubt they rose vp early, to obserue  
The right of May; and hearing our intent,  
Came heere in grace of our solemnity.  
But speake *Egeus*, is not this the day  
That *Hermia* should giue answer of her choice?

*Egeus.* It is, my Lord.

*Thes.* Goe bid the hunt-men wake them with their  
hornes.

*Hornes and they wake.*

*Shout within, they all start vp.*

*Thes.* Good morrow friends: Saint *Valentine* is past,  
Begin these wood birds but to couple now?

*Lyf.* Pardon my Lord.

*Thes.* I pray you all stand vp.  
I know you two are Riual enemies.  
How comes this gentle concord in the world,  
That hatred is so farre from ialousie,  
To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmity.

*Lyf.* My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,  
Halfe sleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I sweare,  
I cannot truly say how I came heere.  
But as I thinke (for truly would I speake)  
And now I doe bethinke me, so it is;  
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent  
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be  
Without the perill of the *Athenian* Law.

*Ege.* Enough, enough, my Lord: you haue enough;  
I beg the Law, the Law, vpon his head:  
They would haue stolne away, they would *Demetrius*,  
Thereby to haue defeated you and me:  
You of your wife, and me of my consent;  
Of my consent, that she should be your wife.

*Dem.* My Lord, faire *Helen* told me of their stealth,  
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,

And I in furie hither followed them;  
Faile *Helena*, in fancy followed me.  
But my good Lord, I wot not by what power,  
(But by some power it is) my loue  
To *Hermia* (melted as the snow)  
Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,  
Which in my childehood I did doat vpon:  
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,  
The obiect and the pleasure of mine eye,  
Is onely *Helena*. To her, my Lord,  
Was I betroth'd, ere I see *Hermia*,  
But like a sicknesse did I loath this food,  
But as in health, come to my naturall taste,  
Now doe I with it, loue it, long for it,  
And will for euermore be true to it.

*Thes.* Faire *Louers*, you are fortunately met;  
Of this discourse we shall heare more anon.

*Egeus*, I will ouer-bear your will;  
For in the Temple, by and by with vs,  
These couples shall eternally be knit.  
And for the morning now is something worne,  
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.  
Away, with vs to *Athens*; three and three,  
Wee'll hold a feast in great solemnity.

Come *Hippolite*.

*Exit Duke and Lords.*

*Dem.* These things seeme small & vndistinguishable,  
Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds.

*Her.* Me-thinks I see these things with parted eye,  
When euery thing seems double.

*Hel.* So me-thinks:

And I haue found *Demetrius*, like a iewell,  
Mine owne, and not mine owne.

*Dem.* It seemes to mee,  
That yet we sleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,  
The Duke was heere, and bid vs follow him?

*Her.* Yea, and my Father.

*Hel.* And *Hippolite*.

*Lyf.* And he bid vs follow to the Temple.

*Dem.* Why then we are awake; lets follow him, and  
by the way let vs recount our dreames.

*Bottoms wakes.*

*Exit Louers.*

*Clo.* When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer.  
My next is, most faire *Piramus*. Hey ho. *Peter Quince*?  
*Flute* the bellows-mender? *Snout* the tinker? *Starveling*?  
Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left me asleepe: I  
haue had a most rare vision. I had a dreame, past the wit  
of man, to say, what dreame it was. Man is but an Ass,  
if he goe about to expound this dreame. Me-thought I was,  
and me-thought I had. But man is but a patch'd foole,  
if he will offer to say, what me-thought I had. The eye of  
man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not seene, mans  
hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceiue, nor his  
heart to report, what my dreame was. I will get *Peter*  
*Quince* to write a ballet of this dreame, it shall be called  
*Bottoms Dreame*, because it hath no bottome; and I will  
sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Per-  
adventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it  
at her death.

*Exit.*

*Enter Quince, Flute, Thibbie, Snout, and Starveling.*

*Quin.* Haue you sent to *Bottoms* house? Is he come  
home yet?

*Staru.* He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt hee is  
transported.

*Thif.* If

he come not, then the play is mar'd. It goes  
d, doth it?  
t is not possible: you haue not a man in all  
e to discharge *Piramus* but he.  
o, hee hath simply the best wit of any handy-  
in *Atbens*.  
eca, and the best person too, and hee is a very  
for a sweet voyce.  
ou must say, Paragon. A Paramour is (God  
a thing of nought.

*Enter Snug the Ioyner.*

After, the Duke is comming from the Tem-  
ple is two or three Lords & Ladies more mar-  
ry sport had gone forward, we had all bin made

sweet bully *Bottom*: thus hath he lost fixe-  
y, during his life; he could not haue scaped fix-  
y. And the Duke had not giuen him fixpence  
laying *Piramus*, Ile be hang'd. He would haue  
Sixpence a day in *Piramus*, or nothing.

*Enter Bottom.*

here are these Lads? Where are these hearts?  
*Bottom*, o most courageous day! O most hap-

After, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me  
For if I tell you, I am no true *Atbenian*. I  
u every thing as it fell out.

vs heare, sweet *Bottom*.

it a word of me: all that I will tell you, is, that  
hath dined. Get your apparell together, good  
your beards, new ribbands to your pumps,  
ently at the Palace, every man looke ore his  
he short and the long is, our play is preferred:  
let *Thibby* haue cleane linnen: and let not him  
the Lion, paire his nailes, for they shall hang  
e Lions clawes. And most deare Actors, eate  
, nor Garlick; for wee are to vtter sweete  
I doe not doubt but to heare them say, it is a  
edy. No more words: away, go away.

*Exeunt.*

## *Actus Quintus.*

*Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus and his Lords.*

is strange my *Theseus*, these louers speake of.  
ore strange then true. I neuer may beleuee  
like fables, nor these Fairy toyes,  
mad men haue such seething braines,  
ing phantasies, that apprehend more  
reason euer comprehends.  
icke, the Louer, and the Poet,  
gination all compact.  
ore diuels then vasse hell can hold;  
mad man. The Louer, all as franticke,  
beauty in a brow of *Egipt*.  
eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance  
en to earth, from earth to heauen.  
gination bodies forth the forms of things  
; the Poets pen turns them to shapies,  
to aire nothing, a locall habitation,  
e. Such tricks hath strong imagination,

That if it would but apprehend some ioy,  
It comprehends some bringer of that ioy.  
Or in the night, imagining some feare,  
How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare?

*Hip*. But all the storie of the night told ouer,  
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,  
More witnesseth than fancies images,  
And growes to something of great constancie;  
But howsoeuer, strange, and admirable.

*Enter louers, Lyfander, Demetrius, Hermia,  
and Helena.*

*The*. Heere come the louers, full of ioy and mirth:  
Ioy, gentle friends, ioy and fresh dayes  
Of loue accompany your hearts.

*Lyf*. More then to vs, waite in your royall walkes,  
your boord, your bed.

*The*. Come now, what masques, what dances shall  
we haue,  
To weare away this long age of three houres,  
Between our after supper, and bed-time?  
Where is our vsuall manager of mirth?  
What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play,  
To ease the anguish of a torturing houre?  
Call *Egeus*.

*Ege*. Heere mighty, *Theseus*.

*The*. Say, what abridgement haue you for this eue-  
ning?

What maske? What musick? How shall we beguile  
The lazie time, if not with some delight?

*Ege*. There is a breefe how many sports are rise:  
Make choise of which your Highnesse will see first.

*Lif*. The battell with the Centaurs to be sung  
By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe.

*The*. Wee'l none of that. That haue I told my Loue  
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

*Lif*. The riot of the tipple Bacchanals,  
Tearing the Thracian finger, in their rage?

*The*. That is an old deuice, and it was plaid  
When I from *Thebes* came last a Conqueror.

*Lif*. The thrice three Muses, mourning for the death  
of learning, late deceast in beggerie.

*The*. That is some Satire keene and critically,  
Not sorting with a nuptiall ceremonie.

*Lif*. A tedious breefe Scene of yong *Piramus*,  
And his loue *Thibby*; very tragicall mirth.

*The*. Merry and tragicall? Tedious, and breife? That  
is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow. How shall wee  
finde the concord of this discord?

*Ege*. A play there is, my Lord, some ten words long,  
Which is as breefe, as I haue knowne a play;  
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long;  
Which makes it tedious. For in all the play,  
There is not one word apt, one Player fitted.  
And tragicall my noble Lord it is: for *Piramus*  
Therein doth kill himselfe. Which when I saw  
Reheart, I must confesse, made mine eyes water:  
But more merrie teares, the passion of loud laughter  
Neuer shed.

*The*. What are they that do play it?

*Ege*. Hard handed men, that worke in Athens heere,  
Which neuer labour'd in their mindes till now;  
And now haue toyed their vnbreathed memories  
With this same play, against your nuptiall.

*The*. And we will heare it.

*Pbi.* No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I haue heard It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world ; Vnlesse you can finde sport in their intents, Extremely stretcht, and cond with cruell paine, To doe you seruice.

*Thsf.* I will heare that play. For neuer any thing Can be amisse, when simplenesse and duty tender it. Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.

*Hip.* I loue not to see wretchednesse orecharged ; And duty in his seruice perishing.

*Thsf.* Why gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

*Hip.* He saies, they can doe nothing in this kinde.

*Thsf.* The kinder we, to giue them thanks for nothing Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake ; And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect Takes it in might, not merit.

Where I haue come, great Clearkes haue purposed To grette me with premeditated welcomes ; Where I haue seene them shuer and looke pale, Make periods in the midst of sentences, Throttle their practiz'd accent in their fears, And in conclusion, dumbly haue broke off, Not paying me a welcome. Trust me sweete, Out of this silence yet, I pickt a welcome : And in the modesty of fearefull duty, I read as much, as from the rattling tongue Of fauicy and audacious eloquence.

Loue therefore, and tongue-tide simplicity, In leaft, speake most, to my capacity.

*Egeu.* So please your Grace, the Prologue is adrest.

*Duke.* Let him approach.

*Flor. Trum.*

*Enter the Prologue. Quince.*

*Pro.* If we offend, it is with our good will.

That you should thinke, we come not to offend, But with good will. To shew our simple skill, That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then, we come but in despight.

We do not come, as minding to content you,

Our true intent is. All for your delight,

We are not heere. That you should heere repent you,

The Actors are at hand ; and by their show,

You shall know all, that you are like to know.

*Thsf.* This fellow doth not stand vpon points.

*Lyf.* He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt : he knowes not the stop. A good morall my Lord. It is not enough to speake, but to speake true.

*Hip.* Indeed hee hath plaid on his Prologue, like a childe on a Recorder, a sound, but not in gouernment.

*Thsf.* His speech was like a tangled chaine: nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next ?

*Toucyer with a Trumpet before them.*

*Enter Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Moone-shine, and Lyon.*

*Pro.* Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show, But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine.

This man is *Piramus*, if you would know ;

This beauteous Lady, *Thisby* is certaine.

This man, with lyme and rough-cast, doth present

Wall, that vile wall, which did these louers sunder :

And through walls chink (poor foules) they are content

To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder.

This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and bush of thorne,

Presenteth moone-shine. For if you will know,

By moone-shine did these Louers thinke no scorne

To meet at *Ninus* toombe, there, there to wooe :

This grizy beaft (which Lyon hight by name)  
The trusty *Thisby*, comming first by night,  
Did scarre away, or rather did affright :  
And as she fled, her mantle she did fall ;  
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did staine.  
Anon comes *Piramus*, sweet youth and tall,  
And findes his *Thisbies* Mantle laine ;  
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,  
He brauely broacht his boiling bloody breast,  
And *Thisby*, tarrying in Mulberry shade,  
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,  
Let *Lyon*, *Moone-shine*, *Wall*, and *Louers* twaine,  
At large discourie, while here they doe remaine.

*Exit all but Wall.*

*Thsf.* I wonder if the Lion be to speake.

*Deme.* No wonder, my Lord : one Lion may, when many Asses doe.

*Exit Lyon, Thisbie, and Moone-shine.*

*Wall.* In this same Interlude, it doth befall,  
That I, one *Snowt* (by name) present a wall :  
And such a wall, as I would haue you thinke,  
That had in it a crannied hole or chinke :  
Through which the Louers, *Piramus* and *Thisbie*  
Did whisper often, very secretly.  
This loame, this rough-cast, and this stone doth shew,  
That I am that same Wall ; the truth is so.  
And this the cranny is, right and finifter,  
Through which the fearefull Louers are to whisper.

*Thsf.* Would you desire Lime and Haire to speake better ?

*Deme.* It is the vttiest partition, that euer I heard discourie, my Lord.

*Thsf.* *Pyramus* drawes neere the Wall, silence.

*Enter Pyramus.*

*Pir.* O grim lookt night, O night with hue so blacke,  
O night, which euer art, when day is not :

O night, O night, alacke, alacke, alacke,

I feare my *Thisbies* promise is forgot.

And thou O vwall, thou sweet and louely vwall,

That stands betwene her fathers ground and mine,

Thou vwall, O vwall, O sweet and louely vwall,

Shew me thy chinke, to blinke through vwith mine eie.

Thankes courteous vwall. *Loue* shield thee vwell for this.

But vwhat see I ? No *Thisbie* doe I see.

O vicked vwall, through vvhom I see no blisse,

Curst be thy stones for thus deceuiung mee.

*Thsf.* The vwall me-thinkes being sensible, should curse againe.

*Pir.* No in truth fir, he should not. *Deceuiung me,*

Is *Thisbies* cue ; she is to enter, and I am to spy

Her through the vwall. You shall see it vwill fall.

*Enter Thisbie.*

Pat as I told you ; yonder she comes.

*Thsf.* O vwall, full often hast thou heard my mones,

For parting my faire *Piramus*, and me.

My cherry lips haue often kist thy stones ;

Thy stones vwith Lime and Haire knit vp in thee.

*Pyra.* I see a voyce ; now vwill I to the chinke,

To spy and I can heare my *Thisbies* face. *Thisbie ?*

*Thsf.* My Loue thou art, my Loue I thinke.

*Pir.* Thinke vwhat thou v wilt, I am thy Louers grace,

And like *Limander* am I trusty still.

*Thsf.* And like *Helen* till the Fates me kill.

*Pir.* Not *Sbafalus* to *Procrus*, was so true.

*Thsf.* As *Sbafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

*Pir. O*

kiffe me through the hole of this vile wall.  
kiffe the wals hole, not your lips at all.  
Wilt thou at *Ninnes* tombe meete me straight

Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.  
Thus haue I *Wall*, my part discharged so;  
g done, thus *Wall* away doth go. *Exit Clow.*  
ow is the morall downe betweene the two

No remedie my Lord, when Wals are so wil-  
are without vvarning.  
'his is the filliest stuffe that ere I heard.  
he best in this kind are but shadowes, and the  
no worfe, if imagination amend them.  
t must be your imagination then, & not theirs.  
f wee imagine no worfe of them then they of  
s, they may passe for excellent men. Here com  
beasts, in a man and a Lion.

*Enter Lyon and Moone-shine.*

You Ladies, you (whose gentle harts do feare)  
left monstrous moufe that creepes on floore)  
perchance, both quake and tremble heere,  
on rough in wildest rage doth roare.  
ow that I, one *Swag* the Ioyner am  
ll, nor else no Lions dam :  
ould as Lion come in strife  
place, 'twere pittie of my life.  
erie gentle beast, and of a good conscience.  
'he verie best at a beast, my Lord, y ere I saw.  
his Lion is a verie Fox for his valor.  
ue, and a Goose for his discretion.  
ot so my Lord : for his valor cannot carrie  
ion, and the Fox carries the Goose.  
a discretion I am sure cannot carrie his valor :  
oofe carries not the Fox. It is well ; leaue it to  
ion, and let vs hearken to the Moone.  
This *Lanthorne* doth the horned Moone pre-

should haue worne the hornes on his head.  
ee is no crefcent, and his hornes are inuisible,  
circumference.

This *lanthorne* doth the horned Moone pre-  
selfe, the man i'th Moone doth seeme to be.  
his is the greatest error of all the rest; the man  
put into the *Lanthorne*. How is it els the man  
e?

he dares not come there for the candle.

re, it is already in snuffe.

am vvarie of this Moone ; vould he would

appeares by his smal light of discretion, that  
e wane : but yet in courtesie, in all reason, vve  
the time.

ceed Moone.

All that I haue to say, is to tell you, that the  
is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this  
sh, my thorne bush; and this dog, my dog.

Why all these should be in the *Lanthorne*: for  
in the Moone. But silence, heere comes *Thibby*.

*Enter Thibby.*

'his is old *Ninnes* tombe : where is my loue ?  
Oh.

*The Lion roares, Thibby runs off.*

Well roar'd Lion.

*Du.* Well run *Thibby*.

*Dut.* Well shone Moone.

Truly the Moone shines with a good grace.

*Du.* Wel mouz'd Lion.

*Dem.* And then came *Piramus*.

*Lys.* And so the Lion vanisht.

*Enter Piramus.*

*Pyr.* Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy sunny beames,  
I thanke thee Moone, for shining now so bright:

For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,

I trust to taste of truest *Thibbies* fight.

But stay : O spight ! but marke, poore Knight,

What dreadful dole is heere ?

Eyes do you see ! How can it be !

O dainty Ducke : O Deere !

Thy mantle good ; what staine with blood !

Approch you Furies fell :

O Fates ! come, come : Cut thred and thrum,

Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell.

*Du.* This passion, and the death of a deare friend,

Would go neere to make a man looke sad.

*Dut.* Beshrew my heart, but I pittie the man.

*Pir.* O wherefore Nature, did'st thou Lions frame ?

Since Lion vilde hath heere desflour'd my deere :

Which is : no, no, which was the fairest Dame

That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheere.

Come teares, confound : Out sword, and wound

The pap of *Piramus* :

I, that left pap, where heart doth hop ;

Thus dye I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soule is in the sky,

Tongue lose thy light, Moone take thy flight,

Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.

*Dem.* No Die, but an ace for him ; for he is but one.

*Lif.* Lesse then an ace man. For he is dead, he is no-  
thing.

*Du.* With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet reco-  
uer, and proue an Assie.

*Dut.* How chance Moone-shine is gone before ?

*Thibby* comes backe, and findes her Louer.

*Enter Thibby.*

*Duke.* She wil finde him by starre-light.

Heere she comes, and her passion ends the play.

*Dut.* Me thinkes shee should not vse a long one for  
such a *Piramus* : I hope she will be breefe.

*Dem.* A Moth wil turne the ballance, which *Piramus*  
which *Thibby* is the better. (eyes.)

*Lys.* She hath spyed him already, with those sweete

*Dem.* And thus she meanes, *videlicet*.

*Thib.* Alleepe my Loue ? What, dead my Doue ?

O *Piramus* arise :

Speake, Speake. Quite dumbe ? Dead, dead ? A tombe

Must couer thy sweet eyes.

These Lilly Lips, this cherry nose,

These yellow Cowslip cheekes

Are gone, are gone : Louers make mone :

His eyes were greene as Leekes.

O sisters three, come, come to mee,

With hands as pale as Milke,

Lay them in gore, since you haue shore

With sheeres, his thred of filke.

Tongue not a word : Come trusty sword :

Come blade, my brest imbrue :

O 3

And

And farwell friends, thus *Thibie* ends ;  
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

*Duk.* Moon-shine & Lion are left to burie the dead.

*Deme.* I, and Wall too.

*Bot.* No, I assure you, the wall is downe, that parted their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or to heare a Bergomask dance, betweene two of our company ?

*Duk.* No Epilogue, I pray you ; for your play needs no excuse. Neuer excuse ; for when the plaies are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that writ it had plaid *Piramus*, and hung himselfe in *Thibies* garter, it would haue beene a fine Tragedy : and so it is truly, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your Burgomaske ; let your Epilogue alone.  
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelue.  
Lovers to bed, 'tis almost Fairy time.  
I feare we shall out-sleepe the comming morne,  
As much as we this night haue ouer-watcht.  
This palpable grosse play hath well beguil'd  
The heauy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.  
A fortnight hold we this solemnity.  
In nightly Reuels ; and new iollitie.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Pucke.*

*Puck* Now the hungry Lyons rores,  
And the Wolfe beholds the Moone :  
Whilest the heauy ploughman shores,  
All with weary taske fore-done.  
Now the wasted brands doe glow,  
Whil't the scritch-owle, scritch'ing loud,  
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,  
In remembrance of a shrowd.  
Now it is the time of night,  
That the graues, all gaping wide,  
Every one lets forth his spright,  
In the Church-way paths to glide.  
And we Fairies, that do runne,  
By the triple *Hecates* teame,  
From the presence of the Sunne,  
Following darkenesse like a dreame,  
Now are frolicke ; not a Mouse  
Shall disturbe this hallowed house.  
I am sent with broome before,  
To sweep the dust behinde the doore.

*Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their traine.*

*Ob.* Through the house giue glimmering light,

By the dead and drowse fier,  
Euerie Elfe and Fairie spright,  
Hop as light as bird from brier,  
And this Ditty after me, sing and dance it trippinglie.

*Tita.* First rehearse this song by roate,  
To each word a warbling note.  
Hand in hand, with Fairie grace,  
Will we sing and blesse this place.

*The Song.*

Now until the break of day,  
Through this house each Fairy stray.  
To the best Bride-bed will we,  
Which by us shall blessed be :  
And the issue there create,  
Euer shall be fortunate :  
So shall all the couples three,  
Euer true in louing be :  
And the blots of Natures band,  
Shall not in their issue stand.  
Neuer mole, barelip, nor scarre,  
Nor marks prodigious, such as are  
Despised in Natiuitie,  
Shall upon their children be.  
With this field dew consecrate,  
Every Fairy take his gate,  
And each severall chamber blesse,  
Through this Pallace with sweet peace,  
Euer shall in safety rest,  
And the owner of it blesse.  
Trip away, make no stay ;  
Meet me all by break of day.

*Robin.* If we shadowes haue offended,  
Thinke but this (and all is mended)  
That you haue but slumbr'd heere,  
While these visions did appeare.  
And this weake and idle theame,  
No more yeelding but a dreame,  
Centles, doe not reprehend.  
If you pardon, we will mend.  
And as I am an honest *Pucke*,  
If we haue vnearned lucke,  
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,  
We will make amends ere long :  
Else the *Pucke* a lyar call.  
So good night vnto you all.  
Giue me your hands, if we be friends,  
And *Robin* shall restore amends.

FINIS.



# The Merchant of Venice.

## *Actus primus.*

*Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.*

*Antonio.*

N sooth I know not why I am so sad,  
It wearies me : you say it wearies you ;  
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,  
What stuffe 'tis made of, whereof it is borne,  
I learne : and such a Want-wit sadnesse makes of mee,

haue much ado to know my selfe.  
Your minde is toising on the Ocean,  
where your Argosies with portly saile  
igniors and rich Burgens on the flood,  
were the Pageants of the sea,  
re-peere the pettie Traffiquers  
urtlie to them, do them reuerence  
y flye by them with their wouen wings.  
Beleeue me sir, had I such venture forth,  
ther part of my affections, would  
b my hopes abroad. I should be still  
ag the grasse to know where fits the winde,  
in Maps for ports, and peers, and rodes:  
ery obiect that might make me feare  
une to my ventures, out of doubt  
make me sad.

My winde cooling my broth,  
blow me to an Ague, when I thought  
harne a winde too great might doe at sea.  
d not see the sandie houre-glasse runne,  
ould thinke of shallows, and of flats,  
e my wealthy *Andrew* docks in sand,  
her high top lower then her ribs  
fe her buriall ; should I goe to Church  
e the holy edifice of stone,  
et bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks,  
touching but my gentle Vessels side  
scatter all her spices on the streame,  
the roring waters with my filkes,  
a word, but euen now worth this,  
ow worth nothing. Shall I haue the thought  
like on this, and shall I lacke the thought  
ach a thing bechaunc'd would make me sad ?  
I not me, I know *Antonio*  
o thinke vpon his merchandize.  
b. Beleeue me no, I thanke my fortune for it,  
stures are not in one bottome trusted,  
ne place ; nor is my whole estate

Vpon the fortune of this present yeere :  
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.  
*Sola.* Why then you are in loue.

*Antb.* Fie, fie.

*Sola.* Not in loue neither : then let vs say you are sad  
Because you are not merry ; and 'twere as easie  
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry  
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,  
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time :  
Some that will euermore peepe through their eyes,  
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.  
And other of such vineger aspect,  
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,  
Though *Nestor* sweare the iest be laughable.

*Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.*

*Sola.* Heere comes *Bassanio*,  
Your most noble Kinsman,  
*Gratiano*, and *Lorenzo*. Faryewell,  
We leaue you now with better company.

*Sola.* I would haue staid till I had made you merry,  
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

*Ant.* Your worth is very deere in my regard.  
I take it your owne busines calls on you,  
And you embrace th'occasion to depart.

*Sal.* Good morrow my good Lords. (when?)

*Bass.* Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say,  
You grow exceeding strange : must it be so?

*Sal.* Wee'll make our leysures to attend on yours.

*Exeunt Salarino, and Salanio.*

*Lor.* My Lord *Bassanio*, since you haue found *Antonio*  
We two will leaue you, but at dinner time  
I pray you haue in minde where we must meete.

*Bass.* I will not faile you.

*Grati.* You looke not well signior *Antonio*,  
You haue too much respect vpon the world :  
They loose it that doe buy it with much care,  
Beleeue me you are maruellously chang'd.

*Ant.* I hold the world but as the world *Gratiano*,  
A stage, where euerie man must play a part,  
And mine a sad one.

*Grati.* Let me play the foole,  
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,  
And let my Liuer rather heate with wine,  
Then my heart coole with mortifying grones.  
Why should a man whose bloud is warme within,  
Sit like his Grandfire, cut in Alablaster?  
Sleepe when he wakes? and creep into the laundies

By

By being peeuish? I tell thee what *Antonio*,  
I loue thee, and it is my loue that speakes:  
There are a sort of men, whose visages  
Do creame and mantle like a standing pond,  
And do a wilfull skilnesse entertaine,  
With purpose to be drest in an opinion  
Of wisdom, grauity, profound conceit,  
As who should say, I am fir an Oracle,  
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.  
O my *Antonio*, I do know of these  
That therefore onely are reputed wise,  
For saying nothing; when I am verie sure  
If they should speake, would almost dam those eares  
Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles:  
He tell thee more of this another time.  
But fith not with this melancholly baite  
For this foole Gudge, this opinion:  
Come good *Lorenzo*, faryewell a while,  
He end my exhortation after dinner.

*Lor.* Well, we will leaue you then till dinner time.  
I must be one of these fame dumbe wise men,  
For *Gratiano* neuer let's me speake.

*Gra.* Well, keepe me company but two yeares mo,  
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue.

*Ant.* Far you well, He grow a talker for this geare.

*Gra.* Thankes ifaith, for silence is onely commendable  
In a neat tongue dri'd, and a maid not vendible. *Exit.*

*Ant.* It is that any thing now.

*Baf.* *Gratiano* speakes an infinite deale of nothing,  
more then any man in all Venice, his reasons are two  
graines of wheate hid in two bushels of chaffe: you shall  
seeke all day ere you finde them, & when you haue them  
they are not worth the searsh.

*Ant.* Well: tel me now, what Lady is the fame  
To whom you swore a secret Pilgrimage  
That you to day promis'd to tel me of?

*Baf.* Tis not vnknowne to you *Antonio*  
How much I haue disabled mine estate,  
By something shewing a more swelling port  
Then my faint meanes would grant continuance:  
Nor do I now make mone to be abridg'd  
From such a noble rate, but my cheefe care  
Is to come fairely off from the great debts  
Wherein my time something too prodigall  
Hath left me gag'd: to you *Antonio*  
I owe the most in money, and in loue,  
And from your loue I haue a warrantie  
To vnburthen all my plots and purposes,  
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

*Ant.* I pray you good *Bassanio* let me know it,  
And if it stand as you your selfe still do,  
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd  
My purse, my person, my extreamest meanes  
Lye all vnlock'd to your occasions.

*Baf.* In my schoole dayes, when I had lost one shaft  
I shot his fellow of the selfesame flight  
The selfesame way, with more aduised watch  
To finde the other forth, and by aduenturing both,  
I oft found both. I vrge this child-hoode prooffe,  
Because what followes is pure innocence.  
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth,  
That which I owe is lost: but if you please  
To shoote another arrow that selfe way  
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,  
As I will watch the ayme: Or to finde both,  
Or bring your latter hazard backe againe,

And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

*Ant.* You know me well, and herein spend but time  
To winde about my loue with circumstance,  
And out of doubt you doe more wrong  
In making question of my vttermoost  
Then if you had made waste of all I haue:  
Then doe but say to me what I should doe  
That in your knowledge may by me be done,  
And I am prest vnto it: therefore speake.

*Baf.* In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,  
And she is faire, and fairer then that word,  
Of wondrous vertues, sometimes from her eyes  
I did receiue faire speechlesse messages:  
Her name is *Portia*, nothing vnderuallied  
To *Cato's* daughter, *Brutus Portia*,  
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,  
For the foure windes blow in from euery coast  
Renowned sutors, and her sunny locks  
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,  
Which makes her seat of *Belmont* *Chobalos* strond,  
And many *Lafons* come in quest of her.  
O my *Antonio*, had I but the meanes  
To hold a riual place with one of them,  
I haue a minde presages me such thrift,  
That I should questionlesse be fortunate.

*Ant.* Thou knowst that all my fortunes are at sea,  
Neither haue I money, nor commodity  
To raise a present summe, therefore goe forth  
Try what my credit can in *Venice* doe,  
That shall be rackt euen to the vttermoost,  
To furnish thee to *Belmont* to faire *Portia*.  
Goe presently enquire, and so will I  
Where money is, and I no question make  
To haue it of my trust, or for my sake. *Exit.*

*Enter Portia with her waiting woman Nerissa.*

*Portia.* By my troth *Nerissa*, my little body is a wea-  
rie of this great world.

*Ner.* You would be sweet Madam, if your miseries  
were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are:  
and yet for ought I see, they are as sicke that surfet with  
too much, as they that starue with nothing; it is no smal  
happinesse therefore to bee seated in the meane, super-  
fluitie comes sooner by white haire, but competencie  
liues longer.

*Portia.* Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

*Ner.* They would be better if well followed.

*Portia.* If to doe were as easie as to know what were  
good to doe, Chappels had bene Churches, and poore  
mens cottages Princes Pallaces: it is a good Diuine that  
followes his owne instructions; I can easier teach twen-  
tie what were good to be done, then be one of the twen-  
tie to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may de-  
uise lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a  
colde decree, such a hare is madnesse the youth, to skip  
ore the meshes of good counsaile the cripple; but this  
reason is not in fashion to choofe me a husband: O mee,  
the word choofe, I may neither choofe whom I would,  
nor refuse whom I dislike, so is the wil of a liuing daugh-  
ter curb'd by the will of a dead father: it is not hard *Ner-  
rissa*, that I cannot choofe one, nor refuse none.

*Ner.* Your father was euer vertuous, and holy men  
at their death haue good inspirations, therefore the lot-  
terie that hee hath deuised in these three chests of gold,  
siluer, and leade, whereof who choofes his meaning,  
choofes

choofes

1, wil no doubt neuer be chosen by any right-  
who you shall rightly loue : but what warmth  
your affection towards any of these Princely  
are already come?

Pray thee ouer-name them, and as thou namest  
ll describe them, and according to my descrip-  
at my affection.

Is there is the Neapolitane Prince.

That's a colt indeede, for he doth nothing but  
a horse, and hee makes it a great appropria-  
owne good parts that he can shoo him him-  
much afraid my Ladie his mother plaid false  
th.

Is there is the Countie Palentine.

Is doth nothing but frowne (as who should  
u will not haue me, choofe : he heares merrie  
niles not, I feare hee will proue the weeping  
: when he growes old, being so full of vn-  
adnesse in his youth.) I had rather to be marri-  
the head with a bone in his mouth, then to ei-  
se : God defend me from these two.

How say you by the French Lord, Mounfier

Is made him, and therefore let him passe for a  
uth I know it is a sinne to be a mocker, but he,  
th a horse better then the Neapolitans, a bet-  
bite of frowning then the Count Palentine, he  
in in no man, if a Trassell sing, he fals straight  
e will fence with his own shadow. If I should  
y, I should marry twentie husbands : if hee  
ise me, I would forgiue him, for if he loue me  
e, I should neuer requite him.

What say you then to Fauconbridge, the yong  
England?

Do you know I say nothing to him, for hee vnder-  
me, nor I him : he hath neither *Latine*, *French*,  
, and you will come into the Court & sweare  
e a poore pennie-worth in the *Englisb* : hee is a  
na picture, but alas who can conuerse with a  
w? how odly he is suited, I thinke he bought  
t in *Italie*, his round hofe in *France*, his bonnet  
ie, and his behauiour euery where.

What thinke you of the other Lord his neigh-

bat he hath a neighbourly charitie in him, for  
ed a boxe of the eare of the *Englisbman*, and  
would pay him againe when hee was able : I  
: *Frenchman* became his suretie, and seald vnder  
r.

How like you the yong *Germaine*, the Duke of  
ephew?

Very vildely in the morning when hee is sober,  
ildely in the afternoone when hee is drunke :  
s best, he is a little worse then a man, and when  
t, he is little better then a beast : and the worst  
er fell, I hope I shall make shift to goe with-

he should offer to choofe, and choofe the right  
u should refuse to performe your Fathers will,  
ld refuse to accept him.

Therefore for feare of the worst, I pray thee set  
lasse of Reinish-wine on the contrary Casket,  
diuell be within, and that temptation without,  
: will choofe it. I will doe any thing *Nerrissa*  
be married to a sponge.

How neede not feare Lady the hauing any of

these Lords, they haue acquainted me with their deter-  
minations, which is indeede to returne to their home,  
and to trouble you with no more suite, vnlesse you may  
be won by some other sort then your Fathers impositi-  
on, depending on the Caskets.

*Por.* If I liue to be as olde as *Sibilla*, I will dye as  
chaste as *Diana*: vnlesse I be obtained by the manner  
of my Fathers will : I am glad this parcell of wooers  
are so reasonabable, for there is not one among them but  
I doate on his verie absence : and I wish them a faire de-  
parture.

*Ner.* Doe you not remember Ladie in your Fa-  
thers time, a *Venetian*, a Scholler and a Souldior that  
came hither in companie of the Marquesse of *Mont-  
ferrat*?

*Por.* Yes, yes, it was *Bassanio*, as I thinke, so was hee  
call'd.

*Ner.* True Madam, hee of all the men that euer my  
foolish eyes look'd vpon, was the best deseruing a faire  
Lady.

*Por.* I remember him well, and I remember him wor-  
thy of thy praise.

Enter a Seruingman.

*Ser.* The foure Strangers seeke you Madam to take  
their leaue : and there is a fore-runner come from a sif-  
the Prince of *Morocco*, who brings word the Prince his  
Maister will be here to night.

*Por.* If I could bid the sif welcome with so good  
heart as I can bid the other foure farewell, I should be  
glad of his approach : if he haue the condition of a Saint,  
and the complexion of a diuell, I had rather hee should  
shriue me then wiuie me. Come *Nerrissa*, sirra go before;  
whiles wee shut the gate vpon one wooer, another  
knocks at the doore. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bassanio with Shylocks the Jew.

*Shy.* Three thousand ducates, well.

*Bass.* I sir, for three months.

*Shy.* For three months, well.

*Bass.* For the which, as I told you,  
*Antonio* shall be bound.

*Shy.* *Antonio* shall become bound, well.

*Bass.* May you sted me? Will you pleasure me?  
Shall I know your answere.

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats for three months,  
and *Antonio* bound.

*Bass.* Your answere to that.

*Shy.* *Antonio* is a good man.

*Bass.* Haue you heard any imputation to the con-  
trary.

*Shy.* Ho no, no, no, no : my meaning in saying he is a  
good man, is to haue you vnderstand me that he is suffi-  
cient, yet his meanes are in supposition : he hath an Argo-  
sie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I vnder-  
stand moreouer vpon the Ryalta, he hath a third at Mexi-  
co, a fourth for England, and other ventures hee hath  
squandred abroad, but ships are but boords, Saylers but  
men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theeues,  
and land theeues, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the  
perrill of waters, windes, and rocks : the man is notwith-  
standing sufficient, three thousand ducats, I thinke I may  
take his bond.

*Bass.* Be assured you may.

*Iew. I*



*Jew.* I will be assured I may : and that I may be assured, I will bethinke mee, may I speake with *Antonio* ?

*Bass.* If it please you to dine with vs.

*Jew.* Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite coniured the diuell into : I will buy with you, sell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so following : but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the Ryalta, who is he comes here ?

*Enter Antonio.*

*Bass.* This is signior *Antonio*.

*Jew.* How like a fawning publican he lookes.

I hate him for he is a Christian :  
But more, for that in low simplicitie  
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe  
The rate of vsance here with vs in *Venice*.  
If I can catch him once vpon the hip,  
I will feede fat the ancient grudge I beare him.  
He hates our sacred Nation, and he railes  
Euen there where Merchants most doe congregate  
On me, my bargaines, and my well-worne thrift,  
Which he calls interest : Curfed be my Trybe  
If I forgiue him.

*Bass.* *Solylock*, doe you heare.

*Soly.* I am debating of my present store,  
And by the neere gesse of my memorie  
I cannot instantly raise vp the grosse  
Of full three thousand ducats : what of that ?  
*Tuball* a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe  
Will furnish me ; but soft, how many months  
Doe you desire ? Rest you faire good signior,  
Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.

*Ant.* *Solylock*, albeit I neither lend nor borrow  
By taking, nor by giuing of excessse,  
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,  
He breake a custome : is he yet possesse  
How much he would ?

*Soly.* I, I, three thousand ducats.

*Ant.* And for three months.

*Soly.* I had forgot, three months, you told me so.  
Well then, your bond : and let me see, but heare you,  
Me thoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow  
Vpon aduantage.

*Ant.* I doe neuer vse it.

*Soly.* When *Iacob* gras'd his Vncle *Labans* sheepe,  
This *Iacob* from our holy *Abram* was  
(As his wife mother wrought in his behalfe)  
The third possessor ; I, he was the third.

*Ant.* And what of him, did he take interest ?

*Soly.* No, not take interest, not as you would say  
Directly interest, marke what *Iacob* did,  
When *Laban* and himselfe were compremys'd  
That all the canelings which were streakt and pied  
Should fall as *Iacobs* hier, the Ewes being rancke,  
In end of Autumne turned to the Rammes,  
And when the worke of generation was  
Betwene these woolly breeders in the act,  
The skilfull shepheard pil'd me certaine wands,  
And in the dooing of the deede of kinde,  
He stucke them vp before the fulsome Ewes,  
Who then conceauing, did in eaning time  
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were *Iacobs*.  
This was a way to thriue, and he was blest :

And thrift is blessing if men steale it not.

*Ant.* This was a venture sir that *Iacob* seru'd for,  
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,  
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heauen.

Was this inferred to make interest good ?

Or is your gold and siluer Ewes and Rams ?

*Soly.* I cannot tell, I make it breede as fast,  
But note me signior.

*Ant.* Marke you this *Bassanio*,

The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpose,  
An euill soule producing holy witnesse,  
Is like a villaine with a smiling cheeke,  
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.  
O what a goodly outside falsehood hath.

*Soly.* Three thousand ducats, 'tis a good round sum.  
Three months from twelue, then let me see the rate.

*Ant.* Well *Solylock*, shall we be beholding to you ?

*Soly.* Signior *Antonio*, many a time and oft  
In the Ryalta you haue rated me

About my monies and my vñances :

Still haue I borne it with a patient shrug,

(For suffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.)

You call me misbeleueur, cut-throate dog,

And spet vpon my Iewish gaberdine,

And all for vse of that which is mine owne.

Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe :

Goe to then, you come to me, and you say,

*Solylock*, we would haue moneyes, you say so :

You that did voide your rume vpon my beard,

And foote me as you spurne a stranger curie

Ouer your threshold, moneyes is your suite.

What should I say to you ? Should I not say,

Hath a dog money ? Is it possible

A curie should lend three thousand ducats ? or

Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key

With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,

Say this : Faire sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last ;

You spurn'd me such a day ; another time

You cald me dog : and for these curtesies

He lend you thus much moneyes.

*Ant.* I am as like to call thee so againe,

To spet on thee againe, to spurne thee too.

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not

As to thy friends, for when did friendship take

A breede of barraine mettall of his friend ?

But lend it rather to thine enemy,

Who if he breake, thou maist with better face

Exact the penalties.

*Soly.* Why looke you how you storme,

I would be friends with you, and haue your loue,

Forget the shames that you haue staine me with,

Supplie your present wants, and take no doite

Of vsance for my moneyes, and youle not heare me,

This is kinde I offer.

*Bass.* This were kindnesse.

*Soly.* This kindnesse will I shoue,

Goe with me to a Notarie, seale me there

Your single bond, and in a merrie sport

If you repaie me not on such a day,

In such a place, such sum or sums as are

Exprest in the condition, let the forsaite

Be nominated for an equall pound

Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken

In what part of your bodie it pleaseth me.

*Ant.* Content in faith, He seale to such a bond,

And say there is much kindnesse in the Iew.

*Bass.* You

You shall not seale to such a bond for me,  
 I dwell in my necessity.  
 Why feare not man, I will not forsaite it,  
 these two months, that's a month before  
 it expires, I doe expect returne  
 : three times the valew of this bond.  
 O father *Abram*, what these Christians are,  
 howe hard dealings teaches them suspect  
 sights of others : Praie you tell me this,  
 wold breake his daie, what should I gaine  
 satisfaction of the forfeiture ?  
 of mans flesh taken from a man,  
 estimable, profitable neither  
 of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates, I say  
 his fauour, I extend this friendship,  
 I take it, so : if not adiew,  
 my loue I praie you wrong me not.  
 Yes *Shyllocke*, I will seale vnto this bond.  
 Then meete me forthwith at the Notaries,  
 in direction for this merrie bond,  
 till goe and purse the ducats strait.  
 My house left in the fearefull gard  
 of thirrie knaue : and presentlie  
 with you. Exit.  
 Hie thee gentle *Lew*. This Hebrew will turne  
 I, he grows kinde.  
 I like not faire teames, and a villaines minde.  
 Come on, in this there can be no dismaie,  
 they come home a month before the daie. Exeunt.

## Actus Secundus.

*Lorenzo a tawnie Moore all in robes, and three or  
 more followers accordingly, with Portia,  
 Nerissa, and their traine.  
 Flo. Cornets.*

Mislike me not for my complexion,  
 drownd liuerie of the burnisht sunne,  
 for I am a neighbour, and neere bred.  
 He the fairest creature Northward borne,  
*Pharbus* fire scarce thawes the yficles,  
 vs make incision for your loue,  
 whose blood is reddest, his or mine.  
 See Ladie this aspect of mine  
 wold the valiant, (by my loue I sweare)  
 be regarded Virgins of our Clyme  
 wold it to : I would not change this hue,  
 so steale your thoughts my gentle Queene.  
 In teames of choise I am not folie led  
 direction of a maidens eies :  
 the lottrie of my destenie  
 the right of voluntarie choosung :  
 My Father had not scantied me,  
 I'd me by his wit to yeelde my selfe  
 to, who wins me by that meanes I told you,  
 life (renowned Prince) than stood as faire  
 as commer I haue look'd on yet  
 affection.  
 Euen for that I thanke you,  
 for I pray you leade me to the Caskets  
 my fortune : By this Symitare

That slew the Sophie, and a Persian Prince  
 That won three fields of Sultan Solymen,  
 I would ore-stare the sternest eies that looke :  
 Out-braue the heart most daring on the earth :  
 Plucke the yong sucking Cubs from the she Beare,  
 Yea, mocke the Lion when he rores for pray  
 To win the Ladie. But alas, the while  
 If *Hercules* and *Lycas* plaie at dice  
 Which is the better man, the greater throw  
 May turne by fortune from the weaker hand :  
 So is *Alcidas* beaten by his rage,  
 And so may I, blinde fortune leading me  
 Misse that which one vnworthier may attaine,  
 And die with grieving.

*Port.* You must take your chance,  
 And either not attempt to choosie at all,  
 Or sweare before you choosie, if you choosie wrong  
 Neuer to speake to Ladie afterward  
 In way of marriage, therefore be aduis'd.

*Mor.* Nor will not, come bring me vnto my chance.

*Por.* First forward to the temple, after dinner  
 Your hazard shall be made.

*Mor.* Good fortune then,  
 To make me blest or curs'd 'ft among men.

*Cornets.  
 Exeunt.*

*Enter the Clowne alone.*

*Cl.* Certainly, my conscience will serue me to run  
 from this *Lew* my Maister : the fiend is at mine elbow,  
 and tempts me, saying to me, *Iobbe*, *Launcelet Iobbe*, good  
*Launcelet*, or good *Iobbe*, or good *Launcelet Iobbe*, vse  
 your legs, take the start, run awaie : my conscience saies  
 no ; take heede honest *Launcelet*, take heed honest *Iobbe*,  
 or as afore-said honest *Launcelet Iobbe*, doe not runne,  
 forne running with thy heeles ; well, the most coragi-  
 ous fiend bids me packe, *fi* saies the fiend, away saies  
 the fiend, for the heauens rouse vp a braue minde saies  
 the fiend, and run ; well, my conscience hanging about  
 the necke of my heart, saies verie wisely to me : my ho-  
 nest friend *Launcelet*, being an honest mans sonne, or ra-  
 ther an honest womans sonne, for indeede my Father did  
 something smack, something grow too ; he had a kinde of  
 taste ; wel, my conscience saies *Launcelet* bouge not, bouge  
 saies the fiend, bouge not saies my conscience, conscience  
 say I you counsaile well, fiend say I you counsaile well,  
 to be rul'd by my conscience I should stay with the *Lew*  
 my Maister, (who God blesse the marke) is a kinde of di-  
 uell ; and to run away from the *Lew* I should be ruled by  
 the fiend, who sauing your reuerence is the diuell him-  
 selfe : certainly the *Lew* is the verie diuell incarnation,  
 and in my conscience, my conscience is a kinde of hard  
 conscience, to offer to counsaile me to stay with the *Lew* ;  
 the fiend giues the more friendly counsaile : I will runne  
 fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will  
 runne.

*Enter old Gobbo with a Basket.*

*Gob.* Maister yong-man, you I praie you, which is the  
 waie to Maister *Lewes* ?

*Lan.* O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who  
 being more then sand-blinde, high grauel blinde, knows  
 me not, I will trie confusions with him.

*Gob.* Maister yong Gentleman, I praie you which is  
 the waie to Maister *Lewes*.

*Lan.* Turne vpon your right hand at the next turn-  
 ing

ning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marrie at the verie next turning, turne of no hand, but turn down indirectione to the *Jewes* house.

*Gob.* Be Gods fonties 'twill be a hard waie to hit, can you tell me whether one *Launcelet* that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

*Laun.* Talke you of yong Maister *Launcelet*, marke me now, now will I raise the waters; talke you of yong Maister *Launcelet*?

*Gob.* No Maister fir, but a poore mans sonne, his Father though I say't is an honest exceeding poore man, and God be thanked well to liue.

*Laun.* Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke of yong Maister *Launcelet*.

*Gob.* Your worships friend and *Launcelet*.

*Laun.* But I praie you *ergo* old man, *ergo* I beseech you, talke you of yong Maister *Launcelet*.

*Gob.* Of *Launcelet*, ant please your maisterhip.

*Laun.* *Ergo* Maister *Lancelet*, talke not of maister *Lancelet* Father, for the yong gentleman according to fates and destinies, and such odde sayings, the sisters three, & such branches of learning, is indeede deceased, or as you would say in plaine tearmes, gone to heauen.

*Gob.* Marrie God forbid, the boy was the verie staffe of my age, my verie prop.

*Laun.* Do I look like a cudgell or a houell-post, a staffe or a prop: doe you know me Father.

*Gob.* Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentleman, but I praie you tell me, is my boy God rest his soule alieue or dead.

*Laun.* Doe you not know me Father.

*Gob.* Alacke fir I am fand blinde, I know you not.

*Laun.* Nay, indeede if you had your eies you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wife Father that knowes his owne childe. Well, old man, I will tell you newes of your son, giue me your blessing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a mans sonne may, but in the end truth will out.

*Gob.* Praie you fir stand vp, I am sure you are not *Lancelet* my boy.

*Laun.* Praie you let's haue no more fooling about it, but giue mee your blessing: I am *Lancelet* your boy that was, your sonne that is, your childe that shall be.

*Gob.* I cannot thinke you are my sonne.

*Laun.* I know not what I shall thinke of that: but I am *Lancelet* the *Jewes* man, and I am sure *Margerie* your wife is my mother.

*Gob.* Her name is *Margerie* indeede, Ile be sworne if thou be *Lancelet*, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worshipt might he be, what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbins my philhorfe has on his taile.

*Laun.* It should seeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am sure he had more haire of his taile then I haue of my face when I lost saw him.

*Gob.* Lord how art thou chang'd: how doost thou and thy Maister agree, I haue brought him a present; how gree you now?

*Laun.* Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue set vp my reft to run awaie, so I will not reft till I haue run some ground; my Maister's a verie *Jew*, giue him a present, giue him a halter, I am famisht in his seruice. You may tell euerie finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your present to one Maister *Bassanio*, who indeede giues rare new Liuorics, if I serue

not him, I will run as far as God has anie ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a *Jew* if I serue the *Jew* anie longer.

*Enter Bassanio with a follower or two.*

*Bass.* You may doe so, but let it be so hastid that supper be readie at the farthest by siue of the clocke: see these Letters deliuered, put the Liuerics to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging.

*Laun.* To him Father.

*Gob.* God blesse your worship.

*Bass.* Gramercie, would't thou ought with me.

*Gob.* Here's my sonne fir, a poore boy.

*Laun.* Not a poore boy fir, but the rich *Jewes* man that would fir as my Father shall specifie.

*Gob.* He hath a great infection fir, as one would say to serue.

*Laun.* Indeeede the short and the long is, I serue the *Jew*, and haue a desire as my Father shall specifie.

*Gob.* His Maister and he (saying your worships reuerence) are scarce catercosins.

*Laun.* To be briefe, the verie truth is, that the *Jew* hauing done me wrong, doth cause me as my Father being I hope an old man shall frutifie vnto you.

*Gob.* I haue here a dish of Doues that I would bestow vpon your worship, and my suite is.

*Laun.* In verie briefe, the suite is impertinent to my selfe, as your worship shall know by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

*Bass.* One speake for both, what would you?

*Laun.* Serue you fir.

*Gob.* That is the verie defect of the matter fir.

*Bass.* I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suite, *Sbylocke* thy Maister spoke with me this daie, And hath prefer'd thee, if it be preferment To leaue a rich *Jewes* seruice, to become The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

*Clo.* The old prouerbe is verie well parted betweene my Maister *Sbylocke* and you fir, you haue the grace of God fir, and he hath enough.

*Bass.* Thou speak'st it well; go Father with thy Son, Take leaue of thy old Maister, and enquire My lodging out, giue him a Liuerie More garded then his fellowes: see it done.

*Clo.* Father in, I cannot get a seruice, no, I haue nere a tongue in my head, well: if anie man in *Italie* haue a fairer table which doth offer to sweare vpon a booke, I shall haue good fortune; goe too, here's a simple line of life, here's a small trifle of wiues, alas, fiftene wiues is nothing, a leuen widdowes and nine maides is a simple comming in for one man, and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, here are simple scapes: well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gere: Father come, Ile take my leaue of the *Jew* in the twinkling.

*Exit Clowne.*

*Bass.* I praie thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this, These things being bought and orderly bestowed Returne in haste, for I doe feast to night My best esteemd acquaintance, hie thee goe.

*Leon.* My best endeuors shall be done herein. *Exit. L.*

*Enter Gratiano.*

*Gra.* Where's your Maister.

*Leon.* Yonder

Yonder fir he walkes.

Signior Bassanio.

Gratiano.

I haue a fute to you.

You haue obtain'd it.

You must not denie me, I must goe with you to it.

Why then you must : but heare thee Gratiano, rt to wilde, to rude, and bold of voyce, at become thee happily enough, such eyes as ours appeare not fault; ere they are not knowne, why there they show ing too liberall, pray thee take paine y with some cold drops of modestie ipping spirit, least through thy wilde behaiour fconferd in the place I goe, se my hopes.

Signor Bassanio, heare me, not put on a sober habite, vith respect, and sweare but now and than, prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely, re, while grace is saying hood mine eyes ith my hat, and sigh and say Amen : the obseruance of ciuillitie ie well studied in a sad ostent fe his Grandam, neuer trust me more. Well, we shall see your bearing. Nay but I barre to night, you shall not gage me t we doe to night.

No that were pittie, intreate you rather to put on ldest suite of mirth, for we haue friends rpose merriment : but far you well, ome businesse.

And I must to Lorenzo and the rest, will visite you at supper time. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Iessica and the Clowne.*

I am sorry thou wilt leaue my Father so, se is hell, and thou a merrie diuell ob it of some taste of tediousnesse ; thee well, there is a ducat for thee, melet, soone at supper shalt thou see , who is thy new Maisters guest, m this Letter, doe it secretly, farwell : I would not haue my Father talke with thee.

Aduce, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull most sweete Iew, if a Christian doe not play the nd get thee, I am much deceiued ; but adue, these drops doe somewhat drowne my manly spirit : *Exit.*

farewell good Lancelot.

what hainous finne is it in me shamed to be my Fathers childe, ugh I am a daughter to his blood, t to his manners : O Lorenzo, keepe promise I shall end this strife, a Christian, and thy louing wife. *Exit.*

*ter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Sclarino, and Salanio.*

Nay, we will sinke away in supper time, vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre. We haue not made good preparation. We haue not spoke vs yet of Torch-bearers.

Sol. 'Tis vile vnlesse it may be quaintly ordered, And better in my minde not vndertooke.

Lor. 'Tis now but foure of clock, we haue two houres To furnish vs ; friend Lancelot what's the newes.

*Enter Lancelot with a Letter.*

Lan. And it shall please you to breake vp this, shall it seeme to signifie.

Lor. I know the hand, in faith 'tis a faire hand And whiter then the paper it writ on, I the faire hand that writ.

Gra. Loue newes in faith.

Lan. By your leaue fir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Lan. Marry fir to bid my old Master the Iew to sup to night with my new Master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle Iessica I will not faile her, speake it priuately : Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to night,

I am prouided of a Torch-bearer. *Exit. Clowne.*

Sal. I marry, ile be gone about it strait.

Sol. And so will I.

Lor. Meete me and Gratiano at Gratianos lodging Some houre hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we do so. *Exit.*

Gra. Was not that Letter from faire Iessica?

Lor. I must needes tell thee all, she hath directed How I shall take her from her Fathers house, What gold and jewels she is furnisht with, What Pages suite she hath in readinesse : If ere the Iew her Father come to heauen, It will be for his gentle daughters sake ; And neuer dare misfortune crosse her foote, Vnlesse she doe it vnder this excuse, That she is issue to a faithlesse Iew : Come goe with me, peruse this as thou goest, Faire Iessica shall be my Torch-bearer. *Exit.*

*Enter Iew, and his man that was the Clowne.*

Iew. Well, thou shall see, thy eyes shall be thy iudge, The difference of old Shylocke and Bassanio ; What Iessica, thou shalt not gurmandize As thou hast done with me : what Iessica ? And sleepe, and snore, and rend apparrell out. Why Iessica I say.

Clow. Why Iessica.

Shy. Who bids thee call ? I do not bid thee call.

Clow. Your worship was wont to tell me I could doe nothing without bidding.

*Enter Iessica.*

Ief. Call you ? what is your will ?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper Iessica, There are my Keyes : but wherefore should I go ? I am not bid for loue, they flatttr me, But yet Ile goe in hate, to feede vpon The prodigall Christian. Iessica my girle, Looke to my house, I am right loath to goe, There is some ill a bruing towards my rest, For I did dreame of money bags to night.

Clow. I beseech you fir goe, my yong Master Doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So doe I his.

Clow. And they haue conspired together, I will not say you shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on blacke monday

P

last, at fix a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on  
ashwensday was foure yeere in th'afternoone.

*Sbj.* What are their maskes? heare you me *Iessica*,  
Lock vp my doores, and when you heare the drum  
And the vile squealing of the wry-neckt Fife;  
Clamber not you vp to the casements then,  
Nor thrust your head into the publike streete  
To gaze on Christian fooles with varnisht faces:  
But stop my houses eares, I meane my casements,  
Let not the sound of shallow fopperie enter  
My sober house. By *Iacobs* staffe I sweare,  
I haue no minde of feasting forth to night:  
But I will goe: goe you before me firra,  
Say I will come.

*Clo.* I will goe before fir.  
*Mistris* looke out at window for all this;  
There will come a Christian by,  
Will be worth a Lewes eye.

*Sbj.* What saies that foole of *Hagars* off-spring?  
ha.

*Ief.* His words were farewell mistris, nothing else.

*Sbj.* The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder:  
Snail-flow in profit, but he sleeps by day  
More then the wilde-cat: drones hiue not with me,  
Therefore I part with him, and part with him  
To one that I would haue him helpe to waste  
His borrowed purse. Well *Iessica* goe in,  
Perhaps I will returne immediately;  
Doe as I bid you, shut doores after you, fast bindè, fast  
finde,

A prouerbe neuer stale in thrifitie minde. *Exit.*

*Ief.* Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,  
I haue a Father, you a daughter lost. *Exit.*

*Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salino.*

*Gra.* This is the penthouse vnder which *Lorenzo*  
Desired vs to make a stand.

*Sal.* His houre is almost past.

*Gra.* And it is meruaile he out-dwells his houre,  
For louers euer run before the clocke.

*Sal.* O ten times faster *Venus* Pidgions flye  
To steale loues bonds new made, then they are wont  
To keepe obliged faith vnforfaited.

*Gra.* That euer holds, who riseth from a feast  
With that keene appetite that he sits downe?  
Where is the horse that doth vntread againe  
His tedious measures with the vnbadet fire,  
That he did pace them first: all things that are,  
Are with more spirit chafed then enioy'd.  
How like a yonger or a prodigall  
The skarfed barke puts from her native bay,  
Hudg'd and embraced by the trumpet winde:  
How like a prodigall doth she returne  
With ouer-wither'd ribs and ragged failles,  
Leane, rent, and begger'd by the trumpet winde?

*Enter Lorenzo.*

*Salino.* Heere comes *Lorenzo*, more of this here-  
after.

*Lor.* Sweete friends, your patience for my long a-  
bode,  
Not I, but my affaires haue made you wait:  
When you shall please to play the theeuers for wiuers  
He watch as long for you then: approach

Here dwells my father Iew. Hee, who's within?

*Iessica* about.

*Ief.* Who are you? tell me for more certainty,  
Albeit Ile sweare that I do know your tongue.

*Lor.* *Lorenzo*, and thy Loue.

*Ief.* *Lorenzo* certaine, and my loue indeed,  
For who loue I so much? and now who knowes  
But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

*Lor.* Heauen and thy thoughts are witness that thou  
art.

*Ief.* Heere, catch this casket, it is worth the paines,  
I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me,  
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:  
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselves commit,  
For if they could, *Cupid* himselfe would blush  
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

*Lor.* Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

*Ief.* What, must I hold a Candle to my shames?  
They in themselves goodsooth are too too light.  
Why, 'tis an office of discouery Loue,  
And I should be obscur'd.

*Lor.* So you are sweet,  
Euen in the louely garnish of a boy: but come at once,  
For the close night doth play the run-away,  
And we are staid for at *Bassanio's* feast.

*Ief.* I will make fast the doores and guild my selfe  
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

*Gra.* Now by my hood, a gentle, and no Iew.

*Lor.* Beshrew me but I loue her heartily.  
For she is wise, if I can iudge of her,  
And faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,  
And true she is, as she hath prou'd her selfe:  
And therefore like her selfe, wise, faire, and true,  
Shall she be placed in my constant soule.

*Enter Iessica.*

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,  
Our masking mates by this time for vs stay. *Exit.*

*Enter Antonio.*

*Ant.* Who's there?

*Gra.* Signior *Antonio*?

*Ant.* Fie, fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the rest?  
'Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you,  
No maske to night, the winde is come about,  
*Bassanio* presently will goe aboard,  
I haue sent twenty out to seeke for you.

*Gra.* I am glad on't, I desire no more delight  
Then to be vnder faile, and gone to night. *Exit.*

*Enter Portia with Morrocco, and both their traines.*

*Por.* Goe, draw aside the curtaines, and discouer  
The seuerall Caskets to this noble Prince:  
Now make your choise.

*Mor.* The first of gold, who this inscription beares,  
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what men desire.  
The second siluer, which this promise carries,  
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.  
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,  
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.  
How shall I know if I doe chooise the right?

*Por.* The

shall I know if I doe choose the right.  
 . The one of them contains my picture Prince,  
 choose that, then I am yours withall.  
 . Some God direct my iudgement, let me see,  
 sursey the inscriptions, backe againe :  
 faies this leaden casket?  
 chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.  
 giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?  
 casket threatens men that hazard all  
 : in hope of faire aduantages :  
 den minde stoopes not to shewes of drossie,  
 en nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.  
 faies the Siluer with her virgin hue?  
 chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.  
 ach as he deserues ; pause there *Morocchio*,  
 weigh thy value with an euen hand,  
 u best rated by thy estimation  
 doost deserue enough, and yet enough  
 not extend so farre as to the Ladie :  
 et to be afeard of my deseruing,  
 but a weake disabling of my selfe.  
 ach as I deserue, why that's the Lady.  
 in birth deserue her, and in fortunes,  
 ces, and in qualities of breeding :  
 ore then these, in loue I doe deserue.  
 if I strai'd no farther, but chose here?  
 ee once more this saying grau'd in gold.  
 chooseth me shall gaine what many men desire:  
 that's the Lady, all the world desires her :  
 the foure corners of the earth they come  
 se this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.  
 fircanion deserts, and the waste wildes  
 de Arabia are as throughfares now  
 nces to come view faire *Portia*.  
 raterie Kingdome, whose ambitious head  
 n the face of heauen, is no barre  
 p the forraigne spirits, but they come  
 : a brooke to see faire *Portia*.  
 f these three contains her heavenly picture.  
 e that Lead contains her'twere damnation  
 nke so base a thought, it were too grosse  
 her searcloath in the obscure graue :  
 ll I thinke in Siluer she's immur'd  
 ten times vnderuallued to ride gold ;  
 ull thought, neuer so rich a lem  
 et in worse then gold / They haue in England  
 e that beares the figure of an Angell  
 t in gold, but that's insculpt vpon :  
 re an Angell in a golden bed  
 l within. Deliuier me the key :  
 loe I choose, and thriue I as I may.  
 . There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there  
 I am yours.  
 . O hell ! what haue we here, a carrion death,  
 a whose emptie eye there is a written scroule ;  
 de the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold,  
 Often haue you heard that told ;  
 Many a man his life hath sold  
 But my out side to bebold ;  
 Guilded timber doe wormes infold :  
 Had you beene as wise as bold,  
 Yong in limbe, in iudgement old,  
 Your answers had not beene in scold,  
 Fareyouwell, your suite is cold,*

*Mor.* Cold indeede, and labour lost,  
 Then farewell heate, and welcome frost :  
*Portia* adew, I haue too grieu'd a heart  
 To take a tedious leaue : thus loofers part. *Exit.*  
*Por.* A gentle riddance : draw the curtaines, go :  
 Let all of his complexion choose me so. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Salarino and Solanio.*

*Flo. Cornets.*

*Sal.* Why man I saw *Bassanio* vnder sayle,  
 With him is *Gratiano* gone along ;  
 And in their ship I am sure *Lorenzo* is not.  
*Sol.* The villaine *Jew* with outcries raifd the Duke.  
 Who went with him to search *Bassanio's* ship.

*Sal.* He comes too late, the ship was vnderfayle ;  
 But there the Duke was giuen to vnderstand  
 That in a Gondilo were seene together  
*Lorenzo* and his amorous *Iessica*.

Besides, *Antonio* certified the Duke  
 They were not with *Bassanio* in his ship.

*Sol.* I neuer heard a passion so confuld,  
 So strange, outrageous, and so variable,  
 As the dogge *Jew* did vtter in the streets ;  
 My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,  
 Fled with a Christian, O my Christian ducats !  
 Iustice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter ;  
 A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,  
 Of double ducats, stolne from me by my daughter,  
 And iewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,  
 Stolne by my daughter : iustice, finde the girle,  
 She hath the stones vpon her, and the ducats.

*Sal.* Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,  
 Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

*Sol.* Let good *Antonio* looke he keepe his day  
 Or he shall pay for this.

*Sal.* Marry well remembered,  
 I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,  
 Who told me, in the narrow seas that part  
 The French and English, there miscaried  
 A vessell of our countrey richly fraught :  
 I thought vpon *Antonio* when he told me,  
 And wisht in silence that it were not his.

*Sol.* Yo were best to tell *Antonio* what you heare.  
 Yet doe not suddainely, for it may grieue him.

*Sal.* A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,  
 I saw *Bassanio* and *Antonio* part,  
*Bassanio* told him he would make some speede  
 Of his returne : he answered, doe not so,  
 Slubber not businesse for my sake *Bassanio*,  
 But stay the very riping of the time,  
 And for the *Jewes* bond which he hath of me,  
 Let it not enter in your minde of loue :  
 Be merry, and imploy your chiefest thoughts  
 To courtship, and such faire ostents of loue  
 As shall conueniently become you there ;  
 And euen there his eye being big with teares,  
 Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him,  
 And with affection wondrous fencible  
 He wrung *Bassanio's* hand, and so they parted.

*Sol.* I thinke he onely loues the world for him,  
 I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out  
 And quicken his embraced heauinesse  
 With some delight or other.

*Sal.* Doe we so.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Nerrissa and a Seruiture.*

*Ner.* Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain strait,  
 The

The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,  
And comes to his election presently.

*Enter Arragon, his traine, and Portia.  
Flor. Cornets.*

*Por.* Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,  
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,  
Straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:  
But if thou faile, without more speech my Lord,  
You must be gone from hence immediately.

*Ar.* I am enioynd by oath to obserue three things;  
First, neuer to vnfold to any one  
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I faile  
Of the right casket, neuer in my life  
To wooe a maide in way of marriage:  
Lastly, if I doe faile in fortune of my choysfe,  
Immediately to leaue you, and be gone.

*Por.* To these iniunctions euery one doth sweare  
That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.

*Ar.* And so haue I adrest me, fortune now  
To my hearts hope: gold, siluer, and base lead.  
Who chooseth me must giue and hazard all he hath.  
You shall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.  
What saies the golden chest, ha, let me see:  
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire:  
What many men desire, that many may be meant  
By the foole multitude that chooseth by show,  
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,  
Which prieth not to th'interior, but like the Martlet  
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
Euen in the force and rode of casualtie.  
I will not chooseth what many men desire,  
Because I will not iumpe with common spirits,  
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.  
Why then to thee thou Siluer treasure house,  
Tell me once more, what title thou doost beare;  
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues:  
And well said too; for who shall goe about  
To cosen Fortune, and be honourable  
Without the stampe of meritt, let none presume  
To weare an vndeferued dignitie:  
O that estates, degrees, and offices,  
Were not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honour  
Were purchast by the meritt of the wearer;  
How many then should couer that stand bare?  
How many be commanded that command?  
How much low pleasantrie would then be gleaned  
From the true feede of honor? And how much honor  
Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times,  
To be new varnish't: Well, but to my choise.  
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues.  
I will assume desert; giue me a key for this,  
And instantly vnlocke my fortunes here.

*Por.* Too long a pause for that which you finde there.  
*Ar.* What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot  
Presenting me a scedule, I will reade it:  
How much vnlike art thou to *Portia*?

How much vnlike my hopes and my deseruings?  
Who chooseth me, shall haue as much as he deserues.  
Did I deserue no more then a fooles head,  
Is that my prize, are my deserts no better?

*Por.* To offend and iudge are distinct offices,  
And of opposed natures.

*Ar.* What is here?

*The fier seauen times tried this,*

*Seauen times tried that iudement is,  
That did neuer chooseth amiss,  
Some there be that shadowes kisse,  
Such haue but a shadowes blisse:  
There be fooles aliue I wis  
Siluer'd o're, and so was this:  
Take what wife you will to bed,  
I will euer be your bead:  
So be gone, you are sped.*

*Ar.* Still more foole I shall appeare  
By the time I linger here,  
With one fooles head I came to wooe,  
But I goe away with two.  
Sweet adue, lie keepe my oath,  
Patiently to beare my wroath.

*Por.* Thus hath the candle sing'd the moath:  
O these deliberate fooles when they doe chooseth,  
They haue the wisdom by their wit to loofe.

*Ner.* The ancient saying is no heresie,  
Hanging and wiuing goes by destinie.

*Por.* Come draw the curtaine *Nerissa*.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mes.* Where is my Lady?

*Por.* Here, what would my Lord?

*Mes.* Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate  
A yong Venetian, one that comes before  
To signifie th'approaching of his Lord,  
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;  
To wit (besides commends and courteous breath)  
Gifts of rich value; yet I haue not seene  
So likely an Embassador of loue.

A day in Aprill neuer came so sweete  
To show how costly Sommer was at hand,  
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

*Por.* No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-feard  
Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee,  
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him:  
Come, come *Nerissa*, for I long to see  
Quicke *Cupids* Post, that comes so mannerly.

*Ner.* *Bassanio* Lord, loue if thy will it be. *Exeunt.*

### Actus Tertius.

*Enter Solanio and Salarino.*

*Sol.* Now, what newes on the Ryalto?

*Sal.* Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that *Antonio*  
hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the  
Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous  
flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship, lye  
buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest wo-  
man of her word.

*Sol.* I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as euery  
knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleue she wept  
for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without  
any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plaine high-way of  
talke, that the good *Antonio*, the honest *Antonio*; ô that  
I had a title good enough to keepe his name company!

*Sal.* Come, the full stop.

*Sol.* Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost  
a ship.

*Sol. I*

ould it might proue the end of his losses.  
me say Amen betimes, leaft the diuell crosse  
for here he comes in the likenes of a Jew. How  
te, what newes among the Merchants?

*Enter Shylocke.*

u knew none so well, none so well as you, of  
ers flight.

it's certaine, I for my part knew the Tailor  
the wings she flew withall.

I *Shylocke* for his own part knew the bird was  
then it is the complexion of them al to leaue

is damnd for it.

it's certaine, if the diuell may be her Iudge.

owne flesh and blood to rebell.

pon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeeres.

my daughter is my flesh and blood.

ere is more difference betwene thy flesh and  
betwene let and luorie, more betwene your  
there is betwene red wine and rennish: but  
e you heare whether *Antonio* haue had anie  
or no?

ere I haue another bad match, a bankrout, a  
who dare scarce shew his head on the Ryalto,  
hat was vfd to come so smug vpon the Mart:  
ok to his bond, he was wont to call me Vsurer,  
oke to his bond, he was wont to lend money  
bian curtisie, let him looke to his bond.

hy I am sure if he forsaite, thou wilt not take  
what's that good for?

baite fish withall, if it will feede nothing  
feede my reuenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and  
e halfe a million, laught at my losses, mockt at  
scorned my Nation, thwarted my bargaines,  
friends, heated mine enemies, and what's the  
am a Jewe: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a  
, organs, dementions, fences, affections, passi-  
th the same foode, hurt with the same wea-  
et to the same diseases, healed by the same  
varmed and cooled by the same Winter and  
as a Christian is: if you pricke vs doe we not  
you tickle vs, doe we not laugh? if you poison  
not die? and if you wrong vs shall we not re-  
e are like you in the rest, we will resemble you  
a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility,  
f a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his suf-  
by Christian example, why reuenge? The vil-  
each me I will execute, and it shall goe hard  
better the instruction.

*Enter a man from Anthonio.*

en, my maiister *Antonio* is at his house, and  
peake with you both.

e haue beene vp and downe to seeke him.

*Enter Tuball.*

re comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot  
vnlesse the diuell himselfe turne Jew.

*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

w now *Tuball*, what newes from *Genowa*? haue  
my daughter?

often came where I did heare of ster, but can-  
ier.

by there, there, there, there, a diamond gone  
to thousand ducats in Frankford, the curse ne-  
on our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till now,  
and ducats in that, and other precious, preci-

ous iewels: I would my daughter were dead at my foot,  
and the iewels in her eare: would she were heart at my  
foote, and the duckets in her coffin: no newes of them,  
why so? and I know not how much is spent in the search:  
why thou losse vpon losse, the theefe gone with so  
much, and so much to finde the theefe, and no satisfac-  
tion, no reuenge, nor no ill luck stirring but what lights  
a my shoulders, no fighes but a my breathing, no teares  
but a my shedding.

*Tub.* Yes, other men haue ill lucke too, *Antonio* as I  
heard in *Genowa*?

*Sby.* What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke.

*Tub.* Hath an *Argosie* cast away comming from *Tri-  
polis*.

*Sby.* I thanke God, I thanke God, is it true, is it true?

*Tub.* I spoke with some of the *Saylers* that escaped  
the wracke.

*Sby.* I thanke thee good *Tuball*, good newes, good  
newes: ha, ha, here in *Genowa*.

*Tub.* Your daughter spent in *Genowa*, as I heard, one  
night fourescore ducats.

*Sby.* Thou stick'st a dagger in me, I shall neuer see my  
gold againe, fourescore ducats at a sitting, fourescore du-  
cats.

*Tub.* There came diuers of *Antonios* creditors in my  
company to Venice, that sweare hee cannot choose but  
breake.

*Sby.* I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture  
him, I am glad of it,

*Tub.* One of them shewed me a ring that hee had of  
your daughter for a Monkie.

*Sby.* Out vpon her, thou torturest me *Tuball*, it was  
my Turkies, I had it of *Leab* when I was a Batcheler: I  
would not haue given it for a wildernesse of Monkie.

*Tub.* But *Antonio* is certainly vndone.

*Sby.* Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe *Tuball*, see  
me an Officer, bespeake him a fortnight before, I will  
haue the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Ve-  
nice, I can make what merchandize I will: goe *Tuball*,  
and meete me at our Sinagogue, goe good *Tuball*, at our  
Sinagogue *Tuball*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traine.*

*Por.* I pray you tarrie, pause a day or two  
Before you hazard, for in choosung wrong  
I loose your companie; therefore forbear a while,  
There's something tels me (but it is not loue)  
I would not loose you, and you know your selfe,  
Hate counsailes not in such a qualittie;  
But leaft you should not vnderstand me well,  
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,  
I would detain you here some month or two  
Before you venture for me. I could teach you  
How to choosue right, but then I am forsworne,  
So will I neuer be, so may you misse me,  
But if you doe, youle make me with a sinne,  
That I had beene forsworne: Bethrow your eyes,  
They haue ore-lookt me and deuided me,  
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,  
Mine owne I would say: but of mine then yours,  
And so all yours; O these naughtie times  
Put bars betwene the owners and their rights.  
And so though yours, not yours (proue it so)  
Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.  
I speake too long, but 'tis to peize the time,  
To ich it, and to draw it out in length,  
To stay you from election.



*Bass.* Let me choose,

For as I am, I live upon the racke.

*Por.* Upon the racke *Bassanio*, then confesse  
What treason there is mingled with your love.

*Bass.* None but that vllie treason of mistrust.  
Which makes me feare the enjoying of my loue :  
There may as well be amitie and life,

'Tweene snow and fire, as treason and my loue:

*Por.* I, but I feare you speake vpon the racke,  
Where men enforced doth speake any thing.

*Bass.* Promise me life, and ile confesse the truth.

*Por.* Well then, confesse and liue.

*Bass.* Confesse and loue

Had beene the verie sum of my confession :

O happie torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliuerance :

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

*Por.* Away then, I am lockt in one of them,

If you doe loue me, you will finde me out.

*Nerissa* and the rest, stand all aloofe,

Let musicke sound while he doth make his choise,

Then if he loofe he makes a Swan-like end,

Fading in musique. That the comparison

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the streame

And watric death-bed for him : he may win,

And what is musique than ? Than musique is

Euen as the flourish, when true subiects bowe

To a new crowned Monarch : Such it is,

As are those dulcet sounds in breake of day,

That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes ears,

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes

With no lesse presence, but with much more loue

Then yong *Alcides*, when he did redeeme

The virgine tribute, paid by howling *Troy*

To the Sea-monster : I stand for sacrifice,

The rest aloofe are the Dardanian wines :

With bleared viſages come forth to view

The issue of th'exploit : Goe *Hercules*,

Liue thou, I liue with much more dismay

I view the fight, then thou that mak'st the fray.

*Here Musicke.*

*A Song the vmbilft Bassanio comments on the  
Caskets to himselfe.*

*Tell me where is fancie bred,*

*Or in the heart, or in the beads :*

*How begot, how nourished.*

*Replies, replies.*

*It is engendred in the eyes,*

*With gaming fed, and Fancie does,*

*In the cradle where it lies :*

*Let vs all ring Fancies knell.*

*He begin it.*

*Ding, dang, bell.*

*All. Ding, dang, bell.*

*Bass.* So may the outward shewes be least themselves

The world is still decei'd with ornament.

In Law, what Plea so tainted and corrupt,

But being season'd with a gracious voice,

Obscures the show of euill ? In Religion,

What damned error, but some sober brow

Will blesse it, and approue it with a text,

Hiding the grossenesse with faire ornament :

There is no voice so simple, but assumes

Some marke of vertue on his outward parts ;

How manie cowards, whose hearts are all as false

As stayers of sand, weare yet vpon their chins

The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*,

Who inward searcht, haue lyuers white as milke,

And these assume but valors excrement,

To render them redoubted. Look on beautie,

And you shall see 'tis purchast by the weight,

Which therein workes a miracle in nature,

Making them lightest that weare most of it :

So are those crisped snakie golden locks

Which makes such wanton gambols with the winde

Vpon suppos'd fairenesse, often knowne

To be the dowrie of a second head,

The scull that bred them in the Sepulcher.

Thus ornament is but the guiled shore

To a most dangerous sea : the beautilous scarfe

Vailing an Indian beautie ; In a word,

The seeming truth which cunning times put on

To intrap the wisest. Therefore then thou gaudie gold,

Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee,

Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge

'Tweene man and man : but thou, thou meager lead

Which rather threatnest then dost promise ought,

Thy palenesse moues me more then eloquence,

And here choose I, ioy be the consequence.

*Por.* How all the other passions fleet to ayre,

As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd despair ;

And shuddring feare, and Greene-eyed ieaousie.

O loue be moderate, allay thy extasie,

In measure raine thy ioy, scant this excess,

I feele too much thy blessing, make it lesse,

For feare I surfeit.

*Bass.* What finde I here ?

Faire *Portia* counterfeit. What demie God

Hath come so neere creation ? moue these eies ?

Or whether riding on the bales of mine

Seeme they in motion ? Here are feuer'd lips

Parted with sugar breath, so sweet a barre

Should sunder such sweet friends : here in her haire

The Painter plaies the Spider, and hath wouen

A golden mesh t'intrap the hearts of men

Faster then gnats in cobwebs : but her eies,

How could he see to doe them ? hauing made one,

Me thinkes it should haue power to steale both his

And leaue it selfe vn furnisht : Yet looke how farre

The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow

In vnderprising it, so farre this shadow

Doth limpe behinde the substance. Here's the scroule,

The continent, and summarie of my fortune.

*You that choose not by the view*

*Chance as faire, and choose as true :*

*Since this fortune falls to you,*

*Be content, and seeke no new.*

*If you be well pleas'd with this,*

*And bold your fortune for your blisse,*

*Turne you where your Lady is,*

*And claime her with a louing kisse.*

*Bass.* A gentle scroule : Faire Lady, by your leaue,

I come by note to giue, and to receiue,

Like one of two contending in a prize

That thinks he hath done well in peoples eies :

Hearing applause and vniuersall shout,

Giddie in spirit, still gazing in a doubt

Whether those peales of praise be his or no.

aire Lady stand I euen so,  
 All whether what I see be true,  
 firm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.  
 You see my Lord Bassanio where I stand,  
 and though for my selfe alone  
 it be ambitious in my wish,  
 yet selfe much better, yet for you,  
 trebled twenty times my selfe,  
 I times more faire, ten thousand times  
 that onely to stand high in your account,  
 vertues, beauties, liuings, friends,  
 count : but the full summe of me  
 nothing : which to terme in grosse,  
 fioned girle, vn-school'd, vnpractis'd,  
 his, she is not yet so old  
 as I learne : happier then this,  
 bred so dull but she can learne ;  
 fall, is that her gentle spirit  
 : selfe to yours to be directed,  
 her Lord, her Gouvernour, her King.  
 and what is mine, to you and yours  
 is querted. But now I was the Lord  
 of a mansion, master of my seruants,  
 : my selfe : and euen now, but now,  
 these seruants, and this same my selfe  
 my Lord, I giue them with this ring,  
 when you part from, loose, or giue away,  
 the ruine of your loue,  
 I vantage to exclaime on you.  
 addam, you haue bereft me of all words,  
 blood speakes to you in my vaines,  
 is such confusion in my powers,  
 my oration fairely spoke  
 ed Prince, there doth appeare  
 : buzzing pleased multitude,  
 ry something being blent together,  
 a wilde of nothing, faue of ioy  
 d not exprest : but when this ring  
 this finger, then parts life from hence,  
 bold to say Bassanio's dead.  
 y Lord and Lady, it is now our time  
 stood by and scene our wives prosper,  
 d ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady.  
 y Lord Bassanio, and my gentle Lady,  
 all the ioy that you can wish :  
 ure you can wish none from me :  
 your Honours meane to solemnize  
 ne of your faith : I doe beseech you  
 at time I may be married too.  
 With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.  
 thanke your Lordship, you gaue got me one.  
 y Lord can looke as swift as yours :  
 he mistres, I beheld the maid :  
 I lou'd for intermission,  
 certaines to me my Lord then you ;  
 ne stood vpon the caskets there,  
 mine too, as the matter falls :  
 ; heere vntill I sweet againe,  
 ing till my very rough was dry  
 as of loue, at last, if promise last,  
 misse of this faire one heere  
 er loue : prouided that your fortune  
 her mistresse.  
 this true Nerissa ?  
 adam it is so, so you stand pleas'd withall.  
 id doe you Gratiano meane good faith ?

Gra. Yes faith my Lord.  
 Bass. Our feast shall be much honored in your marriage.  
 Gra. Weele play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.  
 Ner. What and stake downe ?  
 Gra. No, we shall nere win at that sport, and stake downe.  
 But who comes heere ? Lorenzo and his Infidell ?  
 What and my old Venetian friend Salerio ?

Enter Lorenzo, Iessica, and Salerio.

Bass. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hether,  
 If that the youth of my new interest heere  
 Haue power to bid you welcome : by your leaue  
 I bid my verie friends and Countrymen  
 Sweet Portia welcome.  
 Por. So do I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.  
 Lor. I thanke your honor ; for my part my Lord,  
 My purpose was not to haue seene you heere,  
 But meeting with Salerio by the way,  
 He did intreate mee past all saying nay  
 To come with him along.  
 Sal. I did my Lord,  
 And I haue reason for it, Signior Antonie  
 Commends him to you.  
 Bass. Ere I ope his Letter  
 I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.  
 Sal. Not sicke my Lord, vnlesse it be in minde,  
 Nor wel, vnlesse in minde : his Letter there  
 Wil shew you his estate.

Opens the Letter.

Gra. Nerissa, cheere yond stranger, bid her welcome.  
 Your hand Salerio, what's the newes from Venice ?  
 How doth that royal Merchant good Antonie ;  
 I know he vvill be glad of our successe,  
 We are the Iasons, we haue won the fleece.  
 Sal. I would you had vvon the fleece that hee hath lost.  
 Por. There are some shrewd contents in yond same Paper,  
 That steales the colour from Bassanio's cheekes,  
 Some deere friend dead, else nothing in the world  
 Could turne so much the constitution  
 Of any constant man. What, worse and worse !  
 With leaue Bassanio I am halfe your selfe,  
 And I must freely haue the halfe of any thing  
 That this same paper brings you.  
 Bass. O sweet Portia,  
 Heere are a few of the vnpleasant't words  
 That euer blotted paper. Gentle Ladie  
 When I did first impart my loue to you,  
 I freely told you all the wealth I had  
 Ran in my vaines : I was a Gentleman,  
 And then I told you true : and yet deere Ladie,  
 Rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see  
 How much I was a Braggart, when I told you  
 My state was nothing, I should then haue told you  
 That I vv as worse then nothing : for indeede  
 I haue ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,  
 Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemy  
 To feede my meanes. Heere is a Letter Ladie,  
 The paper as the bodie of my friend,  
 And euery word in it a gaping wound  
 Issuing life blood. But is it true Salerio,

Hath

Hath all his ventures faild, what not one hit,  
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,  
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,  
And not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch  
Of Merchant-marring rocks?

*Sol.* Not one my Lord.  
Besides, it should appeare, that if he had  
The present money to discharge the Jew,  
He would not take it: neuer did I know  
A creature that did beare the shape of man  
So keene and greedy to confound a man.  
He pyles the Duke at morning and at night,  
And doth impeach the freedome of the state  
If they deny him iustice. Twenty Merchants,  
The Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes  
Of greatest port haue all perswaded with him,  
But none can driue him from the enuious plea  
Of forfeiture, of iustice, and his bond.

*Ieffi.* When I was with him, I haue heard him sweare  
To *Tuball* and to *Cbus*, his Countrey-men,  
That he would rather haue *Antonio's* flesh,  
Then twenty times the value of the summe  
That he did owe him: and I know my Lord,  
If law, authoritie, and power denie not,  
It will goe hard with poore *Antonio*.

*Por.* Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?  
*Bass.* The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,  
The best condition'd, and vnwearied spirit  
In doing courtesies: and one in whom  
The ancient Romane honour more appeares  
Then any that drawes breath in Italie.

*Por.* What summe owes he the Jew?  
*Bass.* For me three thousand ducats.  
*Por.* What, no more?

Pay him fixe thousand, and deface the bond:  
Double fixe thousand, and then treble that,  
Before a friend of this description  
Shall lose a haire through *Bassanio's* fault.  
First goe with me to Church, and call me wife,  
And then away to Venice to your friend:  
For neuer shall you lie by *Portia's* side  
With an vnquiet soule. You shall haue gold  
To pay the petty debt twenty times ouer.  
When it is payd, bring your true friend along,  
My maid *Nerrissa*, and my selfe meane time  
Will liue as maids and widdowes; come away,  
For you shall hence vpon your wedding day:  
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheere,  
Since you are deere bought, I will loue you deere.  
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

*Sweet Bassanio, my ships haue all miscarried, my Creditors grow cruell, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should liue, all debts are cleerd betwene you and I, if I might see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure, if your loue doe not perswade you to come, let not my letter.*

*Por.* O loue! dispatch all busines and be gone.  
*Bass.* Since I haue your good leaue to goe away,  
I will make hast; but till I come againe,  
No bed shall ere be guilty of my stay,  
Nor rest be interposer twixt vs twaine. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter the Jew, and Solanio, and Antonio,*  
*and the Iaylor.*

*Jew.* Iaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,

This is the foole that lends out money gratis.  
Iaylor, looke to him.

*Ant.* Heare me yet good *Shylok*.  
*Jew.* Ile haue my bond, speake not against my bond,  
I haue sworne an oath that I will haue my bond:  
Thou call'st me dog before thou hadst a cause,  
But since I am a dog, beware my phangs,  
The Duke shall grant me iustice, I do wonder  
Thou naughty Iaylor, that thou art so fond  
To come abroad with him at his request.

*Ant.* I pray thee heare me speake.  
*Jew.* Ile haue my bond, I will not heare thee speake,  
Ile haue my bond, and therefore speake no more.  
Ile not be made a soft and dull ey'd foole,  
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld  
To Christian intercessors: follow not,  
Ile haue no speaking, I will haue my bond. *Exit Jew.*  
*Sol.* It is the most impenetrable curre  
That euer kept with men.

*Ant.* Let him alone,  
Ile follow him no more with bootlesse prayers:  
He seekes my life, his reason well I know;  
I oft deliuer'd from his forfeitures  
Many that haue at times made mone to me,  
Therefore he hates me.

*Sol.* I am sure the Duke will neuer grant  
this forfeiture to hold.  
*Ant.* The Duke cannot deny the course of law:  
For the commoditie that strangers haue  
With vs in Venice, if it be denied,  
Will much impeach the iustice of the State,  
Since that the trade and profit of the city  
Consisteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,  
These greeces and losses haue so bated mee,  
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh  
To morrow, to my bloody Creditor.  
Well Iaylor, on, pray God *Bassanio* come  
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Portia, Nerrissa, Lorenzo, Iessica, and a man of Portias.*

*Lor.* Madam, although I speake it in your presence,  
You haue a noble and a true conceit  
Of god-like amity, which appeares most strongly  
In bearing thus the absence of your Lord.  
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,  
How true a Gentleman you send releefe,  
How deere a louer of my Lord your husband,  
I know you would be prouder of the worke  
Then customary bounty can enforce you.

*Por.* I neuer did repent for doing good,  
Nor shall not now: for in companions  
That do conuerse and waste the timetogether,  
Whose soules doe beare an egal yoke of loue,  
There must be needs a like proportion  
Of lymaments, of manners, and of spirit;  
Which makes me thinke that this *Antonio*  
Being the bosome louer of my Lord,  
Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,  
How little is the cost I haue bestowed  
In purchasing the semblance of my soule;  
From out the state of hellish cruelty,  
This comes too neere the praising of my selfe,  
Therefore no more of it: heere other things  
*Lorenzo* I commit into your hands,

The

indry and mannage of my houle,  
 Lords returne; for mine owne part  
 ward heauen breath'd a secret vow,  
 prayer and contemplation,  
 ended by *Nerriſſa* heere,  
 husband and my Lords returne:  
 monaſtery too miles off,  
 we will abide. I doe deſire you  
 nie this impoſition,  
 h my loue and ſome neceſſity  
 vpon you.  
 Madame, with all my heart,  
 y you in all faire commands.  
 ly people doe already know my minde,  
 acknowledge you and *Ieſſica*  
 f Lord *Baſſanio* and my ſelfe.  
 well till we ſhall meeſte againe.  
 ire thoughts & happy houres attend on you.  
 with your Ladſhip all hearts content.  
 hankte you for your wiſh, and am well pleas'd  
 : backe on you: faryouwell *Ieſſica*. *Exeunt.*  
*baſer*, as I haue euer found thee honeſt true,  
 finde thee ſtill : take this fame letter,  
 hou all the indeauor of a man,  
 o Mantua, ſee thou render this  
 ofins hand, Doct<sup>r</sup> *Belario*,  
 : what notes and garments he doth giue thee,  
 m I pray thee with imagin'd ſpeed  
 Traneſt, to the common Ferrie  
 ides to Venice; waſte no time in words,  
 ee gone, I ſhall be there before thee.  
 Madam, I goe with all conuenient ſpeed.  
 me on *Nerriſſa*, I haue worke in hand  
 yet know not of; wee'll ſee our husbands  
 y thinke of vs?  
 i. Shall they ſee vs?  
 They ſhall *Nerriſſa*: but in ſuch a habit,  
 ſhall thinke we are accompliſhed  
 : we lacke; He hold thee any wager  
 are both accoutered like yong men,  
 the prettier fellow of the two,  
 e my dagger with the brauer grace,  
 ce betweene the change of man and boy,  
 ede voyce, and turne two minſing ſteps  
 nly ſtride; and ſpeake of frayes  
 e bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes  
 urable Ladies ſought my loue,  
 denying, they fell ſicke and died.  
 it doe withall: then He repent,  
 for all that, that I had not kil'd them;  
 tie of theſepunie lies He tell,  
 ſhall ſweare I haue diſcontinued ſchoole  
 welue moneth: I haue within my minde  
 id raw tricks of theſe bragging Iacks,  
 will praſtiſe.  
 Why, ſhall wee turne to men?  
 Fie, what a queſtions that?  
 ert nere a lewd interpreter:  
 , He tell thee all my whole deuice  
 m in my coach, which ſtays for vs  
 rke gate; and therefore haſte away,  
 uſt meaſure twentie miles to day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne and *Ieſſica*.

Yes truly; for looke you, the finnes of the Fa-

ther are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promiſe you, I feare you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and ſo now I ſpeake my agitation of the matter: therfore be of good cheere, for truly I thinke you are damn'd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you anie good, and that is but a kinde of baſtard hope neither.

*Ieſſica*. And what hope is that I pray thee?

*Clow*. Marrie you may partlie hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Lewes daughter.

*Ieſſ*. That were a kinde of baſtard hope indeed, ſo the fins of my mother ſhould be viſited vpon me.

*Clow*. Truly then I feare you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I ſhun *Scilla* your father, I fall into *Charibdis* your mother; well, you are gone both waies.

*Ieſſ*. I ſhall be ſau'd by my husband, he hath made me a Chriſtian.

*Clow*. Truly the more to blame he, we were Chriſtians enow before, e'ne as many as could wel liue one by another: this making of Chriſtians will raiſe the price of Hogs, if wee grow all to be porke-eaters, wee ſhall not ſhortlie haue a raſher on the coales for money.

Enter *Lorenzo*.

*Ieſſ*. He tell my husband *Lancelet* what you ſay, heere he comes.

*Loren*. I ſhall grow iealous of you ſhortly *Lancelet*, if you thus get my wife into corners?

*Ieſſ*. Nay, you need not feare vs *Lorenzo*, *Launcelet* and I are out, he tells me flatly there is no mercy for mee in heauen, becauſe I am a Lewes daughter: and hee ſaies you are no good member of the common wealth, for in conuerting Lewes to Chriſtians, you raiſe the price of Porke.

*Loren*. I ſhall anſwere that better to the Common-wealth, than you can the getting vp of the Negroes bellie: the Moore is with childe by you *Launcelet*?

*Clow*. It is much that the Moore ſhould be more then reaſon: but if ſhe be leſſe then an honeſt woman, ſhee is indeed more then I tooke her for.

*Loren*. How euerie foole can play vpon the word, I thinke the beſt grace of witte will ſhortly turne into ſilence, and diſcourſe grow commendable in none onely but Parrats: goe in firra, bid them prepare for dinner?

*Clow*. That is done fir, they haue all ſtomacks?

*Loren*. Goodly Lord, what a witte-snapper are you, then bid them prepare dinner.

*Clow*. That is done to fir, onely couer is the word.

*Loren*. Will you couer than fir?

*Clow*. Not ſo fir neither, I know my dutie.

*Loren*. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion, wilt thou ſhew the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant; I pray thee vnderſtand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe to thy fellowes, bid them couer the table, ſerue in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

*Clow*. For the table fir, it ſhall be ſeru'd in, for the meat fir, it ſhall bee couered, for your coming in to dinner fir, why let it be as humors and conceits ſhall gouerne. *Exit Clowne.*

*Lor*. O deare diſcretion, how his words are ſuted, The foole hath planted in his memory An Armie of good words, and I doe know A many foolles that ſtand in better place, Garniſht like him, that for a trickie word Deſie the matter: how cheer'ſt thou *Ieſſica*, And now good ſweet ſay thy opinion,

How

How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

*Ieffi.* Past all expressing, it is very meete  
The Lord Bassanio liue an vpright life  
For hauing such a blessing in his Lady,  
He findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth,  
And if on earth he doe not meane it, it  
Is reason he should neuer come to heauen?  
Why, if two gods should play some heauenly match,  
And on the wager lay two earthly women,  
And Portia one: there must be something else  
Paund with the other, for the poore rude world  
Hath not her fellow.

*Loren.* Euen such a husband

Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

*Ief.* Nay, but aske my opinion to of that?

*Lor.* I will anone, first let vs goe to dinner?

*Ief.* Nay, let me praise you while I haue a stomacke?

*Lor.* No pray thee, let it serue for table talke,  
Then how som ere thou speakst 'mong other things,  
I shall digest it?

*Ieffi.* Well, Ile set you forth.

*Exeunt.*

### Actus Quartus.

*Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, and Gratiano.*

*Duke.* What, is Antonio heere?

*Ant.* Ready, so please your grace?

*Duke.* I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answere  
A stonie aduersary, an inhumane wretch,  
Vncapable of pitty, voyd, and empty  
From any dram of mercie.

*Ant.* I haue heard

Your Grace hath tane great paines to qualifie  
His rigorous course: but since he stands obdurate,  
And that no lawful meanes can carrie me  
Out of his enuies reach, I do oppose  
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd  
To suffer with a quietnesse of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

*Du.* Go one and cal the Iew into the Court.

*Sal.* He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

*Enter Shylocke.*

*Du.* Make roome, and let him stand before our face.

*Shylocke* the world thinkes, and I thinke so to  
That thou but ledest this fashion of thy mallice  
To the last houre of act, and then 'tis thought  
Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange,  
Than is thy strange apparant cruelty;  
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,  
Which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh,  
Thou wilt not onely loose the forfeiture,  
But touch'd with humane gentleness and loue:  
Forgiue a moytie of the principall,  
Glancing an eye of pitty on his losses  
That haue of late so huddled on his backe,  
Enow to presse a royall Merchant downe;  
And plucke commiseration of his state  
From brassie bosomes, and rough hearts of flints,  
From stubborne Turkes and Tartars neuer traind

To offices of tender curesie,  
We all expect a gentle answer Iew?

*Iew.* I haue posselt your grace of what I purpose,  
And by our holy Sabbath haue I sworne  
To haue the due and forfeit of my bond.  
If you denie it, let the danger light  
Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.  
You'l aske me why I rather choose to haue  
A weight of carrion flesh, then to receiue  
Three thousand Ducats? Ile not answer that:  
But say it is my humor; Is it answerd?  
What if my house be troubled with a Rat,  
And I be pleas'd to giue ten thousand Ducates  
To haue it bair'd? What, are you answer'd yet?  
Some men there are loue not a gaping Pigge:  
Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat:  
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i'th nose,  
Cannot containe their Vrine for affection.  
Masters of passion swayes it to the moode  
Of what it likes or loaths, now for your answer:

As there is no firme reason to be rendred  
Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge?  
Why he a harmlesse necessarie Cat?  
Why he a woollen bag-pipe: but of force  
Must yeeld to such ineuitable shame,  
As to offend himselfe being offended:  
So can I giue no reason, nor I will not,  
More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing  
I beare Antonio, that I follow thus  
A loosing suite against him? Are you answered?  
*Bass.* This is no answer thou vnfeeling man,  
To excuse the currant of thy cruelty.

*Iew.* I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

*Bass.* Do all men kil the things they do not loue?

*Iew.* Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

*Bass.* Euerie offence is not a hate at first.

*Iew.* What wouldst thou haue a Serpent sting thee  
twice?

*Ant.* I pray you thinke you question with the Iew:

You may as well go stand vpon the beach,  
And bid the maine flood baite his vsuall height,  
Or euen as well vse question with the Wolfe,  
The Ewe bleate for the Lambe:  
You may as well forbid the Mountaine Pines  
To wagge their high tops, and to make no noise  
When they are fretted with the gusts of heauen:  
You may as well do any thing most hard,  
As seeke to soften that, then which what harder?  
His Iewish heart. Therefore I do beseech you  
Make no more offers, vse no farther meanes,  
But with all brieue and plaine conueniencie  
Let me haue iudgement, and the Iew his will.

*Bass.* For thy three thousand Ducats heereis fix.

*Iew.* If euerie Ducat in fixe thousand Ducats  
Were in fixe parts, and euerie part a Ducate,  
I would not draw them, I would haue my bond?

*Du.* How shalt thou hope for mercie, rendring none?

*Iew.* What iudgement shall I dread doing no wrong?  
You haue among you many a purchast slaue,  
Which like your Asse, and your Dogs and Mules,  
You vse in abiect and in slauish parts,  
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,  
Let them be free, marrie them to your heires?  
Why sweate they vnder burthens? Let their beds  
Be made as soft as yours: and let their pallats  
Be season'd with such Viands: you will answer

The

ues are ours. So do I answer you.  
und of flesh which I demand of him  
ly bought, 'tis mine, and I will haue it.  
leny me; sic vpon your Law,  
s no force in the decrees of Venice;  
for iudgement, answer, Shall I haue it?  
Vpon my power I may dismisfe this Court,  
Bellario a learned Doctor,

I haue sent for to determine this,  
heere to day.

My Lord, heere staves without  
senger with Letters from the Doctor,  
ome from Padua.

Bring vs the Letters, Call the Messengers.  
Good cheere *Antonio*. What man, corage yet:  
I shall haue my flesh, blood, bones, and all,  
u shalt loose for me one drop of blood.  
I am a tainted Weather of the flocke,  
t for death, the weakest kinde of fruites  
arliest to the ground, and so let me;  
nnot better be employ'd *Bassanio*,  
o liue still, and write mine Epitaph.

Enter *Nerrissa*.

Came you from Padua from *Bellario*?  
From both.

rd *Bellario* greets your Grace.  
Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?  
To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there.  
Not on thy soale: but on thy soule harsh Iew  
nak't thy knife keene: but no mettall can,  
t the hangmans Axe beare halfe the keenesse  
sharpe enuy. Can no prayers pierce thee?  
No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dogge,  
r thy life let iustice be accus'd:  
lmost mak't me wauer in my faith;  
d opinion with *Pythagoras*,  
ules of Animals insule themselves  
e trunks of men. Thy curish spirit  
id a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,  
om the gallowes did his fell soule fleet;  
hil't thou layest in thy vnhalloved dam,  
it selfe in thee: For thy desires  
olush, bloody, steru'd, and rauenus.

Till thou canst raile the scale from off my bond  
ut offend't thy Lungs to speake so loud:  
s thy wit good youth, or it will fall  
lesse ruine. I stand heere for Law.

This Letter from *Bellario* doth commend  
; and Learned Doctor in our Court;  
is he?

He attendeth heere hard by  
ow your answer, whether you'l admit him.

With all my heart. Some three or four of you  
e him courteous conduct to this place,  
time the Court shall heare *Bellarios* Letter.

*Grace shall vnderstand, that at the receite of your  
ster I am very sicke: but in the instant that your mes-  
ame, in louing visitation, was with me a young Do-  
Rome, his name is Balthazar: I acquainted him with  
se in Controuersie, betwene the Iew and Antonio  
rchant: We turn'd ore many Bookes together: bee u  
d with my opinion, which betted with his owne lear-  
be greatnesse whereof I cannot enough commend, comes*

*with him at my importunity, to fill vp your Graces request in  
my sted. I beseech you, let his lacke of years be no impediment  
to let him lacke a reuerend estimation: for I neuer knewe so  
yong a body, with so old a head. I leaue him to your gracious  
acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.*

Enter *Portia* for *Balthazar*.

*Duke*. You heare the learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,  
And heere (I take it) is the Doctor come.  
Giue me your hand: Came you from old *Bellario*?

*Por*. I did my Lord.

*Du*. You are welcome: take your place;  
Are you acquainted with the difference  
That holds this present question in the Court.

*Por*. I am enformed thoroughly of the cause.  
Which is the Merchant heere? and which the Iew?

*Du*. *Antonio* and old *Skylocke*, both stand forth.

*Por*. Is your name *Skylocke*?

*Iew*. *Skylocke* is my name.

*Por*. Of a strange nature is the sute you follow,  
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian Law  
Cannot impugne you as you do proceed.  
You stand within his danger, do you not?

*Ant*. I, so he sayes.

*Por*. Do you confesse the bond?

*Ant*. I do.

*Por*. Then must the Iew be mercifull.

*Iew*. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

*Por*. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,  
It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen  
Vpon the place beneath. It is twice blest,  
It blesteth him that giues, and him that takes,  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes  
The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.  
His Scepter shewes the force of temporall power,  
The attribute to awe and Maiestie,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and feare of Kings:  
But mercy is aboue this sceptred sway,  
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,  
It is an attribute to God himselfe;  
And earthly power doth then shew likest Gods  
When mercie seasons iustice. Therefore Iew,  
Though iustice be thy plea, consider this,  
That in the course of iustice, none of vs  
Should see saluation: we do pray for mercie,  
And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render  
The deeds of mercie. I haue spoke thus much  
To mitigate the iustice of thy plea:  
Which if thou follow, this strict course of Venice  
Must needs giue sentence 'gainst the Merchant there.

*Sky*. My deeds vpon my head, I craue the Law,  
The penaltie and forfeite of my bond.

*Por*. Is he not able to discharge the money?

*Baf*. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court,  
Yea, twice the summe, if that will not suffice,  
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,  
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:  
If this will not suffice, it must appeare  
That malice beares downe truth. And I beseech you  
Wrest once the Law to your authority.  
To do a great right, do a little wrong,  
And curbe this cruell diuell of his will.

*Por*. It must not be, there is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree established:

'Twill be recorded for a President,

And

And many an error by the same example,  
Will rush into the state: It cannot be.

*Iew.* A *Daniel* come to iudgement, yea a *Daniel*.  
O wise young Iudge, how do I honour thee.

*Por.* I pray you let me looke vpon the bond.

*Iew.* Heere 'tis most reuerend Doctor, heere it is.

*Por.* *Slylocke*, there's thrice thy monie offered thee.

*Sly.* An oath, an oath, I haue an oath in heauen:  
Shall I lay periurie vpon my soule?  
No not for Venice.

*Por.* Why this bond is forfeit,  
And lawfully by this the Iew may claime  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Neereft the Merchants heart; be mercifull,  
Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond.

*Iew.* When it is paid according to the tenure.  
It doth appeare you are a worthy Iudge:  
you know the Law, your exposition  
Hath beene most sound. I charge you by the Law,  
Whereof you are a well-deferuing pillar,  
Proceede to iudgement: By my soule I sweare,  
There is no power in the tongue of man  
To alter me: I stay heere on my bond.

*An.* Most heartily I do beseech the Court  
To giue the iudgement.

*Por.* Why then thus it is:  
you must prepare your bosome for his knife.

*Iew.* O noble Iudge, O excellent yong man.

*Por.* For the intent and purpose of the Law  
Hath full relation to the penaltie,  
Which heere appeareth due vpon the bond.

*Iew.* 'Tis verie true: O wise and vpright Iudge,  
How much more elder art thou then thy lookes?

*Por.* Therefore lay bare your bosome.

*Iew.* I, his brest,  
So sayes the bond, doth it not noble Iudge?  
Neereft his heart, those are the very words.

*Por.* It is so: Are there ballance heere to weigh the  
flesh?

*Iew.* I haue them ready.

*Por.* Haue by some Surgeon *Slylocke* on your charge  
To stop his wounds, leaft he should bleed to death.

*Iew.* It is not nominated in the bond?

*Por.* It is not so exprest: but what of that?  
'Twere good you do so much for charitie.

*Iew.* I cannot finde it, 'tis not in the bond.

*Por.* Come Merchant, haue you any thing to say?

*An.* But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.  
Giue me your hand *Bassanio*, fare you well.  
Greeue not that I am false to this for you:  
For heerein fortune shewes her selfe more kinde  
Then is her custome. It is still her vse

To let the wretched man out-lieue his wealth,  
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow  
An age of pouerty. From which lingring penance  
Of such miserie, doth she cut me off:

Commend me to your honourable Wife,  
Tell her the proceffe of *Antonio's* end:  
Say how I lou'd you; speake me faire in death:  
And when the tale is told, bid her be iudge,  
Whether *Bassanio* had not once a Loue:  
Repent not you that you shall loose your friend,  
And he repents not that he payes your debt.  
For if the Iew do cut but deepe enough,  
He pay it instantly, with all my heart.

*Bass.* *Antonio*, I am married to a wife,

Which is as deere to me as life it selfe,  
But life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,  
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life.  
I would loose all, I sacrifice them all  
Heere to this deuill, to deliuer you.

*Por.* Your wife would giue you little thanks for that  
If she were by to heare you make the offer.

*Gra.* I haue a wife whom I proteft I loue,  
I would she were in heauen, so she could  
Intreat some power to change this currish Iew.

*Ner.* 'Tis well you offer it behinde her backe,  
The wish would make else an vnquiet house. (ter

*Iew.* These be the Christian husbands: I haue a daugh-  
Would any of the stocke of *Barrabas*  
Had beene her husband, rather then a Christian.  
We trifle time, I pray thee pursue sentence.

*Por.* A pound of that same marchants flesh is thine,  
The Court awards it, and the law doth giue it.

*Iew.* Most rightfull Iudge.

*Por.* And you must cut this flesh from off his brest,  
The Law allows it, and the Court awards it.

*Iew.* Most learned Iudge, a sentence, come prepare.

*Por.* Tarry a little, there is something else,  
This bond doth giue thee heere no iot of bloud,  
The words expresse are a pound of flesh:

Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,  
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian bloud, thy lands and goods  
Are by the Lawes of Venice confiscate  
Vnto the state of Venice.

*Gra.* O vpright Iudge,  
Marke Iew, o learned Iudge.

*Sly.* Is that the law?

*Por.* Thy selfe shalt see the Act:

For as thou vrgeft iustice, be assur'd  
Thou shalt haue iustice more then thou desirest.

*Gra.* O learned Iudge, mark Iew, a learned Iudge.

*Iew.* I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,  
And let the Christian goe.

*Bass.* Heere is the money.

*Por.* Soft, the Iew shall haue all iustice, soft, no haste,  
He shall haue nothing but the penalty.

*Gra.* O Iew, an vpright Iudge, a learned Iudge.

*Por.* Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,  
Shed thou no bloud, nor cut thou lesse nor more  
But iust a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more  
Or lesse then a iust pound, be it so much  
As makes it light or heauy in the substance,  
Or the deuision of the twentieth part  
Of one poore scruple, nay if the scale doe turne  
But in the estimation of a hayre,  
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

*Gra.* A second *Daniel*, a *Daniel* Iew,  
Now infidell I haue thee on the hip.

*Por.* Why doth the Iew pause, take thy forfeiture.

*Sly.* Giue me my principall, and let me goe.

*Bass.* I haue it ready for thee, heere it is.

*Por.* He hath refus'd it in the open Court,  
He shall haue meerly iustice and his bond.

*Gra.* A *Daniel* still say I, a second *Daniel*,  
I thanke thee Iew for teaching me that word.

*Sly.* Shall I not haue barely my principall?

*Por.* Thou shalt haue nothing but the forfeiture,  
To be taken so at thy perill Iew.

*Sly.* Why then the Deuill giue him good of it:  
He stay no longer question.

*Por.* Tarry

arry Iew,  
hath yet another hold on you.  
ed in the Lawes of Venice,  
oued against an Alien,  
irect, or indirect attempts  
the life of any Citizen,  
gainst the which he doth contriue,  
e one halfe his goods, the other halfe  
the priue coffer of the State,  
offenders life lies in the mercy  
ike onely, gainst all other voice.  
predicament I say thou standst :  
eares by manifest proceeding,  
rectly, and directly to,  
t contriu'd against the very life  
fendant : and thou hast incur'd  
er formerly by me rehearft.  
erefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.  
g that thou maist haue leaue to hang thy selfe,  
by wealth being forfeit to the state,  
t not left the value of a cord,  
: thou must be hang'd at the states charge.  
That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,  
thee thy life before thou aske it :  
thy wealth, it is *Antonio's*,  
r halfe comes to the generall state,  
unbleness may driue vnto a fine.  
for the state, not for *Antonio*.  
ay, take my life and all, pardon not that?  
my house, when you do take the prop  
u sustaine my house : you take my life  
u doe take the meanes whereby I liue.  
That mercy can you render him *Antonio* ?  
o halter *gratú*, nothing else for Gods sake.  
o please my Lord the Duke, and all the Court  
be fine for one halfe of his goods,  
ent : so he will let me haue  
r halfe in vse, to render it  
death, vnto the Gentleman  
y stole his daughter.  
ga provided more, that for this fauour  
tly become a Christian :  
r, that he doe record a gift  
the Court of all he dies posselt  
sonne *Lorenzo*, and his daughter.  
le shall doe this, or else I doe recant  
on that I late pronounced heere.  
rt thou contented Iew? what dost thou say?  
am content.  
larke, draw a deed of gift.  
pray you giue me leaue to goe from hence,  
well, send the deed after me,  
ll signe it.  
Get thee gone, but doe it.  
n christning thou shalt haue two godfathers,  
n iudge, thou shouldst haue had ten more,  
thee to the gallows, not to the font. *Exit.*  
ir I intreat you with me home to dinner.  
humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon,  
ay this night toward Padua,  
meete I presently set forth.  
am sorry that your leysure serues you not :  
gratise this gentleman,  
r minde, you are much bound to him.  
*Exit Duke and his traine.*  
Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend

Haue by your wifedome beene this day acquitted  
Of greuous penalties, in lieu whereof,  
Three thousand Ducats due vnto the Iew  
We freely cope your courteous paines withall.  
*An.* And stand indebted ouer and aboue  
In loue and seruice to you euermore.  
*Por.* He is well paid that is well satisfied,  
And I deliuering you, am satisfied,  
And therein doe account my selfe well paid,  
My minde was neuer yet more mercinarie.  
I pray you know me when we meete againe,  
I wish you well, and so I take my leaue.  
*Bass.* Deare sir, of force I must attempt you further,  
Take some remembrance of vs as a tribute,  
Not as fee : grant me two things, I pray you  
Not to denie me, and to pardon me.  
*Por.* You presse mee farre, and therefore I will yeeld,  
Giue me your gloues, Ile wear them for your sake,  
And for your loue Ile take this ring from you,  
Doe not draw backe your hand, ile take no more,  
And you in loue shall not deny me this?  
*Bass.* This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,  
I will not shame my selfe to giue you this.  
*Por.* I wil haue nothing else but onely this,  
And now methinkes I haue a minde to it.  
*Bass.* There's more depends on this then on the valew,  
The dearest ring in Venice will I giue you,  
And finde it out by proclamation,  
Onely for this I pray you pardon me.  
*Por.* I see sir you are liberall in offers,  
You taught me first to beg, and now me thinkes  
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.  
*Bass.* Good sir, this ring was giuen me by my wife,  
And when she put it on, she made me vow  
That I should neither sell, nor giue, nor lose it.  
*Por.* That scufe serues many men to saue their gifts,  
And if your wife be not a mad woman,  
And know how well I haue deseru'd this ring,  
Shee would not hold out enemy for euer  
For giuing it to me : well, peace be with you. *Exeunt.*  
*Ant.* My L. *Bassanio*, let him haue the ring,  
Let his deseruings and my loue withall  
Be valued against your wiues commandement.  
*Bass.* Goe *Gratiano*, run and ouer-take him,  
Giue him the ring, and bring him if thou canst  
Vnto *Antonios* house, away, make haste. *Exit Grat.*  
Come, you and I will thither presently,  
And in the morning early will we both  
Flie toward *Belmont*, come *Antonio*. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter Portia and Nerissa.*  
*Por.* Enquire the Iewes house out, giue him this deed,  
And let him signe it, wee'll away to night,  
And be a day before our husbands home :  
This deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.  
*Enter Gratiano.*  
*Gra.* Faire sir, you are well ore-tane :  
My L. *Bassanio* vpon more aduice,  
Hath sent you heere this ring, and doth intreat  
Your company at dinner.  
*Por.* That cannot be ;  
His ring I doe accept most thankfully,  
And so I pray you tell him : furthermore,  
I pray you shew my youth old *Slylockes* house.  
*Gra.* That will I doe.  
*Ner.* Sir, I would speake with you :



Hee see if I can get my husbands ring  
Which I did make him sweare to keepe for euer.

*Por.* Thou maist I warrant, we shal haue old swearing  
That they did giue the rings away to men ;  
But wee le out-face them, and out-sweare them to :

Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry.  
*Ner.* Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.

*Exeunt.*

### Actus Quintus.

*Enter Lorenzo and Iessica.*

*Lor.* The moone shines bright. In such a night as this,  
When the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,  
And they did make no nnyse, in such a night  
*Troylus* me thinkes mounted the Troian walls,  
And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents  
Where *Cressid* lay that night.

*Ief.* In such a night  
Did *Tibbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,  
And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,  
And ranne dismayed away.

*Loren.* In such a night  
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand  
Vpon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Loue  
To come againe to Carthage.

*Ief.* In such a night  
*Medea* gathered the enchanted hearbs  
That did renew old *Eson*.

*Loren.* In such a night  
Did *Iessica* steale from the wealthy Iewe,  
And with an Vnthrift Loue did runne from Venice,  
As farre as Belmont.

*Ief.* In such a night  
Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he lou'd her well,  
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,  
And nere a true one.

*Loren.* In such a night  
Did pretty *Iessica* (like a little throw)  
Slander her Loue, and he forgaue it her.

*Ieffi.* I would out-night yet did no body come :  
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Lor.* Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

*Mef.* A friend. (friend?)

*Loren.* A friend, what friend ? your name I pray you

*Mef.* *Stebano* is my name, and I bring word  
My Mistrisse will before the breake of day  
Be heere at Belmont, she doth stray about  
By holy crosses where she kneeles and prayes  
For happy wedlocke houres.

*Loren.* Who comes with her ?

*Mef.* None but a holy Hermit and her maid :  
I pray you it my Master yet return'd ?

*Loren.* He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,  
But goe we in I pray thee *Iessica*,  
And ceremoniously let vs vs prepare  
Some welcome for the Mistrisse of the house,

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clo.* Sola, sola : wo ha ho, sola, sola.

*Loren.* Who calls ?

*Clo.* Sola, did you see *M. Lorenzo*, & *M. Lorenzo*, sola,  
*Lor.* Leauie hollowing man, heere. (sola.)

*Clo.* Sola, where, where ?

*Lor.* Heere ?

*Clo.* Tel him ther's a Post come from my Master, with  
his horne full of good newes, my Master will be here ere  
morning sweet soule.

*Loren.* Let's in, and there expect their comming.  
And yet no matter : why should we goe in ?

My friend *Stephen*, signifie pray you  
Within the house, your Mistrisse is at hand,  
And bring your musique forth into the ayre.  
How sweet the moone-light sleepes vpon this banke,  
Heere will we sit, and let the founds of musicke  
Creepe in our eares soft stilnes, and the night  
Become the tutches of sweet harmonie :  
Sit *Iessica*, looke how the floore of heauen  
Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,  
There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst  
But in his motion like an Angell sings,  
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins ;  
Such harmonie is in immortal soules,  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close in it, we cannot heare it :  
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,  
With sweetest tutches pearce your Mistrisse eare,  
And draw her home with musicke.

*Ieffi.* I am neuer merry when I heare sweet musique.

*Play musike.*

*Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentue :  
For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard  
Or race of youthful and vnhanded colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their blood,  
If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any ayre of musicke touch their eares,  
You shall perceiue them make a mutuall stand,  
Their sauage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
By the sweet power of musicke : therefore the Poet  
Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, stones, and floods.  
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
But musicke for time doth change his nature,  
The man that hath no musicke in himselfe,  
Nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoyles,  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections do ke as *Erebus*,  
Let no such man be trusted : marke the musicke.

*Enter Portia and Nerissa.*

*Por.* That light we see is burning in my hall :  
How farre that little candell throwes his beames,  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world. (dile?)

*Ner.* When the moone shone we did not see the can

*Por.* So doth the greater glory dim the lesse,  
A substitute shines brightly as a King  
Vntill a King be by, and then his state  
Empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke  
Into the maine of waters : musique, harke. *Musike.*

*Ner.* It is your musicke Madame of the house.

*Por.* Nothing is good I see without respect,  
Methinkes it sounds much sweeter then by day ?

*Ner.* Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam.

*Por.* The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Lark

When

neither is attended : and I thinke  
ightingale if she should sing by day  
euery Goofe is cackling, would be thought  
ter a Musitian then the Wren ?  
any things by season, season'd are  
ir right praise, and true perfection :  
how the Moone sleepes with Endimion,  
ould not be awak'd.

*Musicke ceases.*

That is the voice,  
n much deceiu'd of *Portia*.  
He knowes me as the blinde man knowes the  
w by the bad voice ?  
Deere Lady welcome home ?  
We haue bene praying for our husbands welfare  
speed we hope the better for our words,  
ey return'd ?

Madam, they are not yet :  
ere is come a Messenger before  
isifie their comming.

Go in *Nerrissa*,  
rder to my seruants, that they take  
te at all of our being absent hence,  
u *Lorenzo*, *Iessica* nor you.

*A Tucket sounds.*

Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,  
e no tell-tales Madam, feare you not.  
This night methinkes is but the daylight sicke,  
es a little paler, 'tis a day,  
s the day is, when the Sun is hid.

*Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their  
Followers.*

We should hold day with the Antipodes,  
would walke in absence of the sunne.

Let me giue light, but let me not be light,  
ight wife doth make a heauie husband,  
euer be *Bassanio* so for me,  
d fort all: you are welcome home my Lord.  
I thanke you Madam, giue welcom to my friend  
the man, this is *Antonio*,  
om I am so infinitely bound.

You should in all fence be much bound to him,  
I heare he was much bound for you.  
b. No more then I am wel acquitted of.

Sir, you are verie welcome to our house :  
t appeare in other waies then words,  
ore I scant this breathing curtesie.

. By yonder Moone I sweare you do me wrong,  
I gaue it to the Iudges Clearke,  
he were gelt that had it for my part,  
you do take it Loue so much at hart.

. A quarrel hoe already, what's the matter ?  
. About a hoope of Gold, a paltry Ring  
he did giue me, whose Poetrie was  
e world like Cutlers Poetry  
a knife ; *Loue mee, and leaue mee not*.

. What talke you of the Poetrie or the valew:  
wore to me when I did giue it you,  
ou' would weare it til the houre of death,  
at it should lye with you in your graue,  
h not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,  
ould haue bene respectiue and haue kept it.  
t a Iudges Clearke: but wel I know  
learke wil nere weare haire on's face that had it.

*Gra.* He wil, and if he liue to be a man.

*Nerrissa.* I, if a Woman liue to be a man.

*Gra.* Now by this hand I gaue it to a youth,  
A kinde of boy, a little scrubbed boy,  
No higher then thy selfe, the Iudges Clearke,  
A prating boy that begg'd it as a Fee,  
I could not for my heart deny it him.

*Por.* You were too blame, I must be plaine with you,  
To part so slightly with your wiues first gift,  
A thing sticke on with oathes vpon your finger,  
And so riueted with faith vnto your flesh.  
I gaue my Loue a Ring, and made him sweare  
Neuer to part with it, and heere he stands:  
I dare be sworne for him, he would not leaue it,  
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth  
That the world masters. Now in faith *Gratiano*,  
You giue your wife too vnkinde a cause of greefe,  
And 'twere to me I should be mad at it.

*Bass.* Why I were best to cut my left hand off,  
And sweare I lost the Ring defending it.

*Gra.* My Lord *Bassanio* gaue his Ring away  
Vnto the Iudge that beg'd it, and indeede  
Deferu'd it too : and then the Boy his Clearke  
That tooke some paines in writing, he begg'd mine,  
And neyther man nor master would take ought  
But the two Rings.

*Por.* What Ring gaue you my Lord ?  
Not that I hope which you recei'd of me.

*Bass.* If I could adde a lie vnto a fault,  
I would deny it : but you see my finger  
Hath not the Ring vpon it, it is gone.

*Por.* Euen so voide is your false heart of truth.  
By heauen I wil nere come in your bed  
Vntil I see the Ring.

*Ner.* Nor I in yours, til I againe see mine.

*Bass.* Sweet *Portia*,  
If you did know to whom I gaue the Ring,  
If you did know for whom I gaue the Ring,  
And would conceiue for what I gaue the Ring,  
And how vnwillingly I left the Ring,  
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,  
You would abate the strength of your displeasure ?

*Por.* If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,  
Or halfe her worthinesse that gaue the Ring,  
Or your owne honour to containe the Ring,  
You would not then haue parted with the Ring :  
What man is there so much vnreasonable,  
If you had pleas'd to haue defended it  
With any termes of Zeale : wanted the modestie  
To vrge the thing held as a ceremonie :  
*Nerrissa* teaches me what to beleue,  
He die for't, but some Woman had the Ring ?

*Bass.* No by mine honor Madam, by my soule  
No Woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,  
Which did refuse three thousand Ducates of me,  
And beg'd the Ring; the which I did denie him,  
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away :  
Euen he that had held vp the verie life  
Of my deere friend. What should I say sweete Lady ?  
I was inforc'd to send it after him,  
I was beset with shame and curtesie,  
My honor would not let ingratitude  
So much besmeare it. Pardon me good Lady,  
And by these blessed Candles of the night,  
Had you bene there, I thinke you would haue beg'd  
The Ring of me, to giue the worthie Doctor ?

Q. 2

*Por.*

*Por.* Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house,  
Since he hath got the iewell that I loued,  
And that which you did sweare to keepe for me,  
I will become as liberall as you,  
Ile not deny him any thing I haue,  
No, not my body, nor my husbands bed:  
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.  
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argos,  
If you doe not, if I be left alone,  
Now by mine honour which is yet mine owne,  
Ile haue the Doctor for my bedfellow.

*Nerrissa.* And I his Clarke: therefore be well aduis'd  
How you doe leaue me to mine owne protection.

*Gra.* Well, doe you so: let not me take him then,  
For if I doe, ile mar the yong Clarks pen.

*Ant.* I am th'vnhappy subiect of these quarrels.

*Por.* Sir, grieve not you,  
You are welcome notwithstanding.

*Baf.* *Portia*, forgieue me this enforced wrong,  
And in the hearing of these manie friends  
I sweare to thee, euen by thine owne faire eyes  
Wherein I see my selfe.

*Por.* Marke you but that?  
In both my eyes he doubly sees himselfe:  
In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,  
And there's an oath of credit.

*Baf.* Nay, but heare me.  
Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare  
I neuer more will breake an oath with thee.

*Ant.* I once did lend my bodie for thy wealth,  
Which but for him that had your husbands ring  
Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe,  
My soule vpon the forfeit, that your Lord  
Will neuer more breake faith aduisedlie.

*Por.* Then you shall be his suretie: giue him this,  
And bid him keepe it better then the other.

*Ant.* Heere Lord *Bassanio*, sweare to keep this ring.

*Baf.* By heauen it is the same I gaue the Doctor.

*Por.* I had it of him: pardon *Bassanio*,  
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

*Ner.* And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,  
For that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke  
In lieu of this, last night did lye with me.

*Gra.* Why this is like the mending of high waies  
In Sommer, where the waies are faire enough:  
What, are we Cuckolds ere we haue deferu'd it.

*Por.* Speake not so groffely, you are all amaz'd;  
Heere is a letter, reade it at your leysure,  
It comes from Padua from *Bellarrio*,  
There you shall finde that *Portia* was the Doctor,  
*Nerrissa* there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* heere  
Shall witnesse I fet forth as soone as you,  
And but eu'n now return'd: I haue not yet  
Entred my house. *Antonio* you are welcome,  
And I haue better newes in store for you  
Then you expect: vnseale this letter soone,  
There you shall finde three of your Argosies  
Are richly come to harbour sodainlie.  
You shall not know by what strange accident  
I chanced on this letter.

*Ant.* I am dumbe.

*Baf.* Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

*Gra.* Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold.

*Ner.* I, but the Clark that neuer meanes to doe it,  
Vnlesse he liue vntill he be a man.

*Baf.* (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,  
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

*An.* (Sweet Ladie) you haue giuen me life & liuing;  
For heere I reade for certaine that my ships  
Are safelie come to Rode.

*Por.* How now *Lorenzo*?

My Clarke hath some good comforts for you.

*Ner.* I, and Ile giue them him without a fee.

There doe I giue to you and *Iessica*  
From the rich Iewe, a speciall deed of gift  
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

*Loren.* Faire Ladies you drop Manna in the way  
Of starued people.

*Por.* It is almost morning,  
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied  
Of these euents at full. Let vs goe in,  
And charge vs there vpon intergatories,  
And we will answer all things faithfully.

*Gra.* Let it be so, the first intergatory  
That my *Nerrissa* shall be sworne on, is,  
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,  
Or goe to bed, now being two houres to day,  
But were the day come, I should wish it darke,  
Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.  
Well, while I liue, Ile feare no other thing  
So fore, as keeping safe *Nerrissas* ring.

*Exeunt.*

FINIS.



## As you Like it.

### *Actus primus. Scæna Prima.*

*Enter Orlando and Adam.*

*Orlando.*

S I remember *Adam*, it was vpon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poore a thousand Crownes, and as thou saist, charged my brother on his blessing to breed mee well : and begins my sadnesse : My brother *Iaques* he keeps soole, and report speakes goldenly of his profit : y part, he keeps me rustically at home, or (to speak properly) staies me heere at home vnkept : for call hat keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that distot from the stalling of an Oxe ? his horses are bred, for besides that they are faire with their feeding, are taught their mannage, and to that end Riders y hir'd : but I (his brother) gaine nothing vnder but growth, for the which his Animals on his iils are as much bound to him as I : besides this nothat he so plentifully giues me, the something that : gaue mee, his countenance seemes to take from hee lets mee feede with his Hindes, barres mee the of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my ity with my education. This is it *Adam* that s me, and the spirit of my Father, which I thinke bin mee, begins to mutinie against this seruitude. no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise y how to auoid it.

*Enter Oliuer.*

*am.* Yonder comes my Master, your brother.  
*an.* Goe a-part *Adam*, and thou shalt heare how ll shake me vp.

Now Sir, what make you heere ?  
Nothing : I am not taught to make any thing.

What mar you then sir ?

Marry sir, I am helping you to mar that which made, a poore vnworthy brother of yours with ffe.

*ser.* Marry sir be better employed, and be naught le.

*an.* Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskes with ? what prodigall portion haue I spent, that I should to such penury ?

Know you where you are sir ?

O sir, very well : heere in your Orchard.

Know you before whom sir ?

I, better then him I am before knowes mee : I you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle conof bloud you should so know me : the courtesie of s allows you my better, in that you are the first, but the same tradition takes not away my bloud, there twenty brothers betwixt vs : I haue as much

of my father in mee, as you, albeit I confesse your coming before me is neerer to his reuerence.

*Oli.* What Boy.

(*this.*

*Orl.* Come, come elder brother, you are too yong in

*Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine ?

*Orl.* I am no villaine : I am the yongest sonne of Sir *Rowland de Boys*, he was my father, and he is thrice a villaine that saies such a father begot villaines : wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had puld out thy tongue for saying so, thou hast raild on thy selfe.

*Adam.* Sweet Masters bee patient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.

*Oli.* Let me goe I say.

*Orl.* I will not till I please : you shall heare mee : my father charg'd you in his will to giue me good education : you haue train'd me like a pezant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities : the spirit of my father growes strong in mee, and I will no longer endure it : therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or giue mee the poore allottery my father left me by testament, with that I will goe buy my fortunes.

*Oli.* And what wilt thou do ? beg when that is spent ? Well sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you : you shall haue some part of your will, I pray you leaue me.

*Orl.* I will no further offend you, then becomes mee for my good.

*Oli.* Get you with him, you olde dogge.

*Adam.* Is old dogge my reward : most true, I haue lost my teeth in your seruice : God be with my olde master, he would not haue spoke such a word. *Ex. Orl. Ad.*

*Oli.* Is it euen so, begin you to grow vpon me ? I will phyficke your ranckenesse, and yet giue no thousand crownes neyther : holla *Dennis*.

*Enter Dennis.*

*Den.* Calls your worship ?

*Oli.* Was not *Charles* the Dukes Wraistler heere to speake with me ?

*Den.* So please you, he is heere at the doore, and importunes acceffe to you.

*Oli.* Call him in : 'twill be a good way : and to morrow the wraistling is.

*Enter Charles.*

*Cha.* Good morrow to your worship.

*Oli.* Good Mounfier *Charles* : what's the new newes at the new Court ?

*Charles.* There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the olde newes : that is, the old Duke is banished by his yonger brother the new Duke, and three or foure louing

Lords haue put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he giues them good leaue to wander.

*Oli.* Can you tell if *Rosalind* the Dukes daughter bee banished with her Father?

*Cba.* O no; for the Dukes daughter her Cousen so loues her, being euer from their Cradles bred together, that hee would haue followed her exile, or haue died to stay behind her; she is at the Court, and no lesse beloued of her Vncle, then his owne daughter, and neuer two Ladies loued as they doe.

*Oli.* Where will the old Duke liue?

*Cba.* They say hee is already in the Forrest of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they liue like the old *Robin Hood of England*: they say many yong Gentlemen flocke to him eury day, and fleet the time carelesly as they did in the golden world.

*Oli.* What, you wrastle to morrow before the new Duke.

*Cba.* Marry doe I sir: and I came to acquaint you with a matter: I am giuen sir secretly to vnderstand, that your yonger brother *Orlando* hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against mee to try a fall: to morrow sir I wrastle for my credit, and hee that escapes me without some broken limbe, shall acquit him well: your brother is but young and tender, and for your loue I would bee loth to foyle him, as I must for my owne honour if hee come in: therefore out of my loue to you, I came hither to acquaint you withall, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brooke such disgrace well as he shall runne into, in that it is a thing of his owne searcho, and altogether against my will.

*Oli.* *Charles*, I thanke thee for thy loue to me, which thou shalt finde I will most kindly requite: I had my selfe notice of my Brothers purpose heerein, and haue by vnder-hand meanes laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. Ile tell thee *Charles*, it is the stubbornest yong fellow of France, full of ambition, an enuious emulator of euery mans good parts, a secret & villanous contriuer against mee his naturall brother: therefore vse thy discretion, I had as lief thou didst breake his necke as his finger. And thou wert best looke to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if hee doe not mightilie grace himselfe on thee, hee will practise against thee by poyson, entrap thee by some treacherous deuise, and neuer leaue thee till he hath tane thy life by some indirect meanes or other: for I assure thee, (and almost with teares I speake it) there is not one so young, and so villanous this day liuing. I speake but brotherly of him, but should I anathomize him to thee, as hee is, I must blush, and weepe, and thou must looke pale and wonder.

*Cba.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if hee come to morrow, Ile giue him his payment: if euer hee goe alone againe, Ile neuer wrastle for prize more: and so God keepe your worship. *Exit.*

Farewell good *Charles*. Now will I stirre this Gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soule (yet I know not why) hates nothing more then he: yet hee's gentle, neuer school'd, and yet learned, full of noble deuise, of all sorts enchantingly beloued, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my owne people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long, this wrastler shall cleare all: nothing remaines, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now Ile goe about. *Exit.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Rosalind, and Cellia.*

*Cel.* I pray thee *Rosalind*, sweet my Coz, be merry.

*Rof.* Deere *Cellia*; I shew more mirth then I am mistress of, and would you yet were merrier: vnlesse you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learne mee how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

*Cel.* Heerein I see thou lou'st mee not with the full waight that I loue thee; if my Vncle thy banished father had banished thy Vncle the Duke my Father, so thou hadst bene still with mee, I could haue taught my loue to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy loue to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine is to thee.

*Rof.* Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to reioyce in yours.

*Cel.* You know my Father hath no childe, but I, nor none is like to haue; and truly when he dies, thou shalt be his heire; for what hee hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee againe in affection: by mine honor I will, and when I breake that oath, let mee turne monster: therefore my sweet *Rose*, my deare *Rof*, be merry.

*Rof.* From henceforth I will Coz, and deuise sports: let me see, what thinks you of falling in Loue?

*Cel.* Marry I prethee doe, to make sport withall: but loue no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neyther, then with safety of a pure blush, thou maist in honor come off againe.

*Rof.* What shall be our sport then?

*Cel.* Let vs sit and mocke the good housewife *Fortune* from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee bestowed equally.

*Rof.* I would wee could doe so: for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountifull blinde woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

*Cel.* 'Tis true, for those that she makes faire, she scarce makes honest, & those that she makes honest, she makes very illfauouredly.

*Rof.* Nay now thou goest from Fortunes office to Natures: Fortune reignes in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Cel.* No; when Nature hath made a faire creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? though nature hath giuen vs wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this foole to cut off the argument?

*Rof.* Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes natures naturall, the cutter off of natures witte.

*Cel.* Peradventure this is not Fortunes work neither, but Natures, who perceiueth our naturall wits too dull to reason of such goddeses, hath sent this Naturall for our whetstone, for alwaies the dulnesse of the foole, is the whetstone of the wits. How now Witte, whether wander you?

*Clow.* Mistressse, you must come away to your farher.

*Cel.* Were you made the messenger?

*Clow.* No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you *Rof.*

*Ref.* Where learned you that oath foole?

*Cl.* Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pan-cakes, and swore by his Honor the Mustard was naught : Now Ile stand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworne.

*Cel.* How proue you that in the great heape of your knowledge?

*Ref.* I marry, now vnmuzzle your wisedome.

*Cl.* Stand you both forth now: stroke your chinnes, and sweare by your beards that I am a knaue.

*Cel.* By our beards(if we had them)thou art.

*Cl.* By my knauerie (if I had it) then I were : but if you sweare by that that is not, you are not forsworn : no more was this knight swearing by his Honor, for he neuer had anie; or if he had, he had sworne it away, before euer he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard.

*Cel.* Prethee, who is't that thou means't?

*Cl.* One that old *Fredericke* your Father loues.

*Ref.* My Fathers loue is enough to honor him enough; speake no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation one of these daies.

*Cl.* The more pittie that fooles may not speak wisely, what Wisemen do foolishly.

*Cel.* By my troth thou saiest true : For, since the little wit that fooles haue was silenced, the little foolerie that wise men haue makes a great shew; Heere comes Monsieur the *Beu*.

*Enter le Beau.*

*Ref.* With his mouth full of newes.

*Cel.* Which he vwill put on vs, as Pigeons feed their young.

*Ref.* Then shal we be newes-cram'd.

*Cel.* All the better : we shalbe the more Marketable.

*Boon-iour Monsieur le Beau*, what's the newes?

*Le Beau.* Faire Princeesse,

you haue lost much good sport.

*Cel.* Sport : of what colour?

*Le Beau.* What colour Madame? How shall I aunswer you?

*Ref.* As wit and fortune will.

*Cl.* Or as the destinies decrees.

*Cel.* Well said, that was laid on with a trowell.

*Cl.* Nay, if I keepe not my ranke.

*Ref.* Thou loofest thy old smell.

*Le Beau.* You amaze me Ladies : I would haue told you of good wrastling, which you haue lost the fight of.

*Ref.* Yet tell vs the manner of the Wrastling.

*Le Beau.* I will tell you the beginning : and if it please your Ladiships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to doe, and heere where you are, they are comming to performe it.

*Cel.* Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

*Le Beau.* There comes an old man, and his three sons.

*Cel.* I could match this beginning with an old tale.

*Le Beau.* Three proper yong men, of excellent growth and preference.

*Ref.* With bits on their neckes : Be it knowne vnto all men by these presents.

*Le Beau.* The eldest of the three, wrastled with *Charles* the Dukes Wrastler, which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life in him : So he seru'd the second, and so the third : yonder they lie, the poore old man their Father, making such pittiful dole over them, that all the behol-

ders take his part with weeping.

*Ref.* Alas.

*Cl.* But what is the sport Monsieur, that the Ladies haue lost?

*Le Beau.* Why this that I speake of.

*Cl.* Thus men may grow wiser euery day. It is the first time that euer I heard breaking of ribbes was sport for Ladies.

*Cel.* Or I, I promise thee.

*Ref.* But is there any else longs to see this broken Musicke in his fides? Is there yet another doates vpon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrastling Cofin?

*Le Beau.* You must if you stay heere, for heere is the place appointed for the wrastling, and they are ready to performe it.

*Cel.* Yonder sure they are comming. Let vs now stay and see it.

*Flourish.* Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

*Duke.* Come on, since the youth will not be intreated His owne perill on his forwardnesse.

*Ref.* Is yonder the man?

*Le Beau.* Euen he, Madam.

*Cel.* Alas, he is too yong : yet he looks successefully

*Du.* How now daughter, and Cousins

Are you crept hither to see the wrastling?

*Ref.* I my Liege, so please you giue vs leaue.

*Du.* You will take little delight in it, I can tell you there is such oddes in the man : In pitie of the challengers youth, I would faine dissuade him, but he will not bee entreated. Speake to him Ladies, see if you can moue him.

*Cel.* Call him hether good Monsieur *Le Beau*.

*Duke.* Do so : Ile not be by.

*Le Beau.* Monsieur the Challenger, the Princeesse calls for you.

*Orl.* I attend them with all respect and dutie.

*Ref.* Young man, haue you challeng'd *Charles* the Wrastler?

*Orl.* No faire Princeesse : he is the generall challenger, I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

*Cel.* Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your yeares : you haue seene cruell proofe of this mans strength, if you saw your selfe with your eies, or knew your selfe with your iudgment, the feare of your aduerture would counsel you to a more equall enterprife. We pray you for your owne sake to embrace your own safetie, and giue ouer this attempt.

*Ref.* Do yong Sir, your reputation shall not therefore be misprised : we will make it our suite to the Duke, that the wrastling might not go forward.

*Orl.* I beseech you, punish mee not with your harde thoughts, wherein I confesse me much guiltie to denie so faire and excellent Ladies anie thing. But let your faire eies, and gentle wishes go with mee to my triall ; wherein if I bee foil'd, there is but one sham'd that vvas neuer gracious : if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to be so : I shall do my friends no wrong, for I haue none to lament me the world no iniurie, for in it I haue nothing onely in the world I fit vp a place, which may bee better supplied, when I haue made it emptie.

*Ref.* The little strength that I haue, I would it vvere with you.

*Cel.*

*Cel.* And mine to ecke out hers.  
*Ref.* Fare you well:praise heauen I be deceiud in you.  
*Cel.* Your hearts desires be with you.  
*Char.* Come, where is this yong gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?  
*Orl.* Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modest working.

*Duk.* You shall trie but one fall.  
*Cha.* No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that haue so mightilie perswaded him from a first.

*Orl.* You meane to mocke me after : you should not haue mockt me before : but come your waies.

*Ref.* Now Hercules, be thy speede yong man.

*Cel.* I would I were inuisible, to catch the strong fellow by the legge. *Wrastle.*

*Ref.* Oh excellent yong man.

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who should downe. *Shout.*

*Duk.* No more, no more.

*Orl.* Yes I beseech your Grace, I am not yet well breath'd.

*Duk.* How do'st thou *Charles*?

*Le Beau.* He cannot speake my Lord.

*Duk.* Beare him awaie :

What is thy name yong man?

*Orl.* Orlando my Liege, the yongest sonne of Sir *Roland de Boys*.

*Duk.* I would thou hadst beene son to some man else, The world esteem'd thy father honourable, But I did finde him still mine enemye : Thou should'st haue better pleas'd me with this deede, Hadst thou descended from another house : But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth, I would thou had'st told me of another Father.

*Exit Duke.*

*Cel.* Were I my Father (*Coze*) would I do this?

*Orl.* I am more proud to be Sir *Rolands* sonne, His yongest sonne, and would not change that calling To be adopted heire to *Fredricke*.

*Ref.* My Father lou'd Sir *Roland* as his soule, And all the world was of my Fathers minde, Had I before knowne this yong man his sonne, I should haue giuen him teares vnto entreaties, Ere he should thus haue ventur'd.

*Cel.* Gentle *Cofen*,  
 Let vs goe thanke him, and encourage him :  
 My Fathers rough and eniuous disposition  
 Sticks me at heart : Sir, you haue well deferr'd,  
 If you doe keepe your promises in loue ;  
 But iustly as you haue exceeded all promise,  
 Your Mistris shall be happie.

*Ref.* Gentleman,  
 Weare this for me : one out of suites with fortune  
 That could giue more, but that her hand lacks meanes.  
 Shall we goe *Coze*?

*Cel.* I : fare you well faire Gentleman.

*Orl.* Can I not say, I thanke you? My better parts  
 Are all throwne downe, and that which here stands vp  
 Is but a quintine, a meere liuelesse blocke.

*Ref.* He cal's vs back : my pride fell with my fortunes,  
 Ile aske him what he would : Did you call Sir?  
 Sir, you haue wrastled well, and ouerthrowne  
 More then your enemies.

*Cel.* Will you goe *Coze*?

*Ref.* Haue with you : fare you well.

*Exit.*

*Orl.* What passion hangs these waights vpon my tongue?  
 I cannot speake to her, yet she vrg'd conference.

*Enter Le Beau.*

O poore *Orlando*! thou art ouerthrowne  
 Or *Charles*, or something weaker masters thee.

*Le Beau.* Good Sir, I do in friendship counsaile you  
 To leaue this place ; Albeit you haue deferr'd  
 High commendation, true applause, and loue ;  
 Yet such is now the Dukes condition,  
 That he misconfers all that you haue done :  
 The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede  
 More suites you to conceiue, then I to speake of.

*Orl.* I thanke you Sir ; and pray you tell me this,  
 Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,  
 That here was at the Wrastling?

*Le Beau.* Neither his daughter, if we iudge by manners,  
 But yet indeede the taller is his daughter,  
 The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,  
 And here detain'd by her vsurping Vncle  
 To keepe his daughter companie, whose loues  
 Are deerer then the naturall bond of Sisters :  
 But I can tell you, that of late this Duke  
 Hath tane displeasure 'gainst his gentle Neece,  
 Grounded vpon no other argument,  
 But that the people praise her for her vertues,  
 And pittie her, for her good Fathers sake ;  
 And on my life his malice 'gainst the Lady  
 Will sodainly breake forth : Sir, fare you well,  
 Hereafter in a better world then this,  
 I shall desire more loue and knowledge of you.

*Orl.* I rest much bounden to you : fare you well.  
 Thus must I from the smoake into the smother,  
 From tyrant Duke, vnto a tyrant Brother.  
 But heauenly *Rosaline*.

*Exit*

## Scena Tertius.

*Enter Celia and Rosaline.*

*Cel.* Why *Cofen*, why *Rosaline* : *Cupid* haue mercie,  
 Not a word?

*Ref.* Not one to throw at a dog.

*Cel.* No, thy words are too precious to be cast away  
 vpon curs, throw some of them at me ; come lame mee  
 with reasons.

*Ref.* Then there were two *Cofens* laid vp, when the  
 one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad  
 without any.

*Cel.* But is all this for your Father?

*Ref.* No, some of it is for my childes Father : Oh  
 how full of briars is this working day world.

*Cel.* They are but burs, *Cofen*, throwne vpon thee  
 in holiday foolerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths  
 our very petty-coates will catch them.

*Ref.* I could shake them off my coate, these burs are  
 in my heart.

*Cel.* Hem them away.

*Ref.* I would try if I could cry hem, and haue him.

*Cel.* Come, come, wrastle with thy affections.

*Ref.* O they take the part of a better wrastler then  
 my selfe.

*Cel.* O, a good wish vpon you : you will trie in time  
 in

of a fall: but turning these iests out of service,  
in good earnest: Is it possible on such a fo-  
would fall into so strong a liking with old Sir  
agest sonne?

Duke my Father lou'd his Father deerlie.  
it therefore ensue that you should loue his  
lie? By this kinde of chafe, I should hate  
father-hated his father deerely; yet I hate

faith, hate him not for my sake.  
should I not? doth he not deserue well?

*Enter Duke with Lords.*

me loue him for that, and do you loue him  
e. Looke, here comes the Duke.  
his eies full of anger.  
his, dispatch you with your safest haste,  
from our Court.

Vncle:

u Cofen,  
e ten daies if that thou beest found  
publike Court as twentie miles,  
or it.

e beseech your Grace  
knowledge of my fault beare with me:  
selfe I hold intelligence,  
uaintance with mine owne desires,  
not dreame, or be not franticke,  
ust I am not) then deere Vncle,  
uch as in a thought vnborne,  
your highnesse.

us doe all Traitors,  
pation did consist in words,  
innocent as grace it selfe;  
: thee that I trust thee not.  
your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor;  
ereon the likelihoods depends?  
ou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.  
as I when your highnes took his Dukdome,  
en your highnesse banisht him;  
not inherited my Lord,  
deriue it from our friends,  
to me, my Father was no Traitor,  
my Leige, mistake me not so much,  
ny pouertie is treacherous.  
e Soueraigne heare me speake.  
dia, we staid her for your sake,  
: with her Father rang'd along.  
not then intreat to haue her stay,  
pleasure, and your owne remorse,  
ing that time to value her,  
know her: if she be a Traitor,  
I: we still haue slept together,  
nstant, learn'd, plaid, eate together,  
oere we went, like *Iunos* Swans,  
at coupled and inseperable.

e is too subtle for thee, and her smoothnes;  
lence, and per patience,  
he people, and they pittie her:  
foole, she robs thee of thy name,  
ilt show more bright, & seem more vertuous  
gone: then open not thy lips  
irreuocable is my doome,  
ue past vpon her, she is banish'd.  
rounce that sentence then on me my Leige,  
e out of her companie.

Duk. You are a foole: you Neice prouide your selfe,  
If you out-stay the time, vpon mine honor,  
And in the greatnesse of my word you die.

*Exit Duke, &c.*

Cel. O my poore *Rosaline*, whether wilt thou goe?  
Wilt thou change Fathers? I will giue thee mine:  
I charge thee be not thou more griu'd then I am.

Ref. I haue more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not Cofen,  
Prethee be cheerefull; know'st thou not the Duke  
Hath banish'd me his daughter?

Ref. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? *Rosaline* lacks then the loue  
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one,  
Shall we be fundred? shall we part sweete girle?  
No, let my Father seeke another heire:  
Therefore deuise with me how we may flee  
Whether to goe, and what to beare with vs,  
And doe not seeke to take your change vpon you,  
To beare your griefes your selfe, and leaue me out:  
For by this heauen, now at our sorrowes pale;  
Say what thou canst, Ile goe along with thee.

Ref. Why, whether shall we goe?

Cel. To seeke my Vncle in the Forrest of *Arden*.

Ref. Alas, what danger will it be to vs,  
(Maides as we are) to trauell forth so farre?  
Beautie prouoketh theeues sooner then gold.

Cel. Ile put my selfe in poore and meane attire,  
And with a kinde of ymber smirch my face,  
The like doe you, so shall we passe along,  
And neuer stir assailants.

Ref. Were it not better,  
Because that I am more then common tall,  
That I did suite me all points like a man,  
A gallant curtelax vpon my thigh,  
A bore-speare in my hand, and in my heart  
Lye there what hidden womans feare there will,  
Weele haue a swashing and a marshall outside,  
As manie other mannish cowards haue,  
That doe outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ref. Ile haue no worse a name then *Iones* owne Page,  
And therefore looke you call me *Ganimed*.  
But what will you by call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:  
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Ref. But Cofen, what if we assaid to steale  
The clownish Foole out of your Fathers Court:  
Would he not be a comfort to our trauaile?

Cel. Heele goe along ore the wide world with me,  
Leaue me alone to woe him; Let's away  
And get our Iewels and our wealth together,  
Deuise the fittest time, and safest way  
To hide vs from pursuite that will be made  
After my flight: now goe in we content  
To libertie, and not to banishment.

*Exeunt.*

## Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter Duke Senior: Amiens, and two or thres Lords  
like Forresters.*

Duk. Sen. Now my Coe-mates, and brothers in exile:  
Hath not old custome made this life more sweete

Then



Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods  
More free from perill then the envious Court?  
Heere feele we not the penaltie of *Adam*,  
The seasons difference, as the Icie phange  
And churlish chiding of the winters winde,  
Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body  
Euen till I shrinke with cold, I smile, and say  
This is no flattery: these are counsellors  
That feelingly perswade me what I am:  
Sweet are the *vices* of aduersitie  
Which like the toad, ougly and venomous,  
Wearas yet a precious Iewell in his head:  
And this our life exempt from publike haunt,  
Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,  
Sermons in stones, and good in euery thing.

*Amien.* I would not change it, happy is your Grace  
That can translate the stubbornesse of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a stile.

*Du. Sen.* Come, shall we goe and kill vs venison?  
And yet it irkes me the poore dapted footes  
Being native Burgers of this desert City,  
Should in their owne confines with forked heads  
Haue their round hanches goerd.

*1. Lord.* Indeed my Lord  
The melancholy *Jaques* grieues at that,  
And in that kinde sweares you doe more vsurpe  
Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you:  
To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my selfe,  
Did steale behinde him as he lay along  
Vnder an oake, whose anticke roote peepes out  
Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood,  
To the which place a poore sequestred Stag  
That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt,  
Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord  
The wretched animall heau'd forth such groanes  
That their discharge did stretch his leatherne coat  
Almost to bursting, and the big round teares  
Cours'd one another downe his innocent nose  
In pittieous chafe: and thus the haire foole,  
Much marked of the melancholle *Jaques*,  
Stood on th'extremest verge of the swift brooke,  
Augmenting it with teares.

*Du. Sen.* But what said *Jaques*?  
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

*1. Lord.* O yes, into a thousand similies.  
First, for his weeping into the needlesse streame;  
Poore Deere quoth he, thou mak'st a testament  
As worldlings doe, giuing thy sum of more  
To that which had too must: then being there alone,  
Left and abandoned of his velvet friend;  
'Tis right quoth he, thus miserie doth part  
The Fluxe of companie: anon a carelesse Heard  
Full of the pasture, iumps along by him  
And neuer staies to greet him: I quoth *Jaques*,  
Sweepe on you fat and greazie Citizens,  
'Tis iust the fashion; wherefore doe you looke  
Vpon that poore and broken bankrupt there?  
Thus most inuectiuelly he pierceth through  
The body of Countrey, Citie, Court,  
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we  
Are meere vsurpers, tyrants, and whats worse  
To fright the Animals, and to kill them vp  
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

*D. Sen.* And did you leaue him in this contemplation?

*2. Lord.* We did my Lord, weeping and commending  
Vpon the sobbing Deere.

*Du. Sen.* Show me the place,  
I loue to cope him in these fullen fits,  
For then he's full of matter.

*1. Lor.* Ile bring you to him strait.

*Exeunt.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Duke, with Lords.*

*Duk.* Can it be possible that no man saw them?  
It cannot be, some villaines of my Court  
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

*1. Lo.* I cannot heare of any that did see her,  
The Ladies her attendants of her chamber  
Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,  
They found the bed vntreasur'd of their Mistris.

*2. Lor.* My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom so oft,  
Your Grace was wont to laugh is also missing,  
*Hippria* the Princesse Gentlewoman  
Confesses that she secretly ore-heard  
Your daughter and her Cosen much commend  
The parts and graces of the Wraistler  
That did but lately foile the synowie *Charles*,  
And she beleues where euer they are gone  
That youth is surely in their companie.

*Duk.* Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,  
If he be absent, bring his Brother to me,  
Ile make him finde him: do this fodainly;  
And let not search and inquisition quail,  
To bring againe these foolish runawaies.

*Exeunt.*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Orlando and Adam.*

*Orl.* Who's there?

*Ad.* What my yong Master, oh my gentle master,  
Oh my sweet master, O you memorie  
Of old Sir Rowland; why, what make you here?  
Why are you vertuous? Why do people loue you?  
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?  
Why would you be so fond to overcome  
The bonnie prisoner of the humorous Duke?  
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.  
Know you not Master, to seeme kinde of men,  
Their graces serue them but as enemies,  
No more doe yours: your vertues gentle Master  
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you:  
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely  
Enuenoms him that beares it?  
Why, what's the matter?

*Ad.* O unhappie youth,  
Come not within these doores: within this rooffe  
The enemy of all your graces liues  
Your brother, no, no brother, yet the sonne  
(Yet not the son, I will not call him son)  
Of him I was about to call his Father,  
Hath heard your praises, and this night he meanes,  
To burne the lodging where you vse to lye,  
And you within it: if he faile of that

He

aue other meanes to cut you off;  
 rd him: and his praftices;  
 place, this houle is but a butcherie;  
 t, feare it, doe not enter it.  
 hy whether *Adam* would'ft thou haue me go?  
 o matter whether, fo you come not here.  
 hat, would'ft thou haue me goſſe beg my food,  
 baſe and boiſtrous Sword enforce  
 h liuing on the common rode?  
 iſt do, or know not what to do:  
 will not do, do how I can.  
 ill ſubiect me to the malice  
 rted blood, and bloudie brother.  
 it do not ſo: I haue five hundred Crownea,  
 tie hire I ſaued vnder your Father,  
 did ſtore to be my ſofter Nurſe,  
 uice ſhould in my old limbe lie lame,  
 garded age in corners throwne,  
 t, and he that doth the Rauens feede,  
 idently caters for the Sparrow,  
 rt to my age: here is the gold,  
 giue you, let me be your ſeruant,  
 looke old, yet I am ſtrong and luſtie;  
 youth I neuer did apply  
 rebellious liquors in my blood,  
 ot with vnbaſhfull forehead woe,  
 es of weakneſſe and debilitie,  
 : my age is as a luſtie winter,  
 it kindly; let me goe with you,  
 e ſeruiſe of a younger man  
 r buſineſſe and neceſſities.  
 h good old man, how well in thee appears  
 ant ſeruiſe of the antique world,  
 uice ſweate for dutie, not for meede:  
 not for the faſhion of theſe times,  
 one will ſweate, but for promotion,  
 ng that do choake their ſeruiſe vp,  
 h the hauing, it is not ſo with thee:  
 old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,  
 not ſo much as a bloſſome yeelde,  
 all thy paines and husbandrie,  
 thy waies, weeke goe along together,  
 we haue thy youthfull wages ſpent,  
 ht vpon ſome ſetled low content.  
 laſter goe on, and I will follow thee  
 ft gaspe with truth and loyaltie,  
 uentie yeeres, till now almoſt foureſcore  
 d I, but now liue here no more  
 teens yeeres, many their fortunes ſeeker  
 ureſcore, it is too late a weeke,  
 ne cannot recompence me better  
 die well, and not my Maſters debter. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Quarta.

*Rosaline for Ganimed, Celia for Aliena, and  
Clowne, alias Touchſtone.*

*Iupiter*, how merry are my ſpirits?  
 care not for my ſpirits, if my legges were not  
 could finde in my heart to diſgrace my mans  
 and to cry like a woman: but I muſt comfort

the weaker veſſell, as doublet and hoſe ought to ſhow it  
 ſelfe coragious to petty-coate; therefore courage, good  
*Aliena.*

*Cel.* I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no further.

*Clo.* For my part, I had rather beare with you, then beare you: yet I ſhould beare no croſſe if I did beare you, for I thinke you haue no money in your purſe.

*Ref.* Well, this is the Forreſt of *Arden*.

*Clo.* I, now am I in *Arden*, the more foole I, when I was at home I was in a better place, but Travellers muſt be content.

*Enter Corin and Siluius.*

*Ref.* I, be ſo good *Touchſtone*: Look you, who comes here, a yong man and an old in ſolemne talke.

*Cor.* That is the way to make her ſcorne you ſtill.

*Sil.* Oh *Corin*, that thou knew'ſt how I do loue her.

*Cor.* I partly gueſſe: for I haue lou'd ere now.

*Sil.* No *Corin*, being old, thou canſt not gueſſe,  
 Though in thy youth thou waſt as true a louer  
 As euer ſigh'd vpon a midnight pillow:  
 But if thy loue were euer like to mine,  
 As ſure I thinke did neuer man loue ſo:  
 How many actions moſt ridiculous,  
 Haſt thou beene drawne to by thy fantaſie?

*Cor.* Into a thouſand that I haue forgotten.

*Sil.* Oh thou diſt then neuer loue ſo hartily,  
 If thou remembreſt not the ſlighteſt folly,  
 That euer loue did make thee run into,  
 Thou haſt not lou'd.  
 Or if thou haſt not fat as I doe now,  
 Wearing thy hearer in thy Miſtris praiſe,  
 Thou haſt not lou'd.  
 Or if thou haſt not broke from companie,  
 Abruptly as my paſſion now makes me,  
 Thou haſt not lou'd.

*O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe.*

*Exit.*

*Ref.* Alas poore Shepheard ſearching of they would, I haue by hard aduenture found mine owne.

*Clo.* And I mine: I remember when I was in loue, I broke my ſword vpon a ſtone, and bid him take that for comming a night to *Lane Smile*, and I remember the kiſſing of her batler, and the Cowes duggs that her prettie chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of a peaſcod inſtead of her, from whom I tooke two cods, and giuing her them againe, ſaid with weeping teares, weare theſe for my ſake: wee that are true Louers, runne into ſtrange capers; but as all is mortall in nature, ſo is all nature in loue, mortall in folly.

*Ref.* Thou ſpeak'ſt wiſer then thou art ware of.

*Clo.* Nay, I ſhall nere be ware of mine owne wit, till I breake my ſhins againſt it.

*Ref.* *Loue, loue*, this Shepherds paſſion, is much vpon my faſhion.

*Clo.* And mine, but it growes ſomething ſtale with mee.

*Cel.* I pray you, one of you queſtion yon'd man,  
 If he for gold will giue vs any foode,  
 I faint almoſt to death.

*Clo.* Holla; you Clowne.

*Ref.* Peace foole, he's not thy kinfman.

*Cor.* Who calſ?

*Clo.* Your betters Sir.

*Cor.* Elſe are they very wretched.

*Ref.* Peace

*Ref.* Peace I say; good euen to your friend.

*Cor.* And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.

*Ref.* I prethee Shepheard, if that loue or gold  
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,  
Bring vs where we may rest our selues, and feed:  
Here's a yong maid with trauaile much oppressed,  
And faints for succour.

*Cor.* Faire Sir, I pittie her,  
And wish for her sake more then for mine owne,  
My fortunes were more able to relecue her:  
But I am shepheard to another man,  
And do not sheere the Fleeces that I graze:  
My master is of churlish disposition,  
And little wreaques to finde the way to heauen  
By doing deeds of hospitalitie.

Besides his Coate, his Flockes, and bounds of feede  
Are now on sale, and at our sheep-coat now  
By reason of his absence there is nothing  
That you will feed on: but what is, come see,  
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

*Ref.* What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture?

*Cor.* That yong Swaine that you saw heere but ere-  
while,

That little cares for buying any thing.

*Ref.* I pray thee, if it stand with honestie,  
Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke,  
And thou shalt haue to pay for it of vs.

*Col.* And we will mend thy wages:  
I like this place, and willingly could  
Waste my time in it.

*Cor.* Assuredly the thing is to be sold:  
Go with me, if you like vpon report,  
The soile, the profit, and this kinde of life,  
I will your very faithfull Feeder be,  
And buy it with your Gold right sodainly.

*Exeunt.*

### Scena Quinta.

*Enter, Amiens, Jaques, & others.*

*Song.*

*Vnder the greene wood tree,  
who loues to lye with mee,  
And turne his merrie Note,  
vnto the sweet Birds throate:  
Come hitber, come hitber, come hitber:  
Heere shall be see noemie,  
But Winter and rough Weather.*

*Iaq.* More, more, I pre'thee more.

*Amy.* It will make you melancholly Monsieur *Jaques*

*Iaq.* I thanke it: More, I prethee more,  
I can sucke melancholly out of a song,  
As a Weazel suckes egges: More, I pre'thee more.

*Amy.* My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please  
you.

*Iaq.* I do not desire you to please me,

I do desire you to sing:

Come, more, another stanza: Cal you'em stanza's?

*Amy.* What you wil Monsieur *Jaques*.

*Iaq.* Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee  
nothing. Wil you sing?

*Amy.* More at your request, then to please my selfe.

*Iaq.* Well then, if euer I thanke any man, Ile thanke

you: but that they cal complement is like th'encounter  
of two dog-Apes. And when a man thankes me hartly,  
me thinkes I haue giuen him a penie, and he renders me  
the beggerly thanks. Come sing; and you that wil not  
hold your tongues.

*Amy.* Wel, Ile end the song. Sirs, couer the while,  
the Duke wil drinke vnder this tree; he hath bin all this  
day to looke you.

*Iaq.* And I haue bin all this day to auoid him:

He is too dispiteable for my companie:

I thinke of as many matters as he, but I giue  
Heauen thanks, and make no boast of them.

Come, warble, come.

*Song. Altogether beere.*

*Who doth ambition shunne,  
and loues to liue i'th Sunne:*

*Seeking the food he eates,  
and pleas'd with what he gets:*

*Come hitber, come hitber, come hitber,  
Heere shall be see.*

*Iaq.* Ile giue you a verse to this note,  
That I made yesterday in despiht of my Inuention.

*Amy.* And Ile sing it.

*Amy.* Thus it goes.

*If it do come to passe, that any man turne Asse:*

*Leaving his wealib and ease,*

*A stubborne will to please,*

*Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:*

*Heere shall be see, grosse fooles as be,*

*And if he will come to me.*

*Amy.* What's that Ducdame?

*Iaq.* 'Tis a Greeke inuocation, to call foole into a cir-  
cle. Ile go sleepe if I can: if I cannot, Ile raile against all  
the first borne of Egypt.

*Amy.* And Ile go seeke the Duke,  
His banket is prepar'd.

*Exeunt*

### Scena Sexta.

*Enter Orlando, & Adam.*

*Adam.* Deere Master, I can go no further:

O I die for food. Heere lie I downe,  
And measure out my graue. Farwel kinde master.

*Orl.* Why how now *Adam*? No greater heart in thee:  
Liue a little, comfort a little, cheere thy selfe a little.

If this vncouth Forrest yeeld any thing sauage,

I wil either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee:

Thy conceite is neerer death, then thy powers.

For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while

At the armes end: I wil heere be with thee presently,

And if I bring thee not something to eate,

I wil giue thee leaue to die: but if thou diest

Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor.

Wel said, thou look'st cheerely,

And Ile be with thee quickly: yet thou liest

In the bleake aire. Come, I wil beare thee

To some shelter, and thou shalt not die

For lacke of a dinner,

If there liue any thing in this Desert.

Cheerely good *Adam*.

*Exeunt  
Scene*

*Scena Septima.*

*Enter Duke Sen. & Lord, like Out-lawes.*

*Sen.* I thinke he be transform'd into a beaft,  
can no where finde him, like a man.

*Lord.* My Lord, he is but euen now gone hence,  
was he merry, hearing of a Song.

*Sen.* If he compact of iarres, grow Muficall,  
all haue shortly difcord in the Sphaeres :  
like him, tell him I would fpeake with him.

*Enter Iaques.*

*Lord.* He faues my labor by his owne approach.

*Sen.* Why how now Monsieur, what a life is this  
your poore friends muft woe your companie,  
you looke merrily.

A Foole, a foole : I met a foole i'th Forrest,  
they Foole (a miserable world :)  
o liue by foode, I met a foole,  
laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,  
all'd on Lady Fortune in good termes,  
d set termes, and yet a motley foole.  
morrow foole (quoth I :) no Sir, quoth he,  
ie not foole, till heauen hath sent me fortune,  
hen he drew a diall from his poake,  
oking on it, with lacke-lustre eye,  
very wifely, it is ten a clocke :

we may fee (quoth he) how the world waggas :  
it an houre agoe, fince it was nine,  
fter one houre more, 'twill be eleuen,  
o from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,  
ben from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,  
hereby hangs a tale. When I did heare  
motley Foole, thus morall on the time,  
ings began to crow like Chanticleere,  
Foolles should be fo deepe contemplatiue :  
did laugh, fans intermiffion  
ure by his diall. Oh noble foole,  
thy foole : Motley's the onely weare.

*Sen.* What foole is this ?

O worthie Foole : One that hath bin a Courtier  
yes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,  
haue the gift to know it : and in his braiue,  
is as drie as the remainder bisket  
a voyage : He hath strange places cram'd  
obferuation, the which he vents  
ngled formes. O that I were a foole,  
mbitious for a motley coat.

*Sen.* Thou shalt haue one.

It is my onely fuite,  
ed that you weed your better iudgements  
opinion that growes ranke in them,  
am wife. I muft haue liberty  
ill, as large a Charter as the winde,  
ow on whom I please, for so foolles haue :  
hey that are moft gauled with my folly,  
moft muft laugh : And why fir muft they fo ?  
hy is plaine, as way to Parish Church :  
hat a Foole doth very wifely hit,  
very foolishly, although he smart  
senselesse of the bob. If not,  
Vise-mans folly is anathomiz'd  
ry the squandering glances of the foole.

Inuest me in my motley : Giue me leaue  
To fpeake my minde, and I will through and through  
Cleans the foule bodie of th'infecte'd world,  
If they will patiently receiue my medicine.

*Du. Sen.* Fie on thee. I can tell what thou wouldst do.

*Iaq.* What, for a Counter, would I do, but good ?

*Du. Sen.* Most mischeeuous foule sin, in chiding fin :  
For thou thy selfe hast bene a Libertine,  
As sensuall as the brutish sting it selfe,  
And all th'imbossed fores, and headed euils,  
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,  
Wouldst thou disgorge into the generall world.

*Iaq.* Why who cries out on pride,  
That can therein taxe any priuate party :  
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,  
Till that the wearie verie meanes do ebbe.  
What woman in the Citie do I name,  
When that I say the City woman beares  
The cost of Princes on vnworthy shoulders ?  
Who can come in, and say that I meane her,  
When such a one as thee, such is her neighbor ?  
Or what is he of basest function,  
That sayes his brauerie is not on my cost,  
Thinking that I meane him, but therein suites  
His folly to the mettle of my speech,  
There then, how then, what then, let me see wherein  
My tongue hath wrong'd him : if it do him right,  
Then he hath wrong'd himselfe : if he be free,  
why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies  
Vnclaim'd of any man. But who come here ?

*Enter Orlando.*

*Orl.* Forbeare, and eate no more.

*Iaq.* Why I haue eate none yet.

*Orl.* Nor shalt not, till necessity be seru'd.

*Iaq.* Of what kinde should this Cocke come of ?

*Du. Sen.* Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy distress ?  
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
That in ciuility thou seem'st so emptie ?

*Orl.* You touch'd my veine at first, the thorny point  
Of bare distress, hath tane from me the shew  
Of smooth ciuility : yet am I in-land bred,  
And know some nourture : But forbeare, I say,  
He dies that touches any of this fruite,  
Till I, and my affaires are answered.

*Iaq.* And you will not be answer'd with reason,  
I muft dye.

*Du. Sen.* What would you haue ?

Your gentleness shall force, more then your force  
Moue vs to gentleness.

*Orl.* I almost die for food, and let me haue it.

*Du. Sen.* Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table

*Orl.* Speake you so gently ? Pardon me I pray you,  
I thought that all things had bin sauage heere,  
And therefore put I on the countenance  
Of sterne command'ment. But what ere you are  
That in this desert inaccessible,  
Vnder the shade of melancholly boughes,  
Loose, and neglect the creeping hours of time :  
If euer you haue look'd on better dayes :  
If euer bcene where bells haue knoll'd to Church :  
If euer sate at any good mans feast :  
If euer from your eye-lids wip'd a teare,  
And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittied :  
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be,  
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my Sword.

R

Duke

*Du. Sen.* True is it, that we haue seene better dayes,  
And haue with holy bell bin knowid to Church,  
And sat at good mens feasts, and wip'd our eies  
Of drops, that sacred pity hath engendred :  
And therefore sit you downe in gentlenessse,  
And take vpon command, what helpe we haue  
That to your wanting may be ministred.

*Orl.* Then but forbear your food a little while :  
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,  
And giue it food. There is an old poore man,  
Who after me, hath many a weary steppe  
Limpt in pure loue : till he be first suffic'd,  
Opprest with two weake euils, age, and hunger,  
I will not touch a bit.

*Duke Sen.* Go finde him out.  
And we will nothing waste till you returne.

*Orl.* I thanke ye, and be blest for your good comfort.

*Du. Sen.* Thou see'st, we are not all alone vnhappye:  
This wide and vniuerfall Theater  
Presents more wofull Pageants then the Sceane  
Wherein we play in.

*Ia.* All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women, meere Players;  
They haue their *Exits* and their Entrances,  
And one man in his time playes many parts,  
His Acts being seuen ages. At first the Infant,  
Mewling, and puking in the Nurfs armes :  
Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell  
And thinning morning face, creeping like snail  
Vnwillingly to schoole. And then the Louer,  
Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad  
Made to his Mistresse eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,  
Ielous in honor, fadaine, and quicke in quarrell,  
Seeking the bubble Reputation  
Euen in the Canons mouth : And then, the Iustice  
In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,  
With eyes seuer, and beard of formall cut,  
Full of wise sawes, and moderne instances,  
And so he playes his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the leane and slipper'd Pantaloeon,  
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,  
His youthfull hofe well sau'd, a world too wide,  
For his shrunke shanke, and his bigge manly voice,  
Turning againe toward childish treble pipes,  
And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,  
That ends this strange euentfull historie,  
Is second childishnesse, and meere obliuion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans euery thing.

*Enter Orlando with Adam.*

*Du. Sen.* Welcome : set downe your venerable burthen, and let him feede.

*Orl.* I thanke you most for him.

*Ad.* So had you neede,  
I scarce can speake to thanke you for my selfe.

*Du. Sen.* Welcome, fall too : I wil not trouble you,  
As yet to question you about your fortunes :  
Giue vs some Musicke, and good Cozen, sing.

Song.

*Blow, blow, thou winter winde,  
Thou art not so unkinde, as mans ingratitude  
Thy toob is not so keene, because thou art not seene,  
although thy breath be rude.*

*Heigh bo, sing heigh bo, vnto the Greene bolly,  
Most frendship, is sayning; most Louing, meere folly:  
The heigh bo, the bolly,  
This Life is most iolly.*

*Freize, freize, thou bitter skie that dost not bight so nigh  
as benefitts forgot :  
Though thou the waters warpe, thy sting is not so sharpe,  
as freind remembered not.  
Heigh bo, sing, &c.*

*Duke Sen.* If that you were the good Sir Rowlands son,  
As you haue whisper'd faithfully you were,  
And as mine eye doth his effigies witnesse,  
Most truly limn'd, and liuing in your face,  
Be truly welcome hither : I am the Duke  
That lou'd your Father, the residue of your fortune,  
Go to my Caue, and tell mee. Good old man,  
Thou art right welcome, as thy masters is :  
Support him by the arme : giue me your hand,  
And let me all your fortunes vnderstand. *Exeunt*

## Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliuer.*

*Du.* Not see him since? Sir, fir, that cannot be :  
But were I not the better part made mercie,  
I should not seeke an absent argument  
Of my reuenge, thou present : but looke to it,  
Finde out thy brother wherefore he is,  
Seeke him with Candle : bring him dead, or liuing  
Within this tweluemonth, or turne thou no more  
To seeke a liuing in our Territorie.  
Thy Lands and all things that thou dost call thine,  
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,  
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brothers mouth,  
Of what we thinke against thee.

*Ol.* Oh that your Highnesse knew my heart in this:  
I neuer lou'd my brother in my life.

*Duke.* More villaine thou. Well push him out of dore  
And let my officers of such a nature  
Make an extent vpon his house and Lands:  
Do this expediently, and turne him going. *Exeunt*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Orlando.*

*Orl.* Hang there my verse, in witnesse of my loue,  
And thou thrice crowned Queene of night suruey  
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale spheare aboue  
Thy Huntresse name, that my full life doth sway.  
O *Rosalind*, these Trees shall be my Bookes,  
And in their barkes my thoughts Ile charracter,  
That euerie eye, which in this Forrest lookes,  
Shall see thy vertue witnesse euery where.  
Run, run *Orlando*, carue on euery Tree,  
The faire, the chaste, and vnexpressive thee. *Exit*

*Enter Corin & Clowne.*

*Co.* And how like you this shepherds life *Mr Touchstone?*  
*Cl.*

*Clo.* Truly Shepheard, in respect of it selfe, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepheards life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it verie well: but in respect that it is private, it is a very vild life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth mee well: but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life (looke you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no more plentie in it, it goes much against my stomacke. Has't any Philosophie in thee shepheard?

*Cor.* No more, but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is: and that hee that wants money, meanes, and content, is without three good friends. That the propertie of raine is to wet, and fire to burne: That good pasture makes fat sheepe: and that a great cause of the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That hee that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complaine of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

*Clo.* Such a one is a naturall Philosopher:  
Was't euer in Court, Shepheard?

*Cor.* No truly.

*Clo.* Then thou art damn'd.

*Cor.* Nay, I hope.

*Clo.* Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill roasted Egge, all on one side.

*Cor.* For not being at Court? your reason.

*Clo.* Why, if thou neuer was't at Court, thou neuer saw'st good manners: if thou neuer saw'st good maners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is sin, and sinne is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state shepheard.

*Cor.* Not a whit *Touchstone*, those that are good manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as the behaviour of the Countrey is most mockeable at the Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but you kisse your hands; that courtiesie would be vncleanlie if Courtiers were shepheards.

*Clo.* Instance, briefly: come, instance.

*Cor.* Why we are still handling our Ewes, and their Fels you know are greasie.

*Clo.* Why do not your Courtiers hands sweate? and is not the greafe of a Mutton, as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance I say: Come.

*Cor.* Besides, our hands are hard.

*Clo.* Your lips wil feele them the sooner. Shallow again: a more sounder instance, come.

*Cor.* And they are often tarr'd ouer, with the surgery of our sheepe: and would you haue vs kisse Tarre? The Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Ciuet.

*Clo.* Most shallow man: Thou wormes meate in respect of a good peece of flesh indeed: learne of the wise and perpend: Ciuet is of a baser birth then Tarre, the verie vncleanly fluxe of a Cat. Mend the instance Shepheard.

*Cor.* You haue too Courtly a wit, for me, Ile rest.

*Clo.* Wilt thou rest damn'd? God helpe thee shallow man: God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

*Cor.* Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earne that I eate: get that I weare; owe no man hate, entie no mans happinesse: glad of other mens good content with my harme: and the greatest of my pride, is to see my Ewes graze, & my Lambes sucke.

*Clo.* That is another simple sinne in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your liuing, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bawd to a Belweather, and to betray a shee-Lambe of a tweluemonth

to a crooked-pated olde Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all reasonable match. If thou bee'st not damn'd for this, the diuell himselfe will haue no shepherds, I cannot see else how thou should'st scape.

*Cor.* Heere comes yong Mr *Ganimed*, my new Mistresses Brother.

*Enter Rosalind.*

*Ros.* From the east to westerne Inde,

no iewel is like *Rosalinde*,

Hir worth being mounted on the winde,  
through all the world beares *Rosalinde*.

All the pictures fairest *Linde*,  
are but blacke to *Rosalinde*:

Let no face bee kept in mind,  
but the faier of *Rosalinde*.

*Clo.* Ile rime you so, eight yeares together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right Butter-womens ranke to Market.

*Ros.* Out Foole.

*Clo.* For a taste.

If a Hart doe lacke a Hinde,

Let him seeke out *Rosalinde*:

If the Cat will after kinde,

so be sure will *Rosalinde*:

Wintred garments must be linde,

so must slender *Rosalinde*:

They that reap must seeafe and binde,

then to cart with *Rosalinde*.

Sweetest nut, bath sowrest rinde,

such a nut is *Rosalinde*.

He that sweetest rose will finde,

must finde *Loues* prickte, & *Rosalinde*.

This is the verie false gallop of Verfes, why doe you infect your selfe with them?

*Ros.* Peace you dull foole, I found them on a tree.

*Clo.* Truly the tree yeelds bad fruit.

*Ros.* Ile graffe it with you, and then I shall graffe it with a Medler: then it will be the earliest fruit i'th country: for you'll be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that's the right vertue of the Medler.

*Clo.* You haue said: but whether wisely or no, let the Forrest iudge.

*Enter Celia with a writing.*

*Ros.* Peace, here comes my sister reading, stand aside.

*Cel.* Why should this *Desert* bee,

for it is vnpeopled? *Noe*:

Tonges Ile bang on euerie tree,

that shall ciuill sayings shew.

Some, bow brieft the Life of man

runs his erring pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a span,

buckles in his summe of age.

Some of violated vowes,

twixt the soules of friend, and friend:

But upon the fairest bowes,

or at euerie sentence end;

Will I *Rosalinda* write,

teaching all that reads, to know

The quintessence of euerie sprite,

beauen would in little shew.

Therefore beauen Nature charg'd,

that one bodie should be fill'd

With all Graces wide enlarg'd,

nature presently distill'd

R 2

*Helens*

*Helens cheekes, but not his heart,  
Cleopatra's Maieslie:  
Attalanta's better part,  
sad Lucrecia's Modestie.  
Thus Rosalinde of manie parts,  
by Heauenly Synode was deu'd,  
Of manie faces, eyes, and bearts,  
to haue the touches deereft pri'd.  
Heauen would that thee these gifts should haue,  
and I to liue and die her slaue.*

*Ref.* O most gentle Iupiter, what tedious homilie of Loue haue you wearied your parishioners withall, and neuer cri'de, haue patience good people.

*Cel.* How now backe friends: Shepheard, go off a little: go with him firrah.

*Cl.* Come Shepheard, let vs make an honorable retreat, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. *Exit.*

*Cel.* Didst thou heere these verses?

*Ref.* O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more feete then the Verses would beare.

*Cel.* That's no matter: the feet might beare y<sup>e</sup> verses.

*Ref.* I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

*Cel.* But didst thou heere without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and carued vpon these trees?

*Ref.* I was seuen of the nine daies out of the wonder, before you came: for looke heere what I found on a Palme tree; I was neuer so berimd since *Pythagoras* time that I was an Irish Rat, which I can hardly remember.

*Cel.* Tro you, who hath done this?

*Ref.* Is it a man?

*Cel.* And a chaine that you once wore about his neck: change you colour?

*Ref.* I pre'thee who?

*Cel.* O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meete; but Mountaines may bee remoou'd with Earthquakes, and so encounter.

*Ref.* Nay, but who is it?

*Cel.* Is it possible?

*Ref.* Nay, I pre'thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

*Cel.* O wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull wonderfull, and yet againe wonderful, and after that out of all hooping.

*Ref.* Good my complexion, dost thou think though I am caparison'd like a man, I haue a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more, is a South-sea of discouerie. I pre'thee tell me, who is it quickly, and speake apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I pre'thee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings.

*Cel.* So you may put a man in your belly.

*Ref.* Is he of Gods making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

*Cel.* Nay, he hath but a little beard.

*Ref.* Why God will send more, if the man will bee thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

*Cel.* It is yong *Orlando*, that tript vp the Wrestlers heeles, and your heart, both in an instant.

*Ref.* Nay, but the diuell take mocking: speake sadde brow, and true maid.

*Cel.* I'faith (Coz) tis he.

*Ref.* Orlando?

*Cel.* Orlando.

*Ref.* Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet & hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What sayde he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes hee heere? Did he aske for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him againe? Answer me in one vword.

*Cel.* You must borrow me Gargantuas mouth first: 'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages size, to say I and no, to these particulars, is more then to answer in a Catechisme.

*Ref.* But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and in mans apparrell? Looks he as freshly, as he did the day he Wrestled?

*Cel.* It is as easie to count Atomies as to resolute the propositions of a Louer: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good obseruance. I found him vnder a tree like a drop'd Acorne.

*Ref.* It may vvel be cal'd Loues tree, when it droppes forth fruite.

*Cel.* Giue me audience, good Madam.

*Ref.* Proceed.

*Cel.* There lay hee stretch'd along like a Wounded knight.

*Ref.* Though it be pittie to see such a sight, it vvel becomes the ground.

*Cel.* Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee: it curuettes vnseasonably. He was furnish'd like a Hunter.

*Ref.* O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.

*Cel.* I would sing my song without a burthen, thou bring'st me out of tune.

*Ref.* Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke, I must speake: sweet, say on.

*Enter Orlando & Iaques.*

*Cel.* You bring me out. Soft, comes he not heere?

*Ref.* 'Tis he, flinke by, and note him.

*Iaq.* I thanke you for your company, but good faith I had as lief haue beene my selfe alone.

*Orl.* And so had I: but yet for fashion sake

I thanke you too, for your societie.

*Iaq.* God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.

*Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers.

*Iaq.* I pray you marre no more trees vwith Writing Loue-songs in their barkes.

*Orl.* I pray you marre no moe of my verses with reading them ill-fauouredly.

*Iaq.* *Rosalinde* is your loues name? *Orl.* Yes, iust.

*Iaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orl.* There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

*Iaq.* What stature is she of?

*Orl.* Iust as high as my heart.

*Iaq.* You are ful of prety answers: haue you not bin acquainted with goldsmiths wiues, & cond thē out of rings

*Orl.* Not so: but I answer you right painted cloath, from whence you haue studied your questions.

*Iaq.* You haue a nimble wit; I thinke 'twas made of *Attalanta's* heeles. Will you fitte downe with me, and wee two, will raile against our Mistris the world, and all our miserie.

*Orl.* I wil chide no breather in the world but my selfe against

against whom I know most faults.

*Iag.* The worst fault you haue, is to be in loue.

*Orl.* 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your best vertue : I am wearie of you.

*Iag.* By my troth, I was seeking for a Foole, when I found you.

*Orl.* He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and you shall see him.

*Iag.* There I shal see mine owne figure.

*Orl.* Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.

*Iag.* He tarrie no longer with you, farewell good signior Loue.

*Orl.* I am glad of your departure : Adieu good Monsieur Melancholly.

*Rof.* I wil speake to him like a sawcie Lacky. and vnder that habit play the knaue with him, do you hear For-  
*Orl.* Verie wel, what would you ? (rester.

*Rof.* I pray you, what i't a clocke ?

*Orl.* You should aske me what time o'day : there's no clocke in the Forrest.

*Rof.* Then there is no true Louer in the Forrest, else fighting euerie minute. and groaning euerie houre wold detect the lazie foot of time, as wel as a clocke.

*Orl.* And why not the swift foote of time ? Had not that bin as proper ?

*Rof.* By no means sir ; Time trauels in diuers paces, with diuers persons : He tel you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withall, who Time gallops withall, and who he stands stil withall.

*Orl.* I prethee, who doth he trot withall ?

*Rof.* Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnizd : if the interim be but a fennight, Times pace is so hard, that it seemes the length of seuen yeare.

*Orl.* Who ambles Time withall ?

*Rof.* With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gowt : for the one sleepes easily because he cannot study, and the other liues merrily, because he feels no paine : the one lacking the burthen of leane and wasteful Learning; the other knowing no burthen of heauie tedious penurie. These Time ambles withall.

*Orl.* Who doth he gallop withall ?

*Rof.* With a theefe to the gallowes : for though hee go as softly as foot can fall, he thinkes himselfe too soon there.

*Orl.* Who staires it stil withall ?

*Rof.* With Lawiers in the vacation : for they sleepe betwene Terme and Terme, and then they perceiue not how time moues.

*Orl.* Where dwell you prettie youth ?

*Rof.* With this Shepheardeffe my sifter : heere in the skirts of the Forrest, like fringe vpon a petticoat.

*Orl.* Are you natieue of this place ?

*Rof.* As the Conie that you see dwell where shee is kindled.

*Orl.* Your accent is something finer, then you could purchase in so remoued a dwelling.

*Rof.* I haue bin told so of many : but indeed, an olde religious Vnckle of mine taught me to speake, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtship too well : for there he fel in loue. I haue heard him read many Lectors against it, and I thanke God, I am not a Woman to be touch'd with so many giddie offences as hee hath generally tax'd their whole sex withall.

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principall euils,

that he laid to the charge of women ?

*Rof.* There were none principal, they were all like one another, as halfe pence are, euerie one fault seeming monstrous, til his fellow-fault came to match it.

*Orl.* I prethee recount some of them.

*Rof.* No : I wil not cast away my phyfick, but on those that are sicke. There is a man haunts the Forrest, that abuses our yong plants with caruing *Rosalinde* on their barkes; hangs Oades vpon Hawthornes, and Elegies on brambles; all (forsooth) defying the name of *Rosalinde*. If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would giue him some good counsel, for he seemes to haue the Quotidian of Loue vpon him.

*Orl.* I am he that is so Loue-shak'd, I pray you tel me your remedie.

*Rof.* There is none of my Vnckles markes vpon you: he taught me how to know a man in loue : in which cage of rushes, I am sure you art not prisoner.

*Orl.* What were his markes ?

*Rof.* A leane cheek, which you haue not : a blew eie and sunken, which you haue not : an vnquestionable spirit, which you haue not : a beard neglected, which you haue not : (but I pardon you for that, for simply your hauing in beard, is a yonger brothers reuennue) then your hofe should be vngarter'd, your bonnet vnbande'd, your sleeue vnbutton'd, your shoo vnti'd, and euerie thing about you, demonstrating a carelesse desolation : but you are no such man; you are rather point deuice in your accoutrements, as louing your selfe, then seeming the Louer of any other. (I Loue.

*Orl.* Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleue

*Rof.* Me beleue it ? You may assoone make her that you Loue beleue it, which I warrant she is apter to do, then to confesse she do's : that is one of the points, in the which women stil giue the lie to their consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the Trees, wherein *Rosalind* is so admired ?

*Orl.* I sweare to thee youth, by the white hand of *Rosalind*, I am that he, that vnfortunate he.

*Ros.* But are you so much in loue, as your rimes speak ?

*Orl.* Neither rime nor reason can expresse how much.

*Rof.* Loue is meereley a madnesse, and I tel you, deserves as wel a darke house, and a whip, as madmen do : and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is that the Lunacie is so ordinarie, that the whippers are in loue too : yet I professe curing it by counsel.

*Orl.* Did you euer cure any so ?

*Rof.* Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Loue, his Mistris : and I set him euerie day to woe me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, greue, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of teares, full of smiles ; for euerie passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boyes and women are for the most part, cattle of this colour : would now like him, now loath him : then entertaine him, then forswear him : now weepe for him, then spit at him ; that I draue my Sutor from his mad humor of loue, to a liuing humor of madnes, w<sup>h</sup> was to forswear the ful stream of y<sup>e</sup> world, and to liue in a nooke meereley Monastick : and thus I cur'd him, and this way wil I take vpon mee to wash your Liuer as cleane as a found sheepes heart, that there shal not be one spot of Loue in't.

*Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

*Rof.* I would cure you, if you would but call me *Rosalind*, and come euerie day to my Coat, and woe me.

R 3

*Orl.*



*Orlan.* Now by the faith of my loue, I will ; Tel mee where it is.

*Rof.* Go with me to it, and Ile shew it you : and by the way, you shal tell me, where in the Forrest you liue : Wil you go ?

*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth.

*Rof.* Nay, you must call mee *Rosalind* : Come sister, will you go ? *Exeunt.*

### Scœna Tertia.

*Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Iaques :*

*Clo.* Come apace good *Audrey*, I wil fetch vp your Goates, *Audrey* : and how *Audrey* am I the man yet ? Doth my simple feature content you ?

*Aud.* Your features, Lord warrant vs : what features ?

*Clo.* I am heere with thee, and thy Goats, as the most capricious Poet honest *Ouid* was among the Gothes.

*Iaq.* O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then Ioue in a thatch'd house.

*Clo.* When a mans verses cannot be vnderstood, nor a mans good wit seconded with the forward childe, vnderstanding : it strikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little room : truly, I would the Gods hadde made thee poetically.

*Aud.* I do not know what Poetical is : is it honest in deed and word : is it a true thing ?

*Clo.* No trulie : for the truest poetrie is the most faining, and Louers are giuen to Poetrie : and what they sweare in Poetrie, may be said as Louers, they do feigne.

*Aud.* Do you with then that the Gods had made me Poetical ?

*Clo.* I do truly : for thou swear'st to me thou art honest : Now if thou wert a Poet, I might haue some hope thou didst feigne.

*Aud.* Would you not haue me honest ?

*Clo.* No truly, vnlesse thou wert hard fauour'd : for honestie coupled to beautie, is to haue Honie a sawce to Sugar.

*Iaq.* A materiall foole.

*Aud.* Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

*Clo.* Truly, and to cast away honestie vpon a foule slut, were to put good meate into an vncleane dish.

*Aud.* I am not a slut, though I thanke the Goddess I am foule.

*Clo.* Well, praised be the Gods, for thy foulness ; slut-tishness may come heereafter. But be it, as it may bee, I wil marrie thee : and to that end, I haue bin with Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, the Vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meete me in this place of the Forrest, and to couple vs.

*Iaq.* I would faine see this meeting.

*Aud.* Wel, the Gods giue vs ioy.

*Clo.* Amen. A man may if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt : for heere wee haue no Temple but the wood, no assembly but horne-beasts. But what though ? Courage. As hornes are odious, they are necessary. It is said, many a man knowes no end of his goods ; right : Many a man has good Hornes, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife, 'tis none of his owne getting ; hornes, euen so poore men alone :

No, no, the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Rascal : Is the single man therefore blessed ? No, as a wall'd Towne is more worthier then a village, so is the forehead of a married man, more honourable then the bare brow of a Batcheller : and by how much defence is better then no skill, by so much is a horne more precious then to want.

*Enter Sir Oliuer Mar-text.*

Heere comes Sir *Oliuer* : Sir *Oliuer Mar-text* you are wel met. Will you dispatch vs heere vnder this tree, or shal we go with you to your Chappell ?

*Ol.* Is there none heere to giue the woman ?

*Clo.* I wil not take her on guift of any man.

*Ol.* Truly she must be giuen, or the marriage is not lawfull.

*Iaq.* Proceed, proceed : Ile giue her.

*Clo.* Good euen good M<sup>r</sup> what ye cal't : how do you Sir, you are verie well met : goddild you for your last companie, I am verie glad to see you, euen a toy in hand heere Sir : Nay, pray be couer'd.

*Iaq.* Wil you be married, Motley ?

*Clo.* As the Oxe hath his bow sir, the horse his curb, and the Falcon her bels, so man hath his desires, and as Pigeons bill, so wedlocke would be nibbling.

*Iaq.* And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be married vnder a bush like a begger ? Get you to church, and haue a good Priest that can tel you what marriage is, this fellow wil but ioyne you together, as they ioyne Waincot, then one of you wil proue a shrunke pannell, and like greene timber, warpe, warpe.

*Clo.* I am not in the minde, but I were better to be married of him then of another, for he is not like to marrie me wel : and not being wel married, it wil be a good excuse for me heereafter, to leaue my wife.

*Iaq.* Goe thou with mee,

And let me counsell thee.

*Ol.* Come sweete *Audrey*,

We must be married, or we must liue in baudrey :

Farewel good M<sup>r</sup> *Oliuer* : Not O sweet *Oliuer*, O braue *Oliuer* leaue me not behind thee : But winde away, bee gone I say, I wil not to wedding with thee.

*Ol.* 'Tis no matter ; Ne're a fantastical knaue of them all shal flout me out of my calling. *Exeunt*

### Scœna Quarta.

*Enter Rosalind & Celia.*

*Rof.* Neuer talke to me, I wil weepe.

*Cel.* Do I prethee, but yet haue the grace to consider, that teares do not become a man.

*Rof.* But haue I not cause to weepe ?

*Cel.* As good cause as one would desire, Therefore weepe.

*Rof.* His very haire is of the dissembling colour.

*Cel.* Something browner then Iudasses : Marrie his kisses are Iudasses owne children.

*Rof.* I'faith his haire is of a good colour.

*Cel.* An excellent colour :

Your Cheffenuit was euer the onely colour :

*Rof.* And his kissing is as ful of sanctitie, As the touch of holy bread.

*Cel.*

hee hath bought a paire of cast lips of *Diana* : a winters sisterhood kisses not more religiouslie, yce of chastity is in them.

But why did hee sweare hee would come this, and comes not ?

Is certainly there is no truth in him.

Do you thinke so ?

Yes, I thinke he is not a picke purse, nor a horse-but for his verity in loue, I doe thinke him as as a couered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut.

Not true in loue ?

Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.

You haue heard him sweare downright he was.

Was, is not is : besides, the oath of Louer is no then the word of a Tapster, they are both the : of false reckonings, he attends here in the for-he Duke your father.

I met the Duke yesterday, and had much que-h him : he askt me of what parentage I was ; I of as good as he, so he laugh'd and let mee goe. It talke wee of Fathers, when there is such a man do ?

O that's a braue man, hee writes braue verses, braue words, sweares braue oathes, and breakes auely, quite trauers athwart the heart of his lo-puifny Tilter, y spurs his horse but on one side, his staffe like a noble goofe ; but all's braue that ounts, and folly guides : who comes heere ?

*Enter Corin.*

Mistresse and Master, you haue oft enquired e Shepheard that complain'd of loue, u saw sitting by me on the Turph, the proud disdainfull Shepherdesse is his Mistresse.

Well : and what of him ?

If you will see a pageant truly plaid is the pale complexion of true Loue, : red glowe of scorne and prouwd disdain, ce a little, and I shall conduct you ill marke it.

O come, let vs remove, at of Louers feedeth those in loue : : to this fight, and you shall say e a busie actor in their play.

*Exeunt.*

## *Scena Quinta.*

*Enter Siluius and Phebe.*

Sweet *Phebe* doe not scorne me, do not *Phebe* : you loue me not, but say not so rnesse ; the common executioner heart th'accustom'd sight of death makes hard t the axe vpon the humbled neck, : begs pardon : will you sterner be e that dies and liues by bloody drops ?

*Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.*

I would not be thy executioner, ee, for I would not iniure thee : illst me there is murder in mine eye, try sure, and very probable,

That eyes that are the frailest, and softest things, Who shut their coward gates on atomies, Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers. Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart, And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee : Now counterfeit to swound, why now fall downe, Or if thou canst not, oh for shame, for shame, Lye not, to say mine eyes are murderers : Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee, Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains Some scarre of it : Leane vpon a russh The Cicatrice and capable impresseure Thy palme some moment keeps : but now mine eyes Which I haue darted at thee, hurt thee not, Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes That can doe hurt.

*Sil. O deere Phebe,*

If euer (as that euer may be neere)

You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancie, Then shall you know the wounds inuisible That Loues keene arrows make.

*Phe. But till that time*

Come not thou neere me : and when that time comes, Afflict me with thy mockes, pittie me not, As till that time I shall not pittie thee.

*Ref. And why I pray you? who might be your mother That you insult, exult, and all at once*

*Over the wretched? what though you hau no beauty As by my faith, I see no more in you*

*Then without Candle may goe darke to bed :*

*Must you be therefore prouwd and pittlesse ?*

*Why what means this? why do you looke on me?*

*I see no more in you then in the ordinary*

*Of Natures sale-worke? 'ods my little life,*

*I thinke she meanes to tangle my eies too :*

*No faith prouwd Mistresse, hope not after it,*

*'Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke silke haire,*

*Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of creame*

*That can entame my spirits to your worship :*

*You foolish Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her*

*Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine,*

*You are a thousand times a properer man*

*Then she a woman. 'Tis such fooles as you*

*That makes the world full of ill-fauour'd children :*

*'Tis not her glasse, but you that flatters her,*

*And out of you she sees her selfe more proper*

*Then any of her lineaments can show her :*

*But Mistris, know your selfe, downe on your knees*

*And thanke heauen, fasting, for a good mans loue ;*

*For I must tell you friendly in your eare,*

*Sell when you can, you are not for all markets :*

*Cry the man mercy, loue him, take his offer,*

*Foule is most foule, being foule to be a scoffer.*

*So take her to thee Shepheard, fareyouwell.*

*Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere together,*

*I had rather here you chide, then this man woqe.*

*Ros. Hees false in loue with your foulnesse, & shee'll*

*Fall in loue with my anger. If it be so, as fast*

*As she answers thee with frowning lookes, ile sauce*

*Her with bitter words : why looke you so vpon me?*

*Phe. For no ill will I beare you.*

*Ref. I pray you do not fall in loue with mee,*

*For I am falsler then vowes made in wine :*

*Besides, I like you not : if you will know my house,*

*'Tis at the tuft of Oliues, here hard by :*

*Will you goe Sister? Shepheard ply her hard :*

*Come*

Come Sister : Shepherdesse, looke on him better  
And be not proud, though all the world could see,  
None could be so abus'd in fight as hee.

Come, to our flocke, Exit.

*Pbe.* Dead Shepheard, now I find thy saw of might,  
Who euer lov'd, that lou'd not at first sight?

*Sil.* Sweet *Phebe*.

*Pbe.* Hah: what faist thou *Siluius*?

*Sil.* Sweet *Phebe* pittie me.

*Pbe.* Why I am forry for thee gentle *Siluius*.

*Sil.* Where euer sorrow is, reliefe would be:

If you doe sorrow at my grieffe in loue,  
By giuing loue your sorrow, and my grieffe  
Were both extermin'd.

*Pbe.* Thou hast my loue, is not that neighbourly?

*Sil.* I would haue you.

*Pbe.* Why that were couetousnesse:

*Siluius*; the time was, that I hated thee;  
And yet it is not, that I beare thee loue,  
But since that thou canst talke of loue so well,  
Thy company, which erst was irkesome to me  
I will endure; and Ile employ thee too:  
But doe not looke for further recompence  
Then thine owne gladnesse, that thou art employd.

*Sil.* So holy, and so perfect is my loue,  
And I in such a pouerty of grace,  
That I shall thinke it a most plenteous crop  
To glean the broken eares after the man  
That the maine haruest reapes: loose now and then  
A scattred smile, and that Ile liue vpon. (while?)

*Pbe.* Knowst thou the youth that spoke to mee yere-

*Sil.* Not very well, but I haue met him oft,  
And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds  
That the old *Carlot* once was Master of.

*Pbe.* Thinke not I loue him, though I ask for him,  
'Tis but a peeuishe boy, yet he talkes well,  
But what care I for words? yet words do well  
When he that speaks them pleases those that heare:

It is a pretty youth, not very prettie,  
But sure hee's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;  
Hee'll make a proper man: the best thing in him  
Is his complexion: and faster then his tongue  
Did make offence, his eye did heale it vp:  
He is not very tall, yet for his yeeres hee's tall:  
His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well:

There was a pretty rednesse in his lip,  
A little riper, and more lustie red  
Then that mixt in his cheek: 'twas iust the difference  
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled Damaske.

There be some women *Siluius*, had they markt him  
In parcells as I did, would haue gone neere  
To fall in loue with him: but for my part  
I loue him not, nor hate him not: and yet  
Haue more cause to hate him then to loue him,  
For what had he to doe to chide at me?

He said mine eyes were black, and my haire blacke,  
And now I am rememberd, scorn'd at me:  
I maruell why I answer'd not againe,  
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance:  
Ile write to him a very tanting Letter,  
And thou shalt beare it, wilt thou *Siluius*?

*Sil.* *Phebe*, with all my heart.

*Pbe.* Ile write it strait:

The matter's in my head, and in my heart,  
I will be bitter with him, and passing short;  
Goe with me *Siluius*.

*Exeunt.*

## Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Laques.*

*Iaq.* I prethee, pretty youth, let me better acquainted  
with thee.

*Rof.* They say you are a melancholly fellow.

*Iaq.* I am so: I doe loue it better then laughing.

*Rof.* Those that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellowes, and betray themselves to euery moderate censure, worse then drunkards.

*Iaq.* Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

*Rof.* Why then 'tis good to be a poete.

*Iaq.* I haue neither the Schollers melancholy, which is emulation: nor the Musicians, which is fantastical; nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Souldiers, which is ambitious: nor the Lawiers, which is politick: nor the Ladies, which is nice: nor the Louers, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, compounded of many simples, extractd from many objects, and indeed the fundrie contemplation of my trauels, in which by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadnesse.

*Rof.* A Traueller: by my faith you haue great reason to be sad: I feare you haue sold your owne Lands, to see other mens; then to haue scene much, and to haue nothing, is to haue rich eyes and poore hands.

*Iaq.* Yes, I haue gain'd my experience.

*Enter Orlando.*

*Rof.* And your experience makes you sad: I had rather haue a foole to make me merrie, then experience to make me sad, and to trauaile for it too.

*Orl.* Good day, and happinesse, deere *Rosalind*.

*Iaq.* Nay then God buy you, and you talke in blanke verse.

*Rof.* Farewell Mounfieur Traueller: looke you lipe, and weare strange suites; disable all the benefits of your owne Countrie: be out of loue with your natuities, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce thinke you haue swam in a Gundello. Why how now *Orlando*, where haue you bin all this while? you a lover? and you serue me such another trick, neuer come in my sight more.

*Orl.* My faire *Rosalind*, I come within an houre of my promise.

*Rof.* Breake an houres promise in loue? hee that will diuide a minute into a thousand parts, and breake but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of loue, it may be said of him that *Cupid* hath clapt him oth' shoulder, but Ile warrant him heart hole.

*Orl.* Pardon me deere *Rosalind*.

*Rof.* Nay, and you be so tardie, come no more in my sight, I had as lief be woo'd of a Snail.

*Orl.* Of a Snail?

*Rof.* I, of a Snail: for though he comes slowly, hee carries his house on his head; a better ioynture I thinke then you make a woman: besides, he brings his destinie with him.

*Orl.* What's that?

*Rof.* Why hornes: w<sup>ch</sup> such as you are faine to be beholding to your wiuers for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and preuents the slander of his wife.

*Orl.* Vertue

*Orl.* Vertue is no horne-maker : and my *Rosalind* is vertuous.

*Ref.* And I am your *Rosalind*.

*Cel.* It pleases him to call you so : but he hath a *Rosalind* of a better leere then you.

*Ref.* Come, wooe me, wooe mee : for now I am in a holy-day humor, and like enough to consent : What would you say to me now, and I were your verie, verie *Rosalind* ?

*Orl.* I would kisse before I spoke.

*Ref.* Nay, you were better speake first, and when you were grauel'd, for lacke of matter, you might take occasion to kisse: verie good Orators when they are out, they will spit, and for louers, lacking (God warne vs) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kisse.

*Orl.* How if the kisse be denide ?

*Ref.* Then she puts you to entreatie, and there begins new matter.

*Orl.* Who could be out, being before his beloued Mistris ?

*Ref.* Marrie that should you if I were your Mistris, or I should thinke my honestie ranker then my wit.

*Orl.* What, of my suite ?

*Ref.* Not out of your apparrell, and yet out of your suite :

Am not I your *Rosalind* ?

*Orl.* I take some ioy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

*Ref.* Well, in her person, I say I will not haue you.

*Orl.* Then in mine owne person, I die.

*Ref.* No faith, die by Attorney : the poore world is almost fix thousand yeeres old, and in all this time there was not anie man died in his owne person (*videlicet*) in a loue cause : *Trilous* had his braines dash'd out with a Grecian club, yet he did what hee could to die before, and he is one of the patternes of loue. *Leander*, he would haue liu'd manie a faire yeere though *Hero* had turn'd Nun ; if it had not bin for a hot Midfomer-night, for (good youth) he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the crampe, was droun'd, and the foolish Chronoclers of that age, found it was *Hero* of Cestos. But these are all lies, men haue died from time to time, and wormes haue eaten them, but not for loue.

*Orl.* I would not haue my right *Rosalind* of this mind, for I protest her frowne might kill me.

*Ref.* By this hand, it will not kill a flie : but come, now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more comming-on disposition : and aske me what you will, I will grant it.

*Orl.* Then loue me *Rosalind*.

*Ref.* Yes faith will I, fridaies and saterdaies, and all.

*Orl.* And wilt thou haue me ?

*Ref.* I, and twentie such.

*Orl.* What faiest thou ?

*Ref.* Are you not good ?

*Orl.* I hope so.

*Rosalind.* Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing : Come sifter, you shall be the Priest, and marrie vs : giue me your hand *Orlando* : What doe you say sifter ?

*Orl.* Pray thee marrie vs.

*Cel.* I cannot say the words.

*Ref.* You must begin, will you *Orlando*.

*Cel.* Goe too : will you *Orlando*, haue to wife this *Rosalind* ?

*Orl.* I will.

*Ref.* I, but when ?

*Orl.* Why now, as fast as she can marrie vs.

*Ref.* Then you must say, I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

*Orl.* I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

*Ref.* I might aske you for your Commission, But I doe take thee *Orlando* for my husband : there's a girle goes before the Priest, and certainly a Womans thought runs before her actions.

*Orl.* So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

*Ref.* Now tell me how long you would haue her, after you haue possesst her ?

*Orl.* For euer, and a day.

*Ref.* Say a day, without the euer: no, no *Orlando*, men are Aprill when they woe, December when they wed: Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky changes when they are wiuers : I will bee more iealous of thee, then a Barbary cocke-pidgeon ouer his hen, more clamorous then a Parrat against raine, more new-fangled then an ape, more giddy in my desires, then a monkey : I will weepe for nothing, like *Diana* in the Fountaine, & I wil do that when you are dispos'd to be merry: I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleepe.

*Orl.* But will my *Rosalind* doe so ?

*Ref.* By my life, she will doe as I doe.

*Orl.* O but she is wife.

*Ref.* Or else shee could not haue the wit to doe this : the wifer, the waywarder : make the doores vpon a womans wit, and it will out at the casement : shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole : stop that, 'twill flie with the smoake out at the chimney.

*Orl.* A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, wit whether wil't ?

*Ref.* Nay, you might keepe that checke for it, till you met your wiuers wit going to your neighbours bed.

*Orl.* And what wit could wit haue, to excuse that ?

*Rosa.* Marry to say, she came to seeke you there : you shall neuer take her without her answer, vnlesse you take her without her tongue : o that woman that cannot make her fault her husbands occasion, let her neuer nurse her childe her selfe, for she will breed it like a foole.

*Orl.* For these two houres *Rosalinde*, I wil leaue thee.

*Ref.* Alas, deere loue, I cannot lacke thee two houres.

*Orl.* I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clock I will be with thee againe.

*Ref.* I, goe your waies, goe your waies : I knew what you would proue, my friends told mee as much, and I thought no lesse : that flattering tongue of yours wonne me : 'tis but one cast away, and so come death : two o' clocke is your howre.

*Orl.* I, sweet *Rosalind*.

*Ref.* By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend mee, and by all pretty oathes that are not dangerous, if you breake one iot of your promise, or come one minute behinde your howre, I will thinke you the most pathetically breake-promise, and the most hollow louter, and the most vnworthy of her you call *Rosalinde*, that may bee chosen out of the grosse band of the vnfaithfull : therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

*Orl.* With no lesse religion, then if thou wert indeed my *Rosalind* : so adieu.

*Ref.* Well, Time is the olde Iustice that examines all such offenders, and let time try : adieu. *Exit.*

*Cel.* You haue simply misus'd our sexe in your loue-prate :

prate : we must haue your doublet and hose pluckt ouer your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her owne neaft.

*Rof.* O coz,coz,coz : my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathome deepe I am in loue : but it cannot bee founded : my affection hath an vnknowne bottome,like the Bay of Portugall.

*Cel.* Or rather bottomlesse, that as fast as you poure affection in,in runs out.

*Rof.* No,that same wicked Bastard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiu'd of spleene, and borne of madnesse, that blinde rascally boy, that abuses euery ones eyes,because his owne are out, let him bee iudge, how deepe I am in loue : ile tell thee *Aliena*,I cannot be out of the sight of *Orlando* : Ile goe finde a shadow, and sigh till he come.

*Cel.* And Ile sleepe.

*Exeunt.*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Iaques and Lords, Forrefters.*

*Iaq.* Which is he that killed the Deare?

*Lord.* Sir, it was I.

*Iaq.* Let's present him to the Duke like a Romane Conquerour, and it would doe well to set the Deares horns vpon his head, for a branch of victory; haue you no fong Forrefter for this purpose?

*Lord.* Yes Sir.

*Iaq.* Sing it : 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it make noyfe enough.

*Musicke, Song.*

*What shall be haue that kild the Deare?*

*His Leather skin, and bornes to weare :*

*Then sing him borne, the rest shall beare this burthen ;*

*Take thou no scorne to weare the borne,*

*It was a creffe ere thou wast borne,*

*Thy fathers father swore it,*

*And thy father bore it,*

*The borne, the borne, the lusty borne,*

*Is not a thing to laugh to scorne.*

*Exeunt.*

## *Scæna Tertia.*

*Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

*Rof.* How say you now, is it not past two a clock? And heere much *Orlando*.

*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain,  
*Enter Siluius.*

He hath tane his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth To sleepe : looke who comes heere.

*Sil.* My errand is to you, faire youth,  
My gentle *Pbebe*, did bid me giue you this :  
I know not the contents, but as I guesse  
By the sterne brow, and waspish action  
Which she did vfe, as she was writing of it,  
It beares an angry tenure; pardon me,  
I am but as a guiltlesse messenger.

*Rof.* Patience her selfe would startle at this letter,

And play the swaggerer, beare this, beare all :  
Shee saies I am not faire, that I lacke manners,  
She calls me proud, and that she could not loue me  
Were man as rare as Phenix : 'od's my will,  
Her loue is not the Hare that I doe hunt,  
Why writes she so to me? well Shepheard, well,  
This is a Letter of your owne deuice.

*Sil.* No, I protest, I know not the contents,  
*Pbebe* did write it.

*Rof.* Come, come, you are a foole,  
And turn'd into the extremity of loue.  
I saw her hand, she has a leatherne hand,  
A freestone coloured hand : I verily did thinke  
That her old gloves were on, but twas her hands:  
She has a hufwiues hand, but that's no matter :  
I say she neuer did inuent this letter,  
This is a mans inuention, and his hand.

*Sil.* Sure it is hers.

*Rof.* Why, tis a boyfferous and a cruell stile,  
A stile for challengers : why, she defies me,  
Like Turke to Christian : vvomens gentle braine  
Could not drop forth such giant rude inuention,  
Such Ethiop vvords, blacker in their effect  
Then in their countenance : vvill you heare the letter?

*Sil.* So please you, for I neuer heard it yet :  
Yet heard too much of *Pbebes* crueltye.

*Rof.* She *Pbebes* me : marke how the tyrant vvrites.

*Read.* *Art thou god, to Shepberd turn'd?*

*That a maidens heart hath burn'd.*

Can a vvoman raile thus?

*Sil.* Call you this railing?

*Rof.* *Read. Why, thy godhead laid a part,*  
*War'st thou with a womans heart?*

Did you euer heare such railing?

*Whiles the eye of man did wooe me,*

*That could do no vengeance to me.*

Meaning me a beast.

*If the scorne of your bright eye*

*Haue power to raise such loue in mine,*

*Alacke, in me, what strange effect*

*Would they worke in milde aspect?*

*Whiles you chide me, I did loue,*

*How then might your prayers moue?*

*He that brings this loue to thee,*

*Little knowes this Loue in me :*

*And by him scale vp thy minde,*

*Whether that thy youth and kinde*

*Will the faithfull offer take*

*Of me, and all that I can make,*

*Or else by him my loue denie,*

*And then Ile studie how to die.*

*Sil.* Call you this chiding?

*Cel.* Alas poore Shepheard.

*Rof.* Doe you pittie him? No, he deserues no pi  
wilt thou loue such a woman? what to make thee an  
strumment, and play false straines vpon thee? not to be  
dur'd. Well, goe your way to her; (for I see Loue h  
made thee a tame snake) and say this to her; That if  
loue me, I charge her to loue thee : if she will not, I  
neuer haue her, vnlesse thou intreat for her : if you b  
true louer hence, and not a word; for here comes n  
company. *Exi*

*Enter Oliuer.*

*kr*

*Oliu.* Good morrow, faire ones : pray you, (if  
Where in the Purlues of this Forreft, stands

coat, fenc'd about with Oliue-trees.  
 West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom  
 nke of Oziers, by the murmuring streame  
 your right hand, brings you to the place:  
 this howre, the house doth keepe it selfe,  
 none within.  
 If that an eye may profit by a tongue,  
 should I know you by description,  
 iments, and such yeeres: the boy is faire,  
 all fauour, and bestowes himselfe  
 ripe sister: the woman low  
 owner then her brother: are not you  
 mer of the house I did enquire for?  
 It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.  
*Orlando* doth commend him to you both,  
 that youth hee calls his *Rosalind*,  
 ds this bloody napkin; are you he?  
 I am: what must we vnderstand by this?  
 Some of my shame, if you will know of me  
 nan I am, and how, and why, and where  
 indkercher was stain'd.  
 I pray you tell it.  
 When last the yong *Orlando* parted from you,  
 a promise to returne againe  
 an houre, and pacing through the Forrest,  
 ig the food of sweet and bitter fancie,  
 hat befell: he threw his eye aside,  
 arke vvhath object did present it selfe  
 an old Oake, whose bows were mos'd with age  
 gh top, bald with drie antiquitie:  
 ched ragged man, ore-growne with haire  
 ping on his back; about his necke  
 re and guilded snake had wreath'd it selfe,  
 ith her head, nimble in threats approach'd  
 ening of his mouth: but sodainly  
*Orlando*, it vnlink'd it selfe,  
 ith indented glides, did slip away  
 ush, vnder which bushes shade  
 nesse, with vdders all drawne drie,  
 vching head on ground, with catlike watch  
 that the sleeping man should stirre; for 'tis  
 yall disposition of that beast  
 on nothing, that doth seeme as dead:  
 ene, *Orlando* did approach the man,  
 und it was his brother, his elder brother.  
 O I haue heard him speake of that same brother,  
 : did render him the most vnnaturall  
 u'd amongst men.  
 And well he might so doe,  
 ll I know he was vnnaturall.  
 But to *Orlando*: did he leaue him there  
 the suck'd and hungry *Lyonnesse*?  
 Twice did he turne his backe, and purpos'd fo:  
 idnesse, nobler euer then reuenge,  
 ature stronger then his iust occasion,  
 im giue battell to the *Lyonnesse*:  
 uickly fell before him, in which hurtling  
 niferable slumber I awaked.  
 Are you his brother?  
 Was't you he rescu'd?  
 Was't you that did so oft contriue to kill him?  
 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I doe not shame  
 you what I was, since my conuerfion  
 etly tastes, being the thing I am.  
 But for the bloody napkin?  
 By and by:

When from the first to last betwixt vs two,  
 Teares our recountments had most kindly bath'd,  
 As how I came into that Defert place.  
 I briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,  
 Who gaue me fresh aray, and entertainment,  
 Committing me vnto my brothers loue,  
 Who led me instantly vnto his Caue,  
 There stript himselfe, and heere vpon his arme  
 The *Lyonnesse* had torne some flesh away,  
 Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,  
 And cride in fainting vpon *Rosalinde*.  
 Briefe, I recouer'd him, bound vp his wound,  
 And after some small space, being strong at heart,  
 He sent me hither, stranger as I am  
 To tell this story, that you might excuse  
 His broken promise, and to giue this napkin  
 Died in this blood, vnto the Shepherd youth,  
 That he in sport doth call his *Rosalind*.

*Cel.* Why how now *Ganimed*, sweet *Ganimed*.

*Oli.* Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

*Cel.* There is more in it; Cosen *Ganimed*.

*Oli.* Looke, he recouers.

*Rof.* I would I were at home.

*Cel.* Wee'll lead you thither:

I pray you will you take him by the arme.

*Oli.* Be of good cheere youth: you a man?

You lacke a mans heart.

*Rof.* I doe so, I confesse it:

Ah, firra, a body would thinke this was well counterfeited, I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited: heigh-ho.

*Oli.* This was not counterfeit, there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

*Rof.* Counterfeit, I assure you.

*Oli.* Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

*Rof.* So I doe: but yfaith, I should haue beene a woman by right.

*Cel.* Come, you looke paler and paler: pray you draw homewards: good sir, goe with vs.

*Oli.* That will I: for I must beare answere backe  
How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind*.

*Rof.* I shall deuise something: but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?

*Exeunt.*

## *Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Clowne and Awdrie.*

*Clow.* We shall finde a time *Awdrie*, patience gentle *Awdrie*.

*Awd.* Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the olde gentlemen saying.

*Clow.* A most wicked Sir *Oliuer*, *Awdrie*, a most vile *Mar-text*. But *Awdrie*, there is a youth heere in the Forrest layes claime to you.

*Awd.* I, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in mee in the world: here comes the man you meane.

*Enter William.*

*Clow.* It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne, by my

my troth, we that haue good wits, haue much to answer for : we shall be flouting : we cannot hold.

*Will.* Good eu'n *Audrey*.

*Aud.* God ye good eu'n *William*.

*Will.* And good eu'n to you Sir.

*Clo.* Good eu'n gentle friend. Couer thy head, couer thy head : Nay prethee bee couer'd. How olde are you Friend?

*Will.* Fiue and twentie Sir.

*Clo.* A ripe age : Is thy name *William*?

*Will.* *William*, sir.

*Clo.* A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forrest heere?

*Will.* I sir, I thanke God.

*Clo.* Thanke God : A good answer :

Art rich?

*Will.* 'Faith sir, so, so.

*Clo.* So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good : and yet it is not, it is but so, so :

Art thou wife?

*Will.* I sir, I haue a prettie wit.

*Clo.* Why, thou saist well. I do now remember a saying : The Foole doth thinke he is wise, but the wiseman knowes himselfe to be a Foole. The Heathen Philosopher, when he had a desire to eate a Grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open. You do loue this maid?

*Will.* I do sit.

*Clo.* Giue me your hand : Art thou Learned?

*Will.* No sir.

*Clo.* Then learne this of me, To haue, is to haue. For it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink being powr'd out of a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do consent, that *ipse* is hee : now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

*Will.* Which he sir?

*Clo.* He sir, that must marrie this woman : Therefore you Clowne, abandon : which is in the vulgar, leaue the societie : which in the boorish, is companie, of this female : which in the common, is woman : which together, is, abandon the society of this Female, or Clowne thou perishest : or to thy better vnderstanding, dyest ; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy libertie into bondage : I will deale in poyson with thee, or in bastinado, or in Steele : I will bandy with thee in faction, I will ore-run thee with police : I will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes, therefore tremble and depart.

*Aud.* Do good *William*.

*Will.* God rest you merry sir.

*Exit*

*Enter Corin.*

*Cor.* Our Master and Mistresse seekes you : come away, away.

*Clo.* Trip *Audry*, trip *Audry*, I attend, I attend.

*Exeunt*

## Scœna Secunda.

*Enter Orlando & Oliuer.*

*Orl.* Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should loue her?

And louing woo? and wooing, she should graunt? And will you perueuer to enioy her?

*Ol.* Neither call the giddinesse of it in question ; the pouertie of her, the small acquaintance, my sodaine wowing, nor sodaine consenting : but say with mee, I loue *Aliena* : say with her, that she loues mee ; consent with both, that we may enioy each other : it shall be to your good : for my fathers house, and all the reuennue, that was old Sir *Rowlands* will I estate vpon you, and heere liue and die a Shepherd.

*Enter Rosalind.*

*Orl.* You haue my consent.

Let your Wedding be to morrow : thither will I Inuite the Duke, and all's contented followers :

Go you, and prepare *Aliena* ; for looke you,

Heere comes my *Rosalinde*.

*Ros.* God saue you brother.

*Ol.* And you faire sister.

*Ros.* Oh my deere *Orlando*, how it greeues me to see thee weare thy heart in a scarfe.

*Orl.* It is my arme.

*Ros.* I thought thy heart had beene wounded with the clawes of a Lion.

*Orl.* Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.

*Ros.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to sound, when he shew'd me your handkercher?

*Orl.* I, and greater wonders then that.

*Ros.* O, I know where you are : nay, tis true : there was neuer any thing so sodaine, but the fight of two Rammes, and *Cæsars* Thrafonicall bragge of I came, saw, and ouercome. For your brother, and my sister, no sooner met, but they look'd : no sooner look'd, but they lou'd ; no sooner lou'd, but they sigh'd : no sooner sigh'd but they ask'd one another the reason : no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedie : and in these degrees, haue they made a paire of staires to marriage, which they will climbe incontinent, or else bee incontinent before marriage ; they are in the verie wrath of loue, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part them.

*Orl.* They shall be married to morrow : and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing it is, to looke into happines through another mans cie : by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart heauinesse. by how much I shal thinke my brother happie, in hauing what he wishes for.

*Ros.* Why then to morrow, I cannot serue your turne for *Rosalind*?

*Orl.* I can liue no longer by thinking.

*Ros.* I will wearie you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speake to some purpose) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit : I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion of my knowledge : insomuch (I say) I know you arcneither do I labor for a greater esteeme then may in some little measure draw a beleeve from you, to do your selfe good, and not to grace me. Beleeue then, if you please, that I can do strange things : I haue since I was three yeare olde conuerst with a Magitian, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue *Rosalinde* so neere the hart, as your gesture cries it out : when your brother marries *Aliena*, shall you marrie her. I know into what straights of Fortune she is driuen, and it is not impossible to me, if it appeare not inconuenient to you,

to

to set her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is, and without any danger.

*Orl.* Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

*Ref.* By my life I do, which I tender dearly, though I say I am a Magitian: Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends: for if you will be married to morrow, you shall: and to *Rosalind* if you will.

*Enter Siluius & Pbebe.*

*Looke*, here comes a Louer of mine, and a loue of hers.

*Pbe.* Youth, you haue done me much vngentlenesse, To shew the letter that I writ to you.

*Ref.* I care not if I haue: it is my studie.

To seeme despightfull and vngentle to you:

you are there followed by a faithful shepherd,

*Looke* vpon him, loue him: he worships you.

*Pbe.* Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to loue

*Sil.* It is to be all made of sighes and teares,

And so am I for *Pbebe*.

*Pbe.* And I for *Ganimed*.

*Orl.* And I for *Rosalind*.

*Ref.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of faith and seruice,

And so am I for *Pbebe*.

*Pbe.* And I for *Ganimed*.

*Orl.* And I for *Rosalind*.

*Ref.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of fantasie,

All made of passion, and all made of wishes,

All adoration, dutie, and obseruance,

All humblenesse, all patience, and impatience,

All puritie, all triall, all obseruance:

And so am I for *Pbebe*.

*Pbe.* And so am I for *Ganimed*.

*Orl.* And so am I for *Rosalind*.

*Ref.* And so am I for no woman.

*Pbe.* If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

*Sil.* If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

*Orl.* If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

*Ref.* Why do you speake too, Why blame you mee to loue you.

*Orl.* To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heare.

*Ref.* Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling of Irish Wolues against the Moone: I will helpe you if I can: I would loue you if I could: To morrow meet me altogether: I will marrie you, if euer I marrie Woman, and Ile be married to morrow: I will satisfie you, if euer I satisfie'd man, and you shall bee married to morrow. I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to morrow: As you loue *Rosalind* meet, as you loue *Pbebe* meet, and as I loue no woman, Ile meet: so fare you wel: I haue left you commands.

*Sil.* Ile not faile, if I liue.

*Pbe.* Nor I.

*Orl.* Nor I.

*Exeunt.*

### Scæna Tertia.

*Enter Clowne and Audrey.*

*Cl.* To morrow is the ioyfull day *Audrey*, to morrow will we be married.

*And.* I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of y world?

Heere come two of the banish'd Dukes Pages.

*Enter two Pages.*

1. *Pa.* Wel met honest Gentleman.

*Cl.* By my troth well met: come, sit, sit, and a song.

2. *Pa.* We are for you, sit i'th middle.

1. *Pa.* Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the onely prologues to a bad voice.

2. *Pa.* I faith, y'faith, and both in a tune like two gipsies on a horse.

*Song.*

*It was a Louer, and his lasse,*

*With a bey, and a bo, and a bey nonino,*

*That o're the greene corne field did passe,*

*In the spring time, the onely pretty rang time.*

*When Birds do sing, bey ding a ding, ding.*

*Sweet Louers loue the spring,*

*And therefore take the present time,*

*With a bey, & a bo, and a bey nonino,*

*For loue is crowned with the prime.*

*In spring time, &c.*

*Betweene the acres of the Rie,*

*With a bey, and a bo, & a bey nonino:*

*These prettie Country folks would lie.*

*In spring time, &c.*

*This Carroll they began that boure,*

*With a bey and a bo, & a bey nonino:*

*How that a life was but a Flower,*

*In spring time, &c.*

*Cl.* Truly yong Gentlemen, though there vvas no great matter in the dittie, yet y note was very vtunable

1. *Pa.* you are decei'd Sir, we kept time, we lost not our time.

*Cl.* By my troth yes: I count it but time lost to heare such a foolish song. God buy you, and God mend your voices. Come *Audrie*. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Quarta.

*Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Iaques, Orlando, Oliuer, Celio.*

*Du.Sen.* Dost thou beleue *Orlando*, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

*Orl.* I sometimes do beleuee, and sometimes do not, As those that feare they hope, and know they feare.

*Enter Rosalinde, Siluius, & Pbebe.*

*Ref.* Patience once more, whiles our cōpa&t is vrg'd:

You say, if I bring in your *Rosalinde*,

You will bestow her on *Orlando* heere?

*Du.Sc.* That would I, had I kingdoms to giue with hir.

*Ref.* And you say you will haue her, when I bring hir?

*Orl.* That would I, were I of all kingdoms King.

*Ref.* You say, you'll marrie me, if I be willing.

*Pbe.* That will I, should I die the houre after.

*Ref.* But if you do refuse to marrie me,

You'll giue your selfe to this most faithfull Shepherd.

*Pbe.* So is the bargain.

*Ref.* You say that you'll haue *Pbebe* if she will.

*Sil.* Though to haue her and death, were both one thing.

S

*Ref.*



*Ros.* I haue promis'd to make all this matter euen :  
 Keepe you your word, O Duke, to giue your daughter,  
 You yours *Orlando*, to receiue his daughter :  
 Keepe you your word *Phebe*, that you'll marrie me,  
 Or else refusing me to wed this shepherd :  
 Keepe your word *Siluius*, that you'll marrie her  
 If she refuse me, and from hence I go  
 To make these doubts all euen. *Exit Ros. and Celia.*

*Du. Sen.* I do remember in this shepherd boy,  
 Some liuely touches of my daughters fauour.

*Orl.* My Lord, the first time that I euer saw him,  
 Me thought he was a brother to your daughter :  
 But my good Lord, this Boy is Forrest borne,  
 And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments  
 Of many desperate studies, by his vnckle,  
 Whom he reports to be a great Magitian.

*Enter Clowne and Audrey.*  
 Obscured in the circle of this Forrest.

*Iaq.* There is sure another flood toward, and these  
 couples are comming to the Arke. Here comes a payre  
 of verie strange beasts, which in all tongues, are call'd  
 Fooles.

*Clo.* Salutation and greeting to you all.

*Iaq.* Good my Lord, bid him welcome : This is the  
 Motley-minded Gentleman, that I haue so often met in  
 the Forrest: he hath bin a Courtier he swears.

*Clo.* If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my  
 purgation, I haue trod a measure, I haue flattered a Lady,  
 I haue bin politicke with my friend, smooth with mine  
 enemy, I haue vndone three Tailors, I haue had foure  
 quarrels, and like to haue fought one.

*Iaq.* And how was that tane vp ?

*Clo.* Faith we met, and found the quarrel was vpon  
 the seventh cause.

*Iaq.* How seventh cause? Good my Lord, like this  
 fellow.

*Du. Se.* I like him very well.

*Clo.* God'ild you sir, I desire you of the like : I presse  
 in heere sir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatiues  
 to fweare, and to surfwear, according as mariage binds  
 and blood breakes : a poore virgin sir, an il-fauor'd thing  
 sir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine sir, to take  
 that that no man else will : rich honestie dwels like a mi-  
 ser sir, in a poore house, as your Pearle in your foule oy-  
 ster.

*Du. Se.* By my faith, he is very swift, and sententious

*Clo.* According to the fooles bolt sir, and such dulcet  
 discourses.

*Iaq.* But for the seventh cause. How did you finde  
 the quarrell on the seventh cause ?

*Clo.* Vpon a lye, seven times remoued : (beare your  
 bodie more seeming *Audrey*) as thus sir : I did dislike the  
 cut of a certaine Courtiers beard : he sent me word, if I  
 said his beard was not cut well, hee was in the minde it  
 was : this is call'd the retort courteous. If I sent him  
 word againe, it was not well cut, he wold send me word  
 he cut it to please himselfe: this is call'd the quip modest.  
 If againe, it was not well cut, he disabled my iudgment :  
 this is called, the reply churlish. If againe it was not well  
 cut, he wold answer I spake not true : this is call'd the  
 reproofe valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he wold  
 say, I lie : this is call'd the counter-checke quarrellsome :  
 and so for lye circumstantiall, and the lye direct.

*Iaq.* And how oft did you say his beard was not well  
 cut ?

*Clo.* I durst go no further then the lye circumstantiall:

nor he durst not giue me the lye direct : and so wee mea-  
 sur'd swords, and parted.

*Iaq.* Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of  
 the lye.

*Clo.* O sir, we quarrel in print, by the booke : as you  
 haue bookes for good manners : I will name you the de-  
 grees. The first, the Retort courteous : the second, the  
 Quip-modest : the third, the reply Churlish : the fourth,  
 the Reproofe valiant : the fift, the Counterchecke quar-  
 relsome : the sixt, the Lye with circumstance : the se-  
 uenth, the Lye direct : all these you may auoyd, but the  
 Lye direct : and you may auoide that too, with an If. I  
 knew when seven Iustices could not take vp a Quarrell,  
 but when the parties were met themselves, one of them  
 thought but of an If ; as if you saide so, then I saide so :  
 and they shooke hands, and swore brothers. Your If, is  
 the onely peace-maker : much vertue in if.

*Iaq.* Is not this a rare fellow my Lord ? He's as good  
 at any thing, and yet a foole.

*Du. Se.* He vses his folly like a stalking-horse, and vn-  
 der the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

*Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.*

*Still Musicke.*

*Hymen.* *Then is there mirth in heauen,  
 When earthly things made eauen  
 attone together.*

*Good Duke receiue thy daughter,  
 Hymen from Heauen brought her,  
 Ye brought her better.*

*That thou mightst ioyne his hand with bis,  
 Whose heart within bis bosome is.*

*Ros.* To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours.  
 To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours.

*Du. Se.* If there be truth in fight, you are my daughter.

*Orl.* If there be truth in fight, you are my *Rosalind*.

*Phe.* If fight & shape be true, why then my loue adieu

*Ros.* Ile haue no Father, if you be not he :

Ile haue no Husband, if you be not he :

Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not shee.

*Hy.* Peace hoa : I barre confusion,

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange euents :

Here's eight that must take hands,

To ioyne in *Hymens* bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you, no crosse shall part ;

You and you, are hart in hart :

You, to his loue must accord,

Or haue a Woman to your Lord.

You and you, are sure together,

As the Winter to fowle Weather :

Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we sing,

Feede your selues with questioning :

That reason, wonder may diminish

How thus we met, and these things finish.

*Song.*

*Wedding is great Iunos crowne,  
 O blessed bond of boord and bed :*

*'Tis Hymen peoples euerie towne,*

*Higgwedlock then be honored :*

*Honor, bigg honor and renowne*

*To Hymen, God of euerie Towne.*

*Du. Se.* O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me,  
 Euen daughter welcome, in no lesse degree.

*Phe.*

I will not eate my word, now thou art mine,  
h, my fancie to thee doth combine.

*Enter Second Brother.*

1. Let me haue audience for a word or two:  
e second sonne of old *Sir Rowland*,  
ing these tidings to this faire assembly.  
*Frederick* hearing how that euerie day  
great worth resorted to this forrest,  
a mightie power, which were on foote  
wne conduct, purposely to take  
her heere, and put him to the sword:  
the skirts of this wilde Wood he came;  
meeting with an old Religious man,  
me question with him, was conuerted  
om his enterprize, and from the world:  
wne bequeathing to his banish'd Brother,  
their Lands restor'd to him againe  
ere with him exil'd. This to be true,  
page my life.  
*Se.* Welcome yong man:  
ffer'st fairely to thy brothers wedding:  
his lands with-held, and to the other  
it selfe at large, a potent Dukedome.  
this Forrest, let vs do those ends  
ere vvete well begun, and wel begot:  
er, euery of this happie number  
aue endur'd shrew'd daies, and nights with vs,  
arc the good of our returned fortune,  
ing to the measure of their states.  
time, forget this new-falne dignitie,  
il into our Rusticke Reuelrie:  
uficke, and you Brides and Bride-groomes all,  
easure heap'd in ioy, to'th Measures fall.  
Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,  
ake hath put on a Religious life,  
rowne into neglect the pompous Court.

2. *Bro.* He hath.

*Iaq.* To him will I: out of these conuertites,  
There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd:  
you to your former Honor, I bequeath  
your patience, and your vertue, well deferues it.  
you to a loue, that your true faith doth merit:  
you to your land, and loue, and great allies:  
you to a long, and well-deferued bed:  
And you to wrangling, for thy louing voyage  
Is but for two moneths victuall'd: So to your pleasures,  
I am for other, then for dancing measures.

*Du. Se.* Stay, *Iaq.*, stay.

*Iaq.* To see no pastime, I: what you would haue,  
Ile stay to know, at your abandon'd caue. *Exit.*

*Du. Se.* Proceed, proceed: wee'l begin these rights,  
As we do trust, they'l end in true delights. *Exit*

*Rof.* It is not the fashion to see the Ladie the Epi-  
logue: but it is no more vnhandfome, then to see the  
Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs  
no bush, 'tis true, that a good play needes no Epilogue.  
Yet to good wine they do vse good bushes: and good  
playes proue the better by the helpe of good Epilogues:  
What a case am I in then, that am neither a good Epi-  
logue, nor cannot inuinate with you in the behalfe of a  
good play? I am not furnish'd like a Begger, therefore  
to begge will not become mee. My way is to coniure  
you, and Ile begin with the Women. I charge you (O  
women) for the loue you beare to men, to like as much  
of this Play, as please you: And I charge you (O men)  
for the loue you beare to women (as I perceiue by your  
simpling, none of you hates them) that betweene you,  
and the women, the play may please. If I were a Wo-  
man, I would kisse as many of you as had beards that  
pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that  
I desi'de not: And I am sure, as many as haue good  
beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind  
offer, when I make curt'sie, bid me farewell. *Exit.*

FINIS.

S 2





# THE Taming of the Shrew.

*Actus primus. Scæna Prima.*

*Enter Begger and Hostes, Christopbero Sly.*

*Begger.*

**B**

Le phreeze you infaith.

*Host.* A paire of stockes you rogue.

*Beg.* Y'are a baggage, the *Slies* are no Rogues. Looke in the Chronicles, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*: therefore *Paucau pallabriu*, let the world slide: *Sessla*.

*Host.* You will not pay for the glasses you haue burst?

*Beg.* No, not a deniere: go by *S. Ieronimie*, goe to thy cold bed, and warme thee.

*Host.* I know my remedie, I must go fetch the Head-borough.

*Beg.* Third, or fourth, or fift Borough, Ile answere him by Law. Ile not budge an inch boy: Let him come, and kindly.

*Falles asleepe.*

*Winds bernes. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine.*

*Lo.* Huntsman I charge thee, tender wel my hounds, Brach *Meriman*, the poore Curre is imboist, And couple *Clowder* with the deepe-mouth'd brach, Saw'st thou not boy how *Siluer* made it good At the hedge corner, in the couldest fault, I would not loofe the dogge for twentie pound.

*Huntf.* Why *Belman* is as good as he my Lord, He cried vpon it at the meereft losse, And twice to day pick'd out the dullest sent, Trust me, I take him for the better dogge.

*Lord.* Thou art a Foole, if *Eccbo* were as fleet, I would esteeme him worth a dozen such: But sup them well, and looke vnto them all, To morrow I intend to hunt againe.

*Huntf.* I will my Lord.

*Lord.* What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth he breath?

*2. Hun.* He breath's my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale, this were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

*Lord.* Oh monstrous beast, how like a swine he lyes. Grim death, how foule and loathsome is thine image: Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

What thinke you, if he were conuey'd to bed, Wrap'd in sweet clothes: Rings put vpon his fingers: A most delicious banquet by his bed, And braue attendants neere him when he wakes, Would not the begger then forget himselfe?

*1. Hun.* Beleeue me Lord, I thinke he cannot choofe.

*2. H.* It would seem strange vnto him when he wak'd

*Lord.* Euen as a flatt'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.

Then take him vp, and manage well the iest: Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber, And hang it round with all my vvanon pictures: Balme his foule head in warme distilled waters, And burne sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweet: Procure me Musicke readie when he vvakes, To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound: And if he chance to speake, be readie straight (And with a lowe submissiue reuerence) Say, what is it your Honor vvil command: Let one attend him vvith a siluer Bason Full of Rose-water, and bestrew'd with Flowers, Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper, And say wilt please your Lordship coole your hands. Some one be readie with a costly suite, And aske him what apparel he will weare: Another tell him of his Hounds and Horse, And that his Ladie mournes at his diseafe, Perswade him that he hath bin Lunaticke, And when he sayes he is, say that he dreames, For he is nothing but a mightie Lord: This do, and do it kindly, gentle sir, It wil be pastime passing excellent, If it be husbanded with modestie.

*1. Huntf.* My Lord I warrant you we wil play our part As he shall thinke by our true diligence He is no lesse then what we say he is.

*Lord.* Take him vp gently, and to bed with him, And each one to his office when he wakes.

*Sound trumpets.*

Sirrah, go see what Trumpet 'tis that sounds, Belike some Noble Gentleman that meanes (Trauelling some iourney) to repose him heere.

*Enter Seruingman.*

How now? who is it?

*Ser.* An't please your Honor, Players That offer seruice to your Lordship.

*Enter Players.*

*Lord.* Bid them come neere: Now fellows, you are welcome.

*Players.* We thanke your Honor.

*Lord.* Do you intend to stay with me to night?

*2. Player.* So please your Lordshippe to accept our dutie.

*Lord.* With all my heart. This fellow I remember, Since once he plaide a Farmers eldest sonne, 'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman so well: I haue forgot your name: but sure that part

fitted, and naturally perform'd.  
 I thinke 'twas *Soto* that your honor meanes.  
 'Tis verie true, thou didst it excellent;  
 are come to me in happie time,  
 for I haue some sport in hand,  
 our cunning can assist me much.  
 Lord will heare you play to night;  
 doubtfull of your modesties,  
 re-eying of his odde behauour,  
 honor neuer heard a play)  
 e into some merrie passion,  
 end him: for I tell you sir,  
 old smile, he growes impatient.  
 are not my Lord, we can contain our felues,  
 the veriest anticke in the world.  
 io sirra, take them to the Butterie,  
 them friendly welcome euerie one,  
 want nothing that my house affords.

*Exit one with the Players.*

u to Bartholmew my Page,  
 m drest in all suites like a Ladie:  
 , conduct him to the drunkards chamber,  
 im Madam, do him obeisance:  
 rom me (as he will win my loue)  
 himselfe with honourable action,  
 hath obseru'd in noble Ladies  
 Lords, by them accomplished,  
 to the drunkard let him do:  
 owe tongue, and lowly curtesie,  
 What is't your Honor will command,  
 our Ladie, and your humble wife,  
 her dutie, and make knowne her loue.  
 with kinde embracements, tempting kisses,  
 declining head into his bosome  
 ed teares, as being ouer-joyed  
 noble Lord restor'd to health,  
 his seuen yeares hath esteemed him  
 hen a poore and loathsome begger;  
 boy haue not a womans guift  
 shower of commanded teares,  
 will do well for such a shift,  
 a Napkin (being clofe conueid)  
 spight enforce a waterie eie:  
 patch'd with all the fast thou canst,  
 iue thee more instructions.

*Exit a seruingman.*

: boy will wel vsurpe the grace,  
 , and action of a Gentlewoman:  
 care him call the drunkard husband,  
 ny men will stay themselves from laughter,  
 do homage to this simple peasant,  
 unfell them: haply my prefence  
 bate the ouer-merrie spleene,  
 erwife would grow into extreames.

*the drunkard with attendants, some with apparel,  
 d Exuer, & other appurtenances, & Lord.  
 r Gods sake a pot of small Ale.  
 Vilt please your Lord drink a cup of sacke?  
 Vilt please your Honor taste of these Con-*

What raiment will your honor weare to day.  
 m *Christopher Sly*, call not mee Honour nor  
 ne're drank sacke in my life: and if you giue  
 nserues, giue me conserues of Beefe: nere ask  
 aiment Ile weare, for I haue no more doub-

lets then backes: no more stockings then legges: nor  
 no more shooes then feet, nay sometime more feete then  
 shooes, or such shooes as my toes looke through the o-  
 uer-leather.

*Lord.* Heauen cease this idle humor in your Honor.  
 Oh that a mightie man of such discent,  
 Of such possessions, and so high esteeme  
 Should be infused with so foule a spirit.

*Beg.* What would you make me mad? Am not I *Chri-*  
*stopher Sly*, old Sies sonne of Burton-heath, by byrth a  
 Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutation a  
 Beare-heard, and now by present profession a Tinker.  
 Aske *Marrian Hacket* the fat Alewife of Wincot, if shee  
 know me not: if she say I am not xiiii.d. on the score for  
 sheere Ale, score me vp for the lyingft knaue in Christen  
 dome. What I am not bestraught: here's——

3. *Man.* Oh this it is that makes your Ladie mourne.

2. *Man.* Oh this it is that makes your seruants droop.

*Lord.* Hence comes it, that your kindred shuns your  
 As beaten hence by your strange Lunacie. (house)  
 Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,  
 Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,  
 And banish hence these abieft lowlie dreames:  
 Looke how thy seruants do attend on thee,  
 Each in his office readie at thy becke.

Wilt thou haue Musicke? Harke Apollo plaies, *Musick*  
 And twentie caged Nightingales do sing.  
 Or wilt thou sleepe? Wee'l haue thee to a Couch,  
 Softer and sweeter then the lustfull bed  
 On purpose trim'd vp for Semiramis.  
 Say thou wilt walke: we wil bestrow the ground.  
 Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shal be trap'd,  
 Their harness studded all with Gold and Pearle.  
 Dost thou loue hawking? Thou hast hawks will soare  
 Aboue the morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,  
 Thy hounds shal make the Welkin answer them  
 And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1. *Man.* Say thou wilt course, thy gray-hounds are as  
 As breathed Stags: I flecter then the Roe. (swift)

2. *M.* Dost thou loue pictures? we wil fetch thee strait  
 Adonis painted by a running brooke,  
 And Citherea all in sedges hid,  
 Which seeme to moue and wanton with her breath,  
 Euen as the wauing sedges play with winde.

*Lord.* Wee'l shew thee *Io*, as she was a Maid,  
 And how she was beguiled and surpriz'd,  
 As liuelie painted, as the deede was done.

3. *Man.* Or *Daphne* roming through a thornie wood,  
 Scratching her legs, that one shal sweare she bleeds,  
 And at that sight shal sad Apollo weepe,  
 So workmanlie the blood and teares are drawne.

*Lord.* Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:  
 Thou hast a Ladie farre more Beautifull,  
 Then any woman in this waining age.

1. *Man.* And til the teares that she hath shed for thee,  
 Like enuious fouds ore-run her lovely face,  
 She was the fairest creature in the world,  
 And yet shee is inferiour to none.

*Beg.* Am I a Lord, and haue I such a Ladie?  
 Or do I dreme? Or haue I dream'd till now?  
 I do not sleepe: I see, I heare, I speake:  
 I smel sweet fauours, and I feele soft things:  
 Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede,  
 And not a Tinker, nor Christopher Slye.  
 Well, bring our Ladie hither to our sight,  
 And once againe a pot o'th smallest Ale.

S 3

2. *Man*

2. *Man.* Wilt please your mightinesse to wash your hands:

Oh how we ioy to see your wit restor'd,  
Oh that once more you knew but what you are:  
These fiftene yeeres you haue bin in a dreame,  
Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

*Beg.* These fiftene yeeres, by my fay, a goodly nap,  
But did I neuer speake of all that time.

1. *Man.* Oh yes my Lord, but verie idle words,  
For though you lay heere in this goodlie chamber,  
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of doore,  
And raile vpon the Hostesse of the house,  
And say you would present her at the Leete,  
Because she brought stone-lugs, and no seal'd quarts:  
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

*Beg.* I, the womans maide of the house.

3. *man.* Why fir you know no house, nor no such maid  
Nor no such men as you haue reckon'd vp,  
As *Stephen Sle*, and old *Iohn Naps* of Greece,  
And *Peter Turpb*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,  
And twentie more such names and men as these,  
Which neuer were, nor no man euer saw.

*Beg.* Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.

*All.* Amen.

*Enter Lady with Attendants.*

*Beg.* I thanke thee, thou shalt not loose by it.

*Lady.* How fares my noble Lord?

*Beg.* Marrie I fare well, for heere is cheere enough.  
Where is my wife?

*La.* Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her?

*Beg.* Are you my wife, and will not cal me husband?  
My men should call me Lord, I am your good-man.

*La.* My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband  
I am your wife in all obedience.

*Beg.* I know it well, what must I call her?

*Lord.* Madam.

*Beg.* *Alice* Madam, or *Ione* Madam?

*Lord.* Madam, and nothing else, so Lords cal Ladies

*Beg.* Madame wife, they say that I haue dream'd,  
And slept about some fiftene-yeare or more.

*Lady.* I, and the time seeme's thirty vnto me,  
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

*Beg.* 'Tis much, seruants leaue me and her alone;  
Madam vndresse you, and come now to bed.

*La.* Thrice noble Lord, let me intreat of you  
To pardon me yet for a night or two:  
Or if not so, vntill the Sun be set.

For your Physitians haue expressly charg'd,  
In perill to incurre your former malady,  
That I should yet absent me from your bed:  
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

*Beg.* I, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long:  
But I would be loth to fall into my dreames againe:  
I wil therefore tarrie in despite of the flesh & the blood

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Your Honors Players hearing your amendment,  
Are come to play a pleasant Comedie,  
For so your doctors hold it very mcete,  
Seeing too much sadnesse hath congeal'd your blood,  
And melancholly is the Nurse of frenzie,  
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,  
And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,  
Which barres a thousand harmes, and lengthens life.

*Beg.* Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Comon-

tie, a Christmas gambold, or a tumbling trickes?

*Lady.* No my good Lord, it is more pleasing stufte.

*Beg.* What, household stufte.

*Lady.* It is a kinde of history.

*Beg.* Well, we'll see't:

Come Madam wife sit by my side,  
And let the world slip, we shall nere be yonger.

*Flourish.* Enter *Lucentio*, and his man *Tranio*.

*Luc.* *Tranio*, since for the great desire I had  
To see faire *Padua*, nurserie of Arts,  
I am arriu'd for fruitfull *Lumbardie*,  
The pleasant garden of great *Italy*,  
And by my fathers loue and leaue am arm'd  
With his good will, and thy good companie.  
My trustie seruant well approu'd in all,  
Heere let vs breath, and haply institute  
A course of Learning, and ingenious studies.  
*Pisa* renowned for graue Citizens  
Gau me my being, and my father first  
A Merchant of great Trafficke through the world:  
*Vincenio's* come of the *Bentiuolij*,  
*Vincenio's* sonne, brough vp in *Florence*,  
It shall become to serue all hopes conceiu'd  
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes:  
And therefore *Tranio*, for the time I studie,  
Vertue and that part of Philosophie  
Will I applie, that treats of happinesse,  
By vertue specially to be atchieu'd.  
Tell me thy minde, for I haue *Pisa* left,  
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaues  
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deepe,  
And with facietie seekes to quench his thirst.

*Tra.* *Me Pardonato*, gentle master mine:  
I am in all affected as your selfe,  
Glad that you thus continue your resolute,  
To sucke the sweets of sweete Philosophie.  
Onely (good master) while we do admire  
This vertue, and this morall discipline,  
Let's be no Stoickes, nor no stockes I pray,  
Or so deuote to *Aristotles* checkes  
As *Ouid*; be an out-cast quite abiur'd:  
Balke Lodgicke with acquaintaunce that you haue,  
And practise Rhetoricke in your common talke,  
Musicke and Poesie vse, to quicken you,  
The Mathematickes, and the Metaphysickes  
Fall to them as you finde your stomacke serues you:  
No profit growes, where is no pleasure tane:  
In briebe fir, studie what you most affect.

*Luc.* Gramercies *Tranio*, well dost thou aduise,  
If *Biondello* thou wert come ashore,  
We could at once put vs in readinesse,  
And take a Lodging fit to entertaine  
Such friends (as time) in *Padua* shall beget.  
But stay a while, what companie is this?

*Tra.* Master some shew to welcome vs to Towne.

*Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katerina & Bianca,*  
*Gremio a Pantelourne, Hortensio sister to Bianca.*

*Lucen. Tranio, stand by.*

*Bap.* Gentlemen, importune me no farther,  
For how I firmly am resolu'd you know:  
That is, not to bestow my yongest daughter,  
Before I haue a husband for the elder:  
If either of you both loue *Katherina*,

Because

I know you well, and loue you well,  
all you haue to court her at your pleasure.  
To cart her rather. She's to rough for mee,  
where *Hortensio*, will you any Wife?  
I pray you sir, is it your will  
: a stale of me amongst these mates?  
Mates maid, how meane you that?  
: for you,  
you were of gentler milder mould.  
I faith sir, you shall neuer neede to feare,  
a not halfe way to her heart :  
were, doubt not, her care should be,  
e your noddle with a three-legg'd stoole,  
at your face, and vse you like a foole.  
From all such diuels, good Lord deliuer vs.  
And me too, good Lord.  
lust master, heres some good pastime toward;  
nch is starke mad, or wonderfull froward.  
But in the others silence do I see,  
ilde behauiour and sobrietie.  
*Tranio*.  
Well said Mr. mum, and gaze your fill.  
Gentlemen, that I may soone make good  
haue said, *Bianca* get you in,  
it not displease thee good *Bianca*,  
ll loue thee nere the lesse my girle.  
A pretty peate, it is best put finger in the eye,  
knew why.  
Sister content you, in my discontent.  
ur pleasure humbly I subscribe :  
tes and instruments shall be my companie,  
: to looke, and practise by my selfe.  
Marke *Tranio*, thou maist heare *Minerua* speak.  
Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange,  
n I that our good will effects  
grefe.  
Why will you mew her vp  
*Baptista* for this fiend of hell,  
ke her beare the pennance of her tongue.  
Gentlemen content ye : I am resould :  
ianca.  
I know she taketh most delight  
: ke, Instruments, and Poetry,  
nasters will I keepe within my house,  
stru't her youth. If you *Hortensio*,  
or *Gremio* you know any such,  
them hither : for to cunning men,  
: very kinde and liberall,  
: owne children, in good bringing vp,  
farewell : *Katherina* you may stay,  
me more to commune with *Bianca*. *Exit*.  
Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?  
all I be appointed houres, as though  
I knew not what to take,  
at to leaue? Ha. *Exit*  
You may go to the diuels dam : your guists are  
heere's none will holde you: Their loue is not  
*Hortensio*, but we may blow our nails together,  
it fairly out. Our cakes dough on both sides.  
: yet for the loue I beare my sweet *Bianca*, if  
any meanes light on a fit man to teach her that  
the delights, I will wish him to her father.  
So will I signiour *Gremio* : but a word I pray :  
the nature of our quarrell yet neuer brook'd  
now now vpon aduice, it toucheth vs both: that  
yet againe haue access to our faire Mistress, and

be happie riualls in *Bianca*'s loue, to labour and effect  
one thing specially.

*Gre*. What's that I pray?

*Hor*. Marrie sir to get a husband for her Sister.

*Gre*. A husband : a diuell.

*Hor*. I say a husband.

*Gre*. I say, a diuell : Think'st thou *Hortensio*, though  
her father be verie rich, any man is so verie a foole to be  
married to hell ?

*Hor*. Tush *Gremio* : though it passe your patience &  
mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there bee  
good fellows in the world, and a man could light on  
them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

*Gre*. I cannot tell : but I had as lief take her dowrie  
with this condition; To be whipt at the hie crosse euerie  
morning.

*Hor*. Faith (as you say) there's small choise in rotten  
apples : but come, since this bar in law makes vs friends,  
it shall be so farre forth friendly maintain'd, till by help-  
ing *Baptista*'s eldest daughter to a husband, wee set his  
yongest free for a husband, and then haue too't afresh :  
Sweet *Bianca*, happy man be his dole : hee that runnes  
fastest, gets the Ring : How say you signior *Gremio*?

*Grem*. I am agreed, and would I had giuen him the  
best horse in *Padua* to begin his woiing that would tho-  
roughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the  
house of her. Come on.

*Exeunt ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucentio*

*Tra*. I pray sir tel me, is it possible  
That loue should of a sodaine take such hold.

*Luc*. Oh *Tranio*, till I found it to be true,  
I neuer thought it possible or likely.

But see, while idely I stood looking on,  
I found the effect of Loue in idlenesse,  
And now in plainnesse do confesse to thee  
That art to me as secret and as deere

As *Anna* to the Queene of Carthage was :

*Tranio* I burne, I pine, I perish *Tranio*,

If I atchieue not this yong modest gyrl :

Counsaile me *Tranio*, for I know thou canst :

Assist me *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

*Tra*. Master, it is no time to chide you now,

Affection is not rated from the heart :

If loue haue touch'd you, naught remains but so,

*Redime te captam quam queas minimo.*

*Luc*. Gramercies Lad : Go forward, this contents,

The rest wil comfort, for thy counsels sound.

*Tra*. Master, you look'd so longly on the maide,

Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

*Luc*. Oh yes, I saw sweet beautie in her face,

Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,

That made great *Loue* to humble him to her hand,

When with his knees he kist the Cretan strand.

*Tra*. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how hir sister

Began to scold, and raise vp such a storme,

That mortal eares might hardly indure the din.

*Luc*. *Tranio*, I saw her corall lips to moue,

And with her breath she did perfume the ayre,

Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

*Tra*. Nay, then 'tis time to stirre him fro his trance :

I pray awake sir : if you loue the Maide,

Bend thoughts and wits to atcheue her. Thus it stands :

Her elder sister is so curst and shrew'd,

That til the Father rid his hands of her,

Master, your Loue must liue a maide at home,

And therefore has he clofely mew'd her vp,

Because

Because she will not be annoy'd with suters.

*Luc.* Ah *Tranio*, what a cruell Fathers he :  
But art thou not aduis'd, he tooke some care  
To get her cunning Schoolemasters to instruct her.

*Tra.* I marry am I fir, and now 'tis plotted.

*Luc.* I haue it *Tranio*.

*Tra.* Master, for my hand,  
Both our inuentions meet and iumpe in one.

*Luc.* Tell me thine first.

*Tra.* You will be schoole-master,  
And vndertake the teaching of the maid :  
That's your deuice.

*Luc.* It is : May it be done ?

*Tra.* Not possible : for who shall beare your part,  
And be in *Padua* heere *Vincenzio's* sonne,  
Keepe house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,  
Vist his Countermen, and banquet them ?

*Luc.* *Bastia*, content thee : for I haue it full.  
We haue not yet bin scene in any house,  
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,  
For man or master : then it followes thus ;  
Thou shalt be master, *Tranio* in my sted :  
Keepe house, and port, and seruants, as I should,  
I will some other be, some *Florentine*,  
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Pisa*.  
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so : *Tranio* at once  
Vncape thee : take my Conlord hat and cloake,  
When *Biondello* comes, he waites on thee,  
But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue.

*Tra.* So had you neede :  
In breefe Sir, sith it your pleasure is,  
And I am tyed to be obedient,  
For so your father charg'd me at our parting :  
Be seruiceable to my sonne ( quoth he )  
Although I thinke 'twas in another sence,  
I am content to bee *Lucentio*,  
Because so well I loue *Lucentio*.

*Luc.* *Tranio* be so, because *Lucentio* loues,  
And let me be a slaue, t'atchieue that maide,  
Whose sodaine fight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

*Enter Biondello.*

Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where haue you bin ?

*Bion.* Where haue I bene ? Nay how now, where  
are you ? Maister, ha's my fellow *Tranio* stolne your  
cloathes, or you stolne his, or both ? Pray what's the  
newes ?

*Luc.* Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to leif,  
And therefore frame your manners to the time  
Your fellow *Tranio* heere to saue my life,  
Puts my apparrell, and my count'nance on,  
And I for my escape haue put on his :  
For in a quarrell since I came a shore,  
I kil'd a man, and feare I was defried :  
Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes :  
While I make way from hence to saue my life :  
You vnderstand me ?

*Bion.* I fir, ne're a whit.

*Luc.* And not a lot of *Tranio* in your mouth,  
*Tranio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

*Bion.* The better for him, would I were so too.

*Tra.* So could I 'faith boy, to haue the next with af-  
ter, that *Lucentio* indeede had *Baptista's* yongest daugh-  
ter. But sirra, not for my sake, but your masters, I ad-  
uise you vse your manners discreetly in all kind of com-  
panies : When I am alone, why then I am *Tranio* : but in

all places else, you master *Lucentio*.

*Luc.* *Tranio* let's go :

One thing more refts, that thy selfe execute,  
To make one among these wooers : if thou ask me why,  
Sufficieth my reasons are both good and waighy.

*Exeunt. The Presenters aboue speakes.*

1. *Man.* My Lord you nod, you do not minde the  
play.

*Beg.* Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good matter surely :  
Comes there any more of it ?

*Lady.* My Lord, 'tis but begun.

*Beg.* 'Tis a verie excellent peece of worke, Madame  
Ladie : would 'twere done. *They sit and marke.*

*Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.*

*Petr.* *Verona*, for a while I take my leaue,  
To see my friends in *Padua* ; but of all  
My best beloued and approued friend  
*Hortensio* : & I trow this is his house :  
Heere sirra *Grumio*, knocke I say.

*Gru.* Knocke sir ? whom should I knocke ? Is there  
any man ha's rebu'd your worship ?

*Petr.* Villaine I say, knocke me heere soundly.

*Gru.* Knocke you heere sir ? Why fir, what am I fir,  
that I should knocke you heere fir.

*Petr.* Villaine I say, knocke me at this gate,  
And rap me well, or Ile knocke your knaues pate.

*Gru.* My M<sup>r</sup> is growne quarrelsome :  
I should knocke you first,  
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

*Petr.* Will it not be ?

'Faith sirrah, and you'll not knocke, Ile ring it,  
Ile trie how you can *Sol, Fa*, and sing it.

*He rings him by the eare*

*Gru.* Helpe mistress helpe, my master is mad.

*Petr.* Now knocke when I bid you : sirrah villaine.

*Enter Hortensio.*

*Hor.* How now, what's the matter ? My olde friend  
*Grumio*, and my good friend *Petruchio* ? How do you all  
at *Verona* ?

*Petr.* Signior *Hortensio*, come you to part the fray ?  
*Contutti le core bene trobatto*, may I say.

*Hor.* *Alla nostra casa bene venuto multo honorata signi-  
or mio Petruchio.*

Rise *Grumio* rise, we will compound this quarrell.

*Gru.* Nay 'tis no matter fir, what he leges in Latine.  
If this be not a lawfull cause for me to leaue his seruice,  
looke you fir : He bid me knocke him, & rap him sound-  
ly fir. Well, was it fit for a seruant to vse his master so,  
being perhaps (for ought I see) two and thirty, a peepe  
out ? Whom would to God I had well knockt at first,  
then had not *Grumio* come by the worst.

*Petr.* A sencelesse villaine : good *Hortensio*,  
I bad the rascall knocke vpon your gate,  
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

*Gru.* Knocke at the gate ? O heauens : spake you not  
these words plaine ? Sirra, Knocke me heere : rappe me  
heere : knocke me well, and knocke me soundly ? And  
come you now with knocking at the gate ?

*Petr.* Sirra be gone, or talke not I aduise you.

*Hor.* *Petruchio* patience, I am *Grumio's* pledge :  
Why this a heauie chance twix him and you,  
Your ancient trustie pleasant seruant *Grumio* :  
And tell me now (sweet friend) what happie gale  
Blowes you to *Padua* heere, from old *Verona* ?

*Petr.* Such wind as scatters yongmen through y world,  
To

ke their fortunes farther then at home,  
 : small experience growes but in a few.  
*Hortensio*, thus it stands with me,  
 : my father is deceast,  
 haue thrust my selfe into this maze,  
 y to wiuie and thruiue, as best I may:  
 es in my purse I haue, and goods at home,  
 : am come abroad to see the world.  
*Petrucio*, shall I then come roundly to thee,  
 rish thee to a shrew'd ill-fauour'd wife?  
 ist thanke me but a little for my counsell:  
 et Ile promise thee she shall be rich,  
 erie rich: but th'art too much my friend,  
 le not with thee to her.  
 . Signior *Hortensio*, 'twixt such friends as wee,  
 rords suffice: and therefore, if thou know  
 ch enough to be *Petrucio*'s wife:  
 alth is burthen of my woiuing dance)  
 as foule as was *Florentius* Loue,  
 as *Sibell*, and as curst and shrow'd  
*ratus Zentippe*, or a worse:  
 oues me not, or not remoues at least  
 ions edge in me. Were she is as rough  
 : the swelling *Adriaticke* seas.  
 : to wiuie it wealthily in *Padua*:  
 lthily, then happily in *Padua*.  
 . Nay looke you sir, hee tels you flatly what his  
 is: why giue him Gold enough, and marrie him  
 uppet or an Aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're a  
 in her head, though she haue as manie diseases as  
 nd fiftie horses. Why nothing comes amisse, so  
 comes withall.  
 . *Petrucio*, since we are stept thus farre in,  
 continue that I broach'd in left,  
*Petrucio* helpe thee to a wife  
 wealth enough, and yong and beauious,  
 ht vp as best becomes a Gentlewoman.  
 nely fault, and that is faults enough,  
 it she is intollerable curst,  
 hrow'd, and froward, so beyond all measure,  
 were my state farre worse than it is,  
 ld not wed her for a mine of Gold.  
 r. *Hortensio* peace: thou knowst not golds effect,  
 ne her fathers name, and 'tis enough:  
 will boord her, though she chide as loud  
 under, when the clouds in Autumne cracke.  
 . Her father is *Baptista Minola*,  
 fable and courteous Gentleman,  
 ame is *Katherina Minola*,  
 wn'd in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.  
 r. I know her father, though I know not her,  
 he knew my deceased father well:  
 not sleepe *Hortensio* til I see her,  
 : therefore let me be thus bold with you,  
 ue you ouer at this first encounter,  
 fe you wil accompanie me thither.  
 v. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor lasts.  
 word, and she knew him as well as I do, she would  
 e scolding would doe little good vpon him. Shee  
 erhaps call him halfe a score Knaues, or so: Why  
 nothing; and he begin once, hee'l raile in his rope  
 s. Ile tell you what sir, and she stand him but a li-  
 e wil throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure hir  
 it, that shee shall haue no more cies to see withall  
 a Cat: you know him not sir.  
 r. Tarrie *Petrucio*, I must go with thee,

For in *Baptistas* keepe my treasure is:  
 He hath the lewel of my life in hold,  
 His yongest daughter, beautiful *Bianca*,  
 And her with-holds from me. Other more  
 Suters to her, and riuals in my Loue:  
 Supposing it a thing impossible,  
 For those defects I haue before rehearst,  
 That euer *Katherina* wil be woo'd:  
 Therefore this order hath *Baptista* tane,  
 That none shall haue access to *Bianca*,  
 Til *Katherine* the Curst, haue got a husband.  
*Gru. Katherine* the curst,  
 A title for a maide, of all titles the worst.  
*Hor.* Now shall my friend *Petrucio* do me grace,  
 And offer me disguis'd in fober robes,  
 To old *Baptista* as a schoole-master  
 Well seene in Musicke, to instruct *Bianca*,  
 That so I may by this deuice at least  
 Haue leaue and leisure to make loue to her,  
 And vn suspected court her by her selfe.  
 . Enter *Gremio* and *Lucentio* disguised.  
*Gru.* Heere's no knauerie. See, to beguile the olde-  
 folkes, how the young folkes lay their heads together.  
 Master, master, looke about you: Who goes there? ha.  
*Hor.* Peace *Gremio*, it is the riuall of my Loue.  
*Petrucio* stand by a while.  
*Gremio.* A proper stripling, and an amorous.  
*Gremio.* O very well, I haue perus'd the note:  
 Hearke you sir, Ile haue them verie fairely bound,  
 All bookes of Loue, see that at any hand,  
 And see you reade no other Lectures to her:  
 You vnderstand me. Ouer and beside  
 Signior *Baptistas* liberalitie,  
 Ile mend it with a Largeesse. Take your paper too,  
 And let me haue them verie wel perfum'd;  
 For she is sweeter then perfume it selfe  
 To whom they go to: what wil you reade to her.  
*Luc.* What ere I reade to her, Ile pleade for you,  
 As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,  
 As firmly as your selfe were still in place,  
 Yea and perhaps with more successfull words  
 Then you; vnlesse you were a scholler sir.  
*Gre.* Oh this learning, what a thing it is.  
*Gru.* Oh this Woodcocke, what an Ass it is.  
*Petru.* Peace sirra.  
*Hor.* *Gremio* mum: God saue you signior *Gremio*.  
*Gre.* And you are wel met, Signior *Hortensio*.  
 Trow you whither I am going? To *Baptista Minola*,  
 I promist to enquire carefully  
 About a schoolemaster for the faire *Bianca*,  
 And by good fortune I haue lighted well  
 On this yong man: For learning and behauiour  
 Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie  
 And other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye.  
*Hor.* 'Tis well: and I haue met a Gentleman  
 Hath promist me to helpe one to another,  
 A fine Musitian to instruct our Mistris,  
 So shall I no whit be behinde in dutie  
 To faire *Bianca*, so beloued of me.  
*Gre.* Beloued of me, and that my deeds shall proue.  
*Gru.* And that his bags shall proue.  
*Hor.* *Gremio*, 'tis now no time to vent our loue,  
 Listen to me, and if you speake me faire,  
 Ile tel you newes indifferent good for either.  
 Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met



Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,  
Will vndertake to woo curst *Katherine*,  
Yea, and to marrie her, if her dowie please.

*Gre.* So said, so done, is well:

*Hortensio*, haue you told him all her faults?

*Petr.* I know she is an irkefome brawling scold:  
If that be all Masters, I heare no harme.

*Gre.* No, sayst me so, friend? What Countreyman?

*Petr.* Borne in *Verona*, old *Butonios* sonne:

My father dead, my fortune liues for me,  
And I do hope, good dayes and long, to see.

*Gre.* Oh sir, such a life with such a wife, were strange:  
But if you haue a stomacke, too't a Gods name,  
You shal haue me assisting you in all.  
But will you woo this Wilde-cat?

*Petr.* Will I liue?

*Gre.* Will he woo her? I: or Ile hang her.

*Petr.* Why came I hither, but to that intent?  
Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?  
Haue I not in my time heard Lions rore?

Haue I not heard the sea, puft vp with windes,  
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with sweat?  
Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?  
And heauens Artillerie thunder in the skies?  
Haue I not in a pitched battell heard  
Loud larums, neighing steeds, & trumpets clangue?  
And do you tell me of a womans tongue?  
That giues not halfe so great a blow to heare,  
As wil a Chesse-nut in a Farmers fire.  
Tush, tush, feare boyes with bugs.

*Gre.* For he feares none.

*Gre.* *Hortensio* hearken:

This Gentleman is happily arriu'd,  
My minde perfumes for his owne good, and yours.

*Hor.* I promist we would be Contributors,  
And beare his charge of wooing whatfoere.

*Gremio.* And so we wil, provided that he win her.

*Gre.* I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

*Enter Tranio braue, and Biondello.*

*Tra.* Gentlemen God saue you. If I may be bold  
Tell me I beseech you, which is the readiest way  
To the house of Signior *Baptista Minola*?

*Bion.* He that ha's the two faire daughters: ist he you  
meane?

*Tra.* Euen he *Biondello*.

*Gre.* Hearke you sir, you meane not her to——

*Tra.* Perhaps him and her sir, what haue you to do?

*Petr.* Not her that chides sir, at any hand I pray.

*Tranio.* I loue no chiders sir: *Biondello*, let's away.

*Luc.* Well begun *Tranio*.

*Hor.* Sir, a word ere you go:

Are you a sutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?

*Tra.* And if I be sir, is it any offence?

*Gremio.* No: if without more words you will get you  
hence.

*Tra.* Why sir, I pray are not the streets as free  
For me, as for you?

*Gre.* But so is not she.

*Tra.* For what reason I beseech you.

*Gre.* For this reason if you'll kno,

That she's the choise loue of Signior *Gremio*.

*Hor.* That she's the chosen of signior *Hortensio*.

*Tra.* Softly my Masters: If you be Gentlemen  
Do me this right: heare me with patience.

*Baptista* is a noble Gentleman,

To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,  
And were his daughter fairer then she is,  
She may more sutors haue, and me for one.  
Fairst *Lædaes* daughter had a thousand wooers,  
Then well one more may faire *Bianca* haue;  
And so she shall: *Lucentio* shal make one,  
Though *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.

*Gre.* What, this Gentleman will out-talk vs all.

*Luc.* Sir giue him head, I know hee'l proue a lade.

*Petr.* *Hortensio*, to what end are all these words?

*Hor.* Sir, let me be so bold as aske you,  
Did you yet euer see *Baptistas* daughter?

*Tra.* No sir, but heare I do that he hath two:  
The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,  
As is the other, for beauteous modestie.

*Petr.* Sir, sir, the first's for me, let her go by.

*Gre.* Yea, leaue that labour to great *Hercules*,  
And let it be more then *Alcides* twelue.

*Petr.* Sir vnderstand you this of me (insooth)  
The yongest daughter whom you hearken for,  
Her father keepes from all access of sutors,  
And will not promise her to any man,  
Vntill the elder sister first be wed.

The yonger then is fret, and not before.

*Tranio.* If it be so sir, that you are the man  
Must steed vs all, and me amongst the rest:  
And if you breake the ice, and do this seeke,  
Atchieue the elder: set the yonger free,  
For our access, whose hap shall be to haue her,  
Will not so gracelesse be, to be ingrate.

*Hor.* Sir you say wel, and wel you do conceiue,  
And since you do professe to be a sutor,  
You must as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,  
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

*Tranio.* Sir, I shal not be slacke, in signe whereof,  
Please ye we may contriue this afternoone,  
And quaffe carowles to our Mistresse health,  
And do as aduersaries do in law,  
Striue mightily, but eate and drinke as friends.

*Gre.* *Bion.* Oh excellent motion: fellowes let's be gon.

*Hor.* The motions good indeed, and be it so,  
*Petrucchio*, I shal be your *Ben venuto*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Katherine and Bianca.*

*Bian.* Good sister wrong me not, nor wrong your self,  
To make a bondmaide and a slaue of mee,  
That I disdaine: but for these other goods,  
Vnbide my hands, Ile pull them off my selfe,  
Yea all my raiment, to my petticoate,  
Or what you will command me, wil I do,  
So well I know my dutie to my elders.

*Kate.* Of all thy sutors heere I charge tel  
Whom thou lou'st best: see thou dissemble not.

*Bianca.* Beleeue me sister, of all the men aliuie,  
I neuer yet beheld that speciall face,  
Which I could fancie, more then any other.

*Kate.* Minion thou yest: Is't not *Hortensio*?

*Bian.* If you affect him sister, heere I sweare  
Ile pleade for you my selfe, but you shal haue him.

*Kate.* Oh then belike you fancie riches more,  
You wil haue *Gremio* to keepe you faire.

*Bian.* Is it for him you do enuie me so?

Nay then you iest, and now I wel perceiue  
You haue but iested with me all this while:  
I prethee sister Kate, vntie my hands.

*Ka.* If that be iest, then all the rest was so. *Strikes her*

*Enter*

Enter Baptista.

Why how now Dame, whence grows this insolence?

Stand aside, poore gyrls she weepes:  
thy Needle, meddle not with her.  
me thou Hilding of a diuellish spirit,  
oft thou wrong her, that did nere wrong thee?  
did she crosse thee with a bitter word?  
. Her silence flouts me, and Ile be reueng'd.

Flies after Bianca

What in my sight? Bianca get thee in. Exit.

. What will you not suffer me: Nay now I see  
your treasure, she must haue a husband,  
dance bare-foot on her wedding day,  
r your loue to her, leade Apes in hell.  
not to me, I will go sit and weepe,  
an finde occasion of reuenge.

Was euer Gentleman thus greeu'd as I?  
io comes heere.

r Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man,  
Petrucchio with Tranio, with his boy  
bearing a Lute and Bookes.

Good morrow neighbour Baptista.

Good morrow neighbour Gremio: God saue  
ntlemen.

And you good sir: pray haue you not a daugh-  
d Katerina, faire and vertuous.

I haue a daughter sir, call'd Katerina.

You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

You wrong me signior Gremio, giue me leaue.

Gentleman of Verona sir,  
earing of her beautie, and her wit,  
ability and bashfull modestie:  
ndrous qualities, and milde behauiour,  
ld to shew my selfe a forward guest  
your house, to make mine eye the witnesse  
report, which I so oft haue heard,  
r an entrance to my entertainment,  
esent you with a man of mine  
g in Musicke, and the Mathematickes,  
rust her fully in those sciences,  
of I know she is not ignorant,  
of him, or else you do me wrong,  
me is Licio, borne in Mantua.

. Y're welcome sir, and he for your good sake.

my daughter Katerine, this I know,

not for your turne, the more my greefe.

I see you do not meane to part with her,

you like not of my companie.

Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,

re are you sir? What may I call your name.

Petrucchio is my name, Antonio's sonne,  
well knowne throughout all Italy.

I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Sauing your tale Petrucchio, I pray let vs that are  
xeditors speake too? Bacare, you are meruay-  
ward.

Oh, Pardon me signior Gremio, I would faine be

I doubt it not sir. But you will curse  
rooling neighbors: this is a guift  
ratefull, I am sure of it, to expresse  
ce kindnesse my selfe, that haue bene  
cindely beholding to you then any:

Freely giue vnto this yong Scholler, that hath  
Beene long studying at Rheemes, as cunning  
In Greeke, Latine, and other Languages,  
As the other in Musicke and Mathematickes:  
His name is Cambio: pray accept his seruice.

Bap. A thousand thanks signior Gremio:

Welcome good Cambio. But gentle sir,  
Me thinkes you walke like a stranger,  
May I be so bold, to know the cause of your comming?

Tra. Pardon me sir, the boldnesse is mine owne,

That being a stranger in this Cittie heere,

Do make my selfe as utor to your daughter,

Vnto Bianca, faire and vertuous:

Nor is your firme resolute vnknowne to me,

In the preferment of the eldest sister.

This liberty is all that I request,

That vpon knowledge of my Parentage,

I may haue welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,

And free access and fauour as the rest.

And toward the education of your daughters:

I heere bestow a simple instrument,

And this small packet of Greeke and Latine bookes:

If you accept them, then their worth is great:

Bap. Lucentio is your name, of whence I pray.

Tra. Of Pisa sir, sonne to Vincentio.

Bap. A mightie man of Pisa by report,

I know him well: you are verie welcome sir:

Take you the Lute, and you the set of bookes,

You shall go see your Pupils presently.

Holla, within.

Enter a Seruant.

Sirrah, leade these Gentlemen

To my daughters, and tell them both

These are their Tutors, bid them vse them well,

We will go walke a little in the Orchard,

And then to dinner: you are passing welcome,

And so I pray you all to thinke your selues.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my businesse asketh haste,

And euerie day I cannot come to woo,

You knew my father well, and in him me,

Left folie heire to all his Lands and goods,

Which I haue bettered rather then decreas't,

Then tell me, if I get your daughters loue,

What dowrie shall I haue with her to wife.

Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,

And in possession twentie thousand Crownes.

Pet. And for that dowrie, Ile assure her of

Her widdow-hood, be it that she suruiue me

In all my Lands and Leases whatsoever,

Let specialties be therefore drawne betwene vs,

That couenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. I, when the speciall thing is well obtain'd,

That is her loue: for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,

I am as peremptorie as she proud minded:

And where two raging fires meete together,

They do consume the thing that feedes their furie.

Though little fire growes great with little winde,

yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:

So I to her, and so she yeelds to me,

For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well maist thou woo, and happy be thy speed:

But be thou arm'd for some vnhappy words.

Pet. I to the prooffe, as Mountaines are for windes,

That shakes not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortensio with his head broke.

Bap.

*Bep.* How now my friend, why dost thou looke so pale?

*Hor.* For feare I promise you, if I looke pale.

*Bep.* What, will my daughter proue a good Musitian?

*Hor.* I thinke she'l sooner proue a souldier, Iron may hold with her, but neuer Lutes.

*Bep.* Why then thou canst not break her to the Lute?

*Hor.* Why no, for she hath broke the Lute to me : I did but tell her she mistooke her frets, And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering, When (with a most impatient diuellish spirit) Frets call you these? (quoth she) Ile fume with them : And with that word she stroke me on the head, And through the instrument my pate made way, And there I stood amazed for a while, As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute, While she did call me Rascall, Fidler, And twangling lacke, with twentie such vilde tearmes, As had she studied to misvse me so.

*Pet.* Now by the world, it is a lustie Wenche, I loue her ten times more then ere I did, Oh how I long to haue some chat with her.

*Bep.* Wel go with me, and be not so discomfited. Proceed in practise with my yonger daughter, She's apt to learne, and thankfull for good turnes : Signior *Petrucchio*, will you go with vs, Or shall I fend my daughter *Kate* to you.

*Exit. Manet Petrucchio.*

*Pet.* I pray you do. Ile attend her heere, And woo her with some spirit when she comes, Say that she raile, why then Ile tell her plaine, She sings as sweetly as a Nightingale : Say that she frowne, Ile say she looks as cleere As morning Roses newly washt with dew : Say she be mute, and will not speake a word, Then Ile commend her volubility, And say she vttereth piercing eloquence : If she do bid me packe, Ile giue her thanks, As though she bid me stay by her a weeke : If she denie to wed, Ile craue the day When I shall aske the banes, and when be married. But heere she comes, and now *Petrucchio* speake.

*Enter Katherine.*

Good morrow *Kate*, for thats your name I heare.

*Kate.* Well haue you heard, but something hard of hearing :

They call me *Katherine*, that do talke of me.

*Pet.* You lye infaith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*, And bony *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst : But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in Christendome, *Kate* of *Kate*-hall, my super-daintie *Kate*, For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate* Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation, Hearing thy mildnesse prais'd in euery Towne, Thy vertues spoke of, and thy beautie sounded, Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs, My selfe am mou'd to woo thee for my wife.

*Kate.* Mou'd, in good time, let him that mou'd you hether

Remoue you hence : I knew you at the first You were a mouable.

*Pet.* Why, what's a mouable?

*Kat.* A ioynd stoole.

*Pet.* Thou hast hit it : come sit on me.

*Kate.* Asses are made to beare, and so are you.

*Pet.* Women are made to beare, and so are you.

*Kate.* No such lade as you, if me you meane.

*Pet.* Alas good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee, For knowing thee to be but yong and light.

*Kate.* Too light for such a swaine as you to catch, And yet as heauie as my waight should be.

*Pet.* Should be, should : buzze.

*Kate.* Well tane, and like a buzzard.

*Pet.* Oh slow-wing'd Turtle, shal a buzard take thee?

*Kat.* I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzard.

*Pet.* Come, come you *Waspe*, y'faith you are too angrie.

*Kate.* If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

*Pet.* My remedy is then to plucke it out.

*Kate.* I, if the foole could finde it where it lies.

*Pet.* Who knowes not where a *Waspe* does w his sting? In his taile.

*Kate.* In his tongue?

*Pet.* Whose tongue.

*Kate.* Yours if you talke of tales, and so farewell.

*Pet.* What with my tongue in your taile.

Nay, come againe, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman,

*Kate.* That Ile trie. *she strikes*

*Pet.* I sweare Ile cuffe you, if you strike againe.

*Kate.* So may you loose your armes, If you strike me, you are no Gentleman,

And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.

*Pet.* A Herald *Kate*? Oh put me in thy bookes.

*Kate.* What is your Crest, a Coxcombe?

*Pet.* A combleffe Cocke, so *Kate* will be my Hen.

*Kate.* No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a craue.

*Pet.* Nay come *Kate*, come : you must not looke sowre.

*Kate.* It is my fashon when I see a Crab.

*Pet.* Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke sowre.

*Kate.* There is, there is.

*Pet.* Then shew it me.

*Kate.* Had I a glasse, I would.

*Pet.* What, you meane my face.

*Kate.* Well aym'd of such a yong one.

*Pet.* Now by S. George I am too yong for you.

*Kate.* Yet you are wither'd.

*Pet.* 'Tis with cares.

*Kate.* I care not.

*Pet.* Nay heare you *Kate*. Insooth you scape not so.

*Kate.* I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go.

*Pet.* No, not a whit, I finde you passing gentle :

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and fullen, And now I finde report a very liar :

For thou art pleasant, gamefome, passing courteous, But slow in speech : yet sweet as spring-time flowers.

Thou canst not frowne, thou canst not looke a sconce, Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be crosse in talke :

But thou with mildnesse entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft, and affable.

Why does the world report that *Kate* doth limpe?

Oh slanderous world : *Kate* like the hazle twig

Is straight, and slender, and as browne in hue

As hazle nuts, and sweeter then the kernels :

Oh let me see thee walke : thou dost not halt.

*Kate.* Go foole, and whom thou keep'st command.

*Pet.* Did euer *Dian* so become a Groue

As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate :

O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,

en let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportfull.

. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

It is *extempore*, from my mother wit.

. A witty mother, witlesse else her sonne.

Am I not wife?

Yes, keepe you warme.

Marry so I meane sweet *Katherine* in thy bed :

erefore setting all this chat aside,

in plaine termes : your father hath consented

you shall be my wife ; your dowry 'greed on,

ill you, nill you, I will marry you.

ate, I am a husband for your turne,

this light, whereby I see thy beauty,

auty that doth make me like thee well,

uist be married to no man but me,

Enter *Baptista*, *Gremio*, *Trayno*.

n he am borne to tame you *Kate*,

ing you from a wilde *Kate* to a *Kate*

noble as other household *Kates* :

comes your father, neuer make deniall,

and will haue *Katherine* to my wife. (daughter?)

Now Signior *Petrucchio*, how speed you with my

How but well fir? how but well?

impossible I should speed amisse. (dumps?)

Why how now daughter *Katherine*, in your

Call you me daughter? now I promise you

ue shewd a tender fatherly regard,

me wed to one halfe Lunaticke,

cap ruffian, and a swearing lacke,

inkes with oathes to face the matter out.

Father, 'tis thus, your selfe and all the world

k'd of her, haue talk'd amisse of her :

: curst, it is for pollicie,

's not froward, but modest as the Doue,

not hot, but temperate as the morne,

ence shee will proue a second *Griffell*,

mane *Lucrece* for her chastitie :

conclude, we haue 'greed so well together,

on sonday is the wedding day.

Ile see thee hang'd on sonday first. (first.)

Hark *Petrucchio*, she saies shee'll see thee hang'd

s this your speeding? nay the godnight our part.

Be patient gentlemen, I choose her for my selfe,

id I be pleas'd, what's that to you?

gain'd 'twixt vs twaine being alone,

e shall still be curst in company.

u 'tis incredible to beleuee

uch she loues me : oh the kindest *Kate*,

ng about my necke, and kisse on kisse

d so fast, protesting oath on oath,

a twinke she won me to her loue.

are nouices, 'tis a world to see

me when men and women are alone,

ocke wretch can make the curstest shrew :

: thy hand *Kate*, I will vnto *Venice*

apparell 'gainst the wedding day;

the feast father, and bid the guests,

: sure my *Katherine* shall be fine.

I know not what to say, but giue me your hãds,

d you ioy, *Petrucchio*, 'tis a match.

*Tra*. Amen say we, we will be witnesses.

Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu,

. *Venice*, sonday comes apace,

. haue rings, and things, and fine array,

And kisse me *Kate*, we will be married a sonday.

Exit *Petrucchio* and *Katherine*.

*Gre*. Was euer match clapt vp so sodainly?

*Bap*. Faith Gentlemen now I play a marchants part,

And venture madly on a desperate Mart.

*Tra*. Twas a commodity lay fretting by you,

'Twill bring you gaine, or perish on the seas.

*Bap*. The gaine I seeke, is quiet me the match.

*Gre*. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:

But now *Baptista*, to your yonger daughter,

Now is the day we long haue looked for,

I am your neighbour, and was suter fir.

*Tra*. And I am one that loue *Bianca* more

Then words can witnesse, or your thoughts can guesse.

*Gre*. Yongling thou canst not loue so deare as I.

*Tra*. Gray-beard thy loue doth freeze.

*Gre*. But thine doth frie,

Skipper stand backe, 'tis age that nourisheth.

*Tra*. But youth in Ladies eyes that florisheth.

*Bap*. Content you gentlemen, I wil cõpound this strife

'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both

That can assure my daughter greatest dower,

Shall haue my *Biancas* loue.

Say signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?

*Gre*. Fir, as you know, my house within the City

Is richly furnished with plate and gold,

Basons and ewers to laue her dainty hands :

My hangings all of *tirian* tapestry :

In luory cofers I haue stuf my crownes :

In Cypres chefts my arras counterpoints,

Costly apparell, tents, and Canopies,

Fine Linnen, Turkey cushions boft with pearle,

Vallens of Venice gold, in needle worke :

Pewter and brasse, and all things that belongs

To house or house-keeping : then at my farme

I haue a hundred milch-kine to the pale,

Sixe-score fat Oxen standing in my stalls,

And all things answerable to this portion.

My selfe am strooke in yeeres I must confesse,

And if I die to morrow this is hers,

If whil't I liue she will be onely mine.

*Tra*. That only came well in : fir, list to me,

I am my fathers heyre and onely sonne,

If I may haue your daughter to my wife,

Ile leaue her houses three or foure as good

Within rich *Pisa* walls, as any one

Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*,

Besides, two thousand Duckets by the yeere

Of fruitfull land, all which shall be her ioynter.

What, haue I pincht you Signior *Gremio*?

*Gre*. Two thousand Duckets by the yeere of land,

My Land amounts not to so much in all :

That she shall haue, besides an *Argosie*

That now is lying in *Marcellus* roade :

What, haue I choakt you with an *Argosie*?

*Tra*. *Gremio*, 'tis knowne my father hath no lesse

Then three great *Argosies*, besides two *Gallias*

And twelue tite *Gallies*, these I will assure her,

And twice as much what ere thou offrest next.

*Gre*. Nay, I haue offred all, I haue no more,

And she can haue no more then all I haue,

If you like me, she shall haue me and mine.

*Tra*. Why then the maid is mine from all the world

By your firme promise, *Gremio* is out-vied.

*Bap*. I must confesse your offer is the best,

And let your father make her the assurance,

T

Shee

Shee is your owne, else you must pardon me :

If you should die before him, where's her dower?

*Tra.* That's but a caull : he is olde, I young.

*Gre.* And may not young men die as well as old?

*Bap.* Well gentlemen, I am thus resolu'd,

On sonday next, you know

My daughter *Katherine* is to be married :

Now on the sonday following, shall *Bianca*

Be Bride to you, if you make this assurance:

If not, to Signior *Gremio* :

And so I take my leaue, and thanke you both. *Exit.*

*Gre.* Adieu good neighbour : now I feare thee not :

Sirra, yong gamester, your father were a foole

To giue thee all, and in his wayning age

Set foot vnder thy table : tut, a toy,

An olde Italian foxe is not so kinde my boy. *Exit.*

*Tra.* A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,

Yet I haue fac'd it with a card of ten :

'Tis in my head to doe my master good :

I see no reason but suppos'd *Lucentio*

Must get a father, call'd suppos'd *Vincenzio*,

And that's a wonder : fathers commonly

Doe get their children : but in this case of woing,

A childe shall get a fire, if I faile not of my cunning. *Exit.*

### Actus Tertia.

*Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, and Bianca.*

*Luc.* Fidler forbear, you grow too forward Sir,  
Haue you so soone forgot the entertainment  
Her sister *Katherine* welcom'd you withall.

*Hort.* But wrangling pedant, this is  
The patronesse of heauenly harmony :  
'Then giue me leaue to haue prerogatiue,  
And when in Musicke we haue spent an houre,  
Your Lecture shall haue leisure for as much.

*Luc.* Preposterous Ass that neuer read so farre,  
To know the cause why musicke was ordain'd :  
Was it not to refresh the minde of man  
After his studies, or his vsuall paine ?  
Then giue me leaue to read Philosophy,  
And while I pause, serue in your harmony.

*Hort.* Sirra, I will not beare these braues of thine.

*Bianca.* Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,  
To strue for that which resteth in my choice :  
I am no breeching scholler in the schooles,  
He not be tied to howres, nor pointed times,  
But learne my Lessons as I please my selfe,  
And to cut off all strife : heere sit we downe,  
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles,  
His Lecture will be done ere you haue tun'd.

*Hort.* You'll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune?

*Luc.* That will be neuer, tune your instrument.

*Bianca.* Where left we last?

*Luc.* Heere Madam : *Hic Ibat Simois, hic est Sigeria tellus, hic steterat Priami regia Celsa senis.*

*Bianca.* Conster them.

*Luc.* *Hic Ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lucentio, hic est*, sonne vnto *Vincenzio* of *Pisa*, *Sigeria tellus*, disguised thus to get your loue, *hic steterat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing, *priami*, is my man *Tranio*, *regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis* that we might beguile the old *Pantalowne*.

*Hort.* Madam, my Instrument's in tune.

*Bianca.* Let's heare, oh fie, the treble iarrs.

*Luc.* Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.

*Bianca.* Now let mee see if I can conster it. *Hic Ibat Simois*, I know you not, *hic est Sigeria tellus*, I trust you not, *hic steterat priami*, take heede he heare vs not, *regia* presume not, *Celsa senis*, despaire not.

*Hort.* Madam, tis now in tune.

*Luc.* All but the base.

*Hort.* The base is right, 'tis the base knaue that ian.

*Luc.* How fiery and forward our Pedant is,  
Now for my life the knaue doth court my loue,  
*Pedascule*, Ile watch you better yet :

In time I may beleuee, yet I mistrust.

*Bianca.* Mistrust it not, for fure *Exacides*

Was *Ajax* cald so from his grandfather.

*Hort.* I must beleuee my master, else I promise you,  
I should be arguing still vpon that doubt,

But let it rest, now *Liatio* to you :

Good master take it not vnkindly pray

That I haue beene thus pleasant with you both.

*Hort.* You may go waik, and giue me leaue a while,

My Lessons make no musicke in three parts.

*Luc.* Are you so formall sir, well I must waite  
And watch withall, for but I be deceiu'd,

Our fine Musitian groweth amorous.

*Hort.* Madam, before you touch the instrument,  
To learne the order of my fingering,  
I must begin with rudiments of Art,  
To teach you gamoth in a briefer sort,  
More pleasant, pithy, and effectuall,  
Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,  
And there it is in writing fairely drawne.

*Bianca.* Why, I am past my gamouth long agoe.

*Hort.* Yet read the gamouth of *Hortentio*.

*Bianca.* Gamouth I am, the ground of all accord :  
*Are*, to plead *Hortentio's* passion :

*Beeme*, *Bianca* take him for thy Lord

*Cesart*, that loues with all affection :

*D folre*, one Cliffe, two notes haue I,

*Elami*, shew pittie or I die.

Call you this gamouth? tut I like it not,

Old fashions please me best, I am not so nice

To charge true rules for old inuentions.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Nicke.* Mistresse, your father prayes you leaue your  
And helpe to dresse your sisters chamber vp, (books,  
You know to morrow is the wedding day.

*Bianca.* Farewell sweet masters both, I must be gone.

*Luc.* Faith Mistresse then I haue no cause to stay.

*Hort.* But I haue cause to pry into this pedant,  
Methinkes he lookes as though he were in loue :  
Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be so humble  
To cast thy wandering eyes on euery stale :  
Seize thee that List, if once I finde thee ranging,  
*Hortentio* will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*

*Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and others, attendants.*

*Bap.* Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed day  
That *Katherine* and *Petrucchio* should be married,  
And yet we heare not of our sonne in Law :  
What will be said, what mockery will it be?  
To want the Bride-groome when the Priest attends  
To speake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?  
What saies *Lucentio* to this shame of ours?

No

me but mine, I must forsooth be forst  
ad oppos'd against my heart  
ine rudesby, full of spleene,  
hafte, and meanes to wed at leysure:  
was a franticke foole,  
r iests in blunt behauiour,  
d for a merry man;  
houfand, point the day of marriage,  
nuite, and proclaime the banes,  
ies to wed where he hath woo'd:  
world point at poore *Katherine*,  
ere is mad *Petrucio's* wife  
se him come and marry her.  
e good *Katherine* and *Baptista* too,  
*Petrucio* meanes but well,  
me staves him from his word,  
blunt, I know him passing wise,  
merry, yet withall he's honest.  
Katherine had neuer seen him though.

*Exit weeping.*

rie, I cannot blame thee now to weepe,  
arie would vex a very saint,  
reiw of impatient humour.

*Enter Biondello.*

, master, newes, and such newes as you

w and olde too? how may that be?

is it not newes to heard of *Petrucio's*  
ome? (comming?)

io fir.

hen?

omming.

will he be heere?

he stands where I am, and sees you there.

he stands where I am, and sees you there.

*Petrucio* is comming, in a new hat and  
a paire of olde breeches thrice turn'd; a  
that haue bene candle-cases, one buck-  
c'd: an olde rusty sword tane out of the  
, with a broken hilt, and chapeleffe: with  
ints: his horse hip'd with an olde mod-  
stirrops of no kindred: besides posselt  
rs, and like to mose in the chine, trou-  
Lampasse, infected with the fashions, full  
ped with Spauins, raied with the Yel-  
re of the Fiues, starke spoyl'd with the  
wne with the Bots, Waid in the backe,  
otten, neere leg'd before, and with a  
tte, & a headfall of sheepes leather, which  
to keepe him from stumbling, hath been  
now repaired with knots: one girth fixe  
nd a womans Crupper of velure, which  
s for her name, fairely set down in studs,  
here pecc'd with packthred.

comes with him?

, his Lackey, for all the world Capari-  
orse: with a linnen stock on one leg, and  
ose on the other, garted with a red and  
l hat, & the humor of forty fancies prickt  
r: a monster, a very monster in apparell,  
hrifian foot-boy, or a gentlemans Lacky.  
ne od humor pricks him to this fashion,  
he goes but meane apparell'd.

lad he's come, howsoeuer he comes.

ir, he comes not.

hou not say hee comes?

*Bion.* Who, that *Petrucio* came?

*Bap.* I, that *Petrucio* came. (backe.

*Bion.* No fir, I say his horse comes with him on his

*Bap.* Why that's all one.

*Bion.* Nay by *S. Iamy*, I hold you a penny, a horse and  
a man is more then one, and yet not many.

*Enter Petrucio and Grumio.*

*Pet.* Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?

*Bap.* You are welcome fir.

*Petr.* And yet I come not well.

*Bap.* And yet you halt not.

*Tra.* Not so well apparell'd as I wish you were.

*Petr.* Were it better I should rush in thus:

But where is *Kate*? where is my louely Bride?  
How does my father? gentles methinkes you frowne,  
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,  
As if they saw some wondrous monument,  
Some Commet, or vnusuall prodigie?

*Bap.* Why fir, you know this is your wedding day:  
First were we sad, fearing you would not come,  
Now sadder that you come so vnprovided:  
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,  
An eye-sore to our solemne festiuall.

*Tra.* And tell vs what occasion of import  
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,  
And sent you hither so vnlike your selfe?

*Petr.* Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare,  
Sufficieth I am come to keepe my word,  
Though in some part inforced to digresse,  
Which at more leysure I will so excuse,  
As you shall well be satisfied with all.  
But where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her,  
The morning weares, 'tis time we were at Church.

*Tra.* See not your Bride in these vnreuerent robes,  
Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

*Pet.* Not I, belecue me, thus Ile visit her.

*Bap.* But thus I trust you will not marry her. (words,

*Pet.* Good sooth euen thus: therefore ha done with  
To me she's married, not vnto my cloathes:  
Could I repaire what she will weare in me,  
As I can change these poore accoutrements,  
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my selfe.  
But what a foole am I to chat with you,  
When I should bid good morrow to my Bride?  
And seale the title with a louely kisse. *Exit.*

*Tra.* He hath some meaning in his mad attire,  
We will perswade him be it possible,  
To put on better ere he goe to Church.

*Bap.* Ile after him, and see the euent of this. *Exit.*

*Tra.* But fir, Loue concerneth vs to adde  
Her fathers liking, which to bring to passe  
As before imparted to your worship,  
I am to get a man what ere he be,  
It skills not much, weeles fit him to our turne,  
And he shall be *Vincencio* of *Pisa*,  
And make assurance heere in *Padua*  
Of greater summes then I haue promised,  
So shall you quietly enioy your hope,  
And marry sweet *Bianca* with consent.

*Luc.* Were it not that my fellow schoolemaster  
Doth watch *Bianca's* steps so narrowly:  
'Twere good me-thinkes to steale our marriage,  
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,  
Ile keepe mine owne despite of all the world.

*Tra.* That by degrees we meane to looke into,

And watch our vantage in this businesse,  
Wee'll ouer-reach the grey-beard *Gremio*,  
The narrow prying father *Minola*,  
The quaint Musician, amorous *Litio*,  
All for my Masters sake *Lucentio*.

*Enter Gremio.*

Signior *Gremio*, came you from the Church?

*Gre.* As willingly as ere I came from schoole.

*Tra.* And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home?

*Gre.* A bridegroome say you? 'tis a groomer indeed,  
A grumling groomer, and that the girle shall finde.

*Tra.* Curster then she, why 'tis impossible.

*Gre.* Why hee's a deuill, a deuill, a very fiend.

*Tra.* Why she's a deuill, a deuill, the deuils damme.

*Gre.* Tut, she's a Lambe, a Doue, a foole to him:

He tell you fir *Lucentio*; when the Priest  
Should aske if *Katherine* should be his wife,  
I, by goggs woones quoth he, and swore so loud,  
That all amaz'd the Priest let fall the booke,  
And as he stoop'd againe to take it vp,  
This mad-brain'd bridegroome tooke him such a cuffe,  
That downe fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest,  
Now take them vp quoth he, if any list.

*Tra.* What said the wench when he rose againe?

*Gre.* Trembled and shooke: for why, he stamp'd and  
swore, as if the Vicar meant to cozen him: but after many  
ceremonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth  
he, as if he had bene aboard carowing to his Mates after  
a storme, quait off the Muscadell, and threw the sops  
all in the Sextons face: hauing no other reason, but that  
his beard grew thinn and hungerly, and seem'd to aske  
him sops as hee was drinking: This done, hee tooke the  
Bride about the necke, and kist her lips with such a clamorous  
smacke, that at the parting all the Church did  
eccho: and I seeing this, came thence for very shame, and  
after mee I know the rout is comming, such a mad marriage  
neuer was before: harke, harke, I heare the minstrels play.

*Musicks playes.*

*Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptista.*

*Petr.* Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains,  
I know you thinke to dine with me to day,  
And haue prepar'd great store of wedding cheere,  
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,  
And therefore heere I meane to take my leaue.

*Bap.* Is't possible you will away to night?

*Petr.* I must away to day before night come,  
Make it no wonder: if you knew my businesse,  
You would intreat me rather goe then stay:  
And honest company, I thanke you all,  
That haue beheld me giue away my selfe  
To this most patient, sweet, and vertuous wife,  
Dine with my father, drinke a health to me,  
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

*Tra.* Let vs intreat you stay till after dinner.

*Petr.* It may not be.

*Gre.* Let me intreat you.

*Petr.* It cannot be.

*Kat.* Let me intreat you.

*Petr.* I am content.

*Kat.* Are you content to stay?

*Petr.* I am content you shall entreat me stay,  
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

*Kat.* Now if you loue me stay.

*Petr.* *Grumio*, my horse.

*Gre.* I sir, they be ready, the Oates haue eaten the  
horses.

*Kate.* Nay then,

Doe what thou canst, I will not goe to day,  
No, nor to morrow, not till I please my selfe,  
The dore is open sir, there lies your way,  
You may be iogging whiles your booties are greene:  
For me, Ile not be gone till I please my selfe,  
'Tis like you'll proue a iolly furly groomer,  
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

*Petr.* O *Kate* content thee, prethee be not angry.

*Kat.* I will be angry, what hast thou to doe?

Father, be quiet, he shall stay my leasure.

*Gre.* I marry sir, now it begins to worke.

*Kat.* Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner,  
I see a woman may be made a foole  
If she had not a spirit to resist.

*Petr.* They shall goe forward *Kate* at thy command,  
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.  
Goe to the feast, reuell and domineere,  
Carowse full measure to her maiden-head,  
Be madde and merry, or goe hang your selues:  
But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me:  
Nay, looke not big, nor stampe, nor stare, nor fret,  
I will be master of what is mine owne,  
Shee is my goods, my chattells, she is my house,  
My household-stuffe, my field, my barne,  
My horse, my ox, my asse, my any thing,  
And heere she stands, touch her who euer dare,  
Ile bring mine action on the proudest he  
That stops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*  
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with theeues,  
Rescue thy Mistresse if thou be a man:  
Feare not sweet wench, they shall not touch thee *Kate*,  
Ile buckler thee against a Million. *Exeunt. P. & K.*

*Bap.* Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones. *(ing.)*

*Gre.* Went they not quickly, I should die with laugh.

*Tra.* Of all mad matches neuer was the like.

*Luc.* Mistresse, what's your opinion of your sister?

*Bian.* That being mad her selfe, she's madly mated.

*Gre.* I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.

*Bap.* Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bride-  
For to supply the places at the table, *(groom wants)*  
You know there wants no iunkets at the feast:  
*Lucentio*, you shall supply the Bridegroomes place,  
And let *Bianca* take her sisters roome.

*Tra.* Shall sweet *Bianca* practise how to bride it?

*Bap.* She shall *Lucentio*: come gentlemen lets goe.

*Enter Grumio.*

*Exeunt.*

*Gre.* Fie, fie on all tired lades, on all mad Masters, &  
all foule waies: was euer man so beaten? was euer man  
so raide? was euer man so weary? I am sent before to  
make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them:  
now were not I a little pot, & soone hot; my very lippes  
might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roofof my  
mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire  
to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire shall warme my  
selfe: for considering the weather, a taller man then I  
will take cold: Holla, hoa *Curtis*.

*Enter Curtis.*

*Curt.* Who is that calls so coldly?

*Gre.* A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou shalt  
slide from my shoulder to my heele, with no  
greater

water a run but my head and my necke. A fire good  
*Cur.*

*Cur.* Is my master and his wife comming *Grumio*?

*Gru.* Oh I *Curtis* I, and therefore fire, fire, cast on no  
 iter.

*Cur.* Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported.

*Gru.* She was good *Curtis* before this frost: but thou  
 ow'st winter tames man, woman, and beast: for it  
 th tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and my  
 fe fellow *Curtis*.

*Gru.* Away you three inch foole, I am no beast.

*Gru.* Am I but three inches? Why thy horne is a foot  
 I so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire,  
 shall I complaine on thee to our mistress, whose hand  
 being now at hand) thou shalt soone feele, to thy  
 comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

*Cur.* I prethee good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the  
 id?

*Gru.* A cold world *Curtis* in every office but thine, &  
 refore fire: do thy duty, and haue thy dutie, for my  
 ster and mistress are almost frozen to death.

*Cur.* There's fire readie, and therefore good *Grumio*  
 newes.

*Gru.* Why lacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as  
 thou.

*Cur.* Come, you are so full of conicatching.

*Gru.* Why therefore fire, for I haue caught extreme  
 l. Where's the Cooke, is supper ready, the house  
 'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the seruingmen  
 their new fustian, the white stockings, and every offi-  
 his wedding garment on? Be the lackes faire with-  
 the Gills faire without, the Carpets laide, and euerie  
 ig in order?

*Cur.* All readie: and therefore I pray thee newes.

*Gru.* First know my horse is tired, my master & mi-  
 false out. *Cur.* How?

*Gru.* Out of their saddles into the durt, and thereby  
 igs a tale.

*Cur.* Let's ha't good *Grumio*.

*Gru.* Lend thine eare.

*Cur.* Heere.

*Gru.* There.

*Cur.* This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale.

*Gru.* And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale: and this  
 he was but to knocke at your eare, and beseech list-  
 g: now I begin, Inprimis wee came downe a fowle  
 l, my Master riding behinde my Mistress.

*Cur.* Both of one horse?

*Gru.* What's that to thee?

*Cur.* Why a horse.

*Gru.* Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crost me,  
 u shouldst haue heard how her horse fel, and she vn-  
 her horse: thou shouldst haue heard in how miery a  
 ce, how she was bemoil'd, how hee left her with the  
 fe vpon her, how he beat me because her horse stum-  
 d, how she waded through the durt to plucke him off  
 : how he swore, how she prai'd, that neuer prai'd be-  
 e: how I cried, how the horses ranne away, how her  
 ile was burst: how I lost my crupper, with manie  
 ngs of worthy memorie, which now shall die in obli-  
 n, and thou returne vnexperienc'd to thy graue.

*Cur.* By this reckning he is more shrew than she.

*Gru.* I, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall  
 le when he comes home. But what talke I of this?  
 I forth *Nathaniel*, *Ioseph*, *Nicolas*, *Phillip*, *Walter*, *Su-  
 fop* and the rest: let their heads bee slickely comb'd,

their blew coats brush'd, and their garters of an indiffe-  
 rent knit, let them curtie with their left legges, and not  
 presume to touch a haire of my Masters horse-taile, till  
 they kisse their hands. Are they all readie?

*Cur.* They are.

*Gru.* Call them forth.

*Cur.* Do you heare ho? you must meete my maister  
 to countenance my mistress.

*Gru.* Why she hath a face of her owne.

*Cur.* Who knowes not that?

*Gru.* Thou it seemes, that calls for company to coun-  
 tenance her.

*Cur.* I call them forth to credit her.

*Enter foure or fise seruingmen.*

*Gru.* Why she comes to borrow nothing of them.

*Nat.* Welcome home *Grumio*.

*Phil.* How now *Grumio*.

*Iof.* What *Grumio*.

*Nick.* Fellow *Grumio*.

*Nat.* How now old lad.

*Gru.* Welcome you: how now you: what you: fel-  
 low you: and thus much for greeting. Now my spruce  
 companions, is all readie, and all things neate?

*Nat.* All things is readie, how neere is our master?

*Gru.* E'ne at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be  
 not——Cockes passion, silence, I heare my master.

*Enter Petrucio and Kate.*

*Pet.* Where be these knaues? What no man at doore  
 To hold my stirrop, nor to take my horse?

Where is *Nathaniel*, *Gregory*, *Phillip*.

*All ser.* Heere, heere sir, heere sir.

*Pet.* Heere sir, heere sir, heere sir, heere sir.

You logger-headed and vnpolisht groomes:

What? no attendance? no regard? no dutie?

Where is the foolish knaue I sent before?

*Gru.* Heere sir, as foolish as I was before.

*Pet.* You pezant, swain, you horson malt-horse drudg

Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,

And bring along these rascal knaues with thee?

*Grumio.* *Nathaniels* coate sir was not fully made,

And *Gabrels* pumpes were all vnpinkt i'th heele:

There was no Linke to colour *Peters* hat,

And *Walters* dagger was not come from sheathing:

There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Rafe*, and *Gregory*,

The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly,

Yet as they are, heere are they come to meete you.

*Pet.* Go rascals, go, and fetch my supper in. *Ex. Ser.*

Where is the life that late I led?

Where are those? Sit downe *Kate*,

And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.

*Enter seruants with supper.*

Why when I say? Nay good sweete *Kate* be merrie.

Off with my boots, you rogues: you villaines, when?

*It was the Friar of Orders gray,*

*As he forth walked on his way.*

Out you rogue, you plucke my foote awrie,

Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.

Be merrie *Kate*: Some water heere: what hoa.

*Enter one with water.*

Where's my Spaniel *Troilus*? Sirra, get you hence,

And bid my cozen *Ferdinand* come hither:

One *Kate* that you must kisse, and be acquaint'd with.

Where are my Slippers? Shall I haue some water?

Come *Kate* and wash, & welcome heartily:

you horson villaine, will you let it fall?



*Kate.* Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault vnwilling.

*Pet.* A horson beetle-headed flap-ear'd knaue :  
Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you haue a stomacke,  
Will you giue thanks, sweete *Kate*, or else shall I?  
What's this, Mutton?

1. *Ser.* I.

*Pet.* Who brought it?

*Peter.* I.

*Pet.* 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate :  
What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke?  
How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser  
And serue it thus to me that loue it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all :  
You heedlesse iolt-heads, and vnmaner'd slaues.  
What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight.

*Kate.* I pray you husband be not so disquiet,  
The meate was well, if you were so contented.

*Pet.* I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away,  
And I expressly am forbid to touch it :  
For it engenders choller, planteth anger,  
And better 'twere that both of vs did fast,  
Since of our selues, our selues are chollericke,  
Then feede it with such ouer-rosted flesh:  
Be patient, to morrow't shalbe mended,  
And for this night we'l fast for companie.  
Come I will bring thee to thy Bridall chamber. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Seruants feuerally.*

*Natb.* *Peter* didst euer see the like.

*Peter.* He kils her in her owne humor.

*Grumio.* Where is he?

*Enter Curio a Seruant.*

*Cur.* In her chamber, making a sermon of continencie to her, and railles, and swears, and rates, that shee (poore soule) knowes not which way to stand, to looke, to speake, and sits as one new risen from a dreame. Away, away, for he is comming hither.

*Enter Petruchio.*

*Pet.* Thus haue I polittickely begun my reigne,  
And 'tis my hope to end successfullly :  
My Faulcon now is sharpe, and passing emptie,  
And til she stoopes, she must not be full gorg'd,  
For then she neuer lookes vpon her lure.  
Another way I haue to man my Haggard,  
To make her come, and know her Keepers call :  
That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,  
That bite, and beate, and will not be obedient :  
Shee eate no meate to day, nor none shall eate.  
Last night she slept not, nor to night she shall not :  
As with the meate, some vnderferued fault  
Ile finde about the making of the bed,  
And heere Ile sling the pillow, there the bolster,  
This way the Couerlet, another way the sheets :  
I, and amid this hurle I inward,  
That all is done in reuerend care of her,  
And in conclusion, she shal watch all night,  
And if she chance to nod, Ile raike and brawle,  
And with the clamor keepe her still awake :  
This is a way to kil a Wife with kindeesse,  
And thus Ile curbe her mad and headstrong humor :  
He that knowes better how to tame a shrew,  
Now let him speake, 'tis charity to shew.

*Enter Tranio and Hortensio.*

*Tra.* Is't possible friend *Lifo*, that mistress *Bianca*  
Doth fancie any other but *Lucentio*,  
I tel you sir, she beares me faire in hand.

*Luc.* Sir, to satisfie you in what I haue said,

Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.

*Enter Bianca.*

*Hor.* Now Mistris, profit you in what you reade?

*Bian.* What Master reade you first, resolue me that?

*Hor.* I reade, that I professe the Art to loue.

*Bian.* And may you proue fir Master of your Art.

*Luc.* While you sweet deere ptoue Mistrisse of my heart.

*Hor.* Quicke proceeders marry, now tel me I pray,  
you that durst sweare that your mistris *Bianca*  
Lou'd me in the World so wel as *Lucentio*.

*Tra.* Oh despightful Loue, vnconstant womankind,  
I tel thee *Lifo* this is wonderfull.

*Hor.* Mistake no more, I am not *Lifo*,

Nor a Musitian as I seeme to bee,

But one that scorne to liue in this disguise,

For such a one as leaues a Gentleman,

And makes a God of such a Cullion ;

Know sir, that I am cal'd *Hortensio*.

*Tra.* Signior *Hortensio*, I haue often heard  
Of your entire affection to *Bianca*,  
And since mine eyes are witnesse of her lightnesse,  
I wil with you, if you be so contented,  
Forswear *Bianca*, and her loue for euer.

*Hor.* See how they kisse and court: Signior *Lucentio*,  
Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow  
Neuer to woo her more, but do forswear her  
As one vnworthie all the former fauours  
That I haue fondly flatter'd them withall.

*Tra.* And heere I take the like vnfaide oath,  
Neuer to marrie with her, though she would intreate,  
Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him.

*Hor.* Would all the world but he had quite forsworn  
For me, that I may surely keepe mine oath.

I wil be married to a wealthy Widdow,  
Ere three dayes passe, which hath as long lou'd me,  
As I haue lou'd this proud disdainful Haggard,  
And so farewell signior *Lucentio*,  
Kindnesse in women, not their beauteous lookes  
Shal win my loue, and so I take my leaue,  
In resolution, as I swore before.

*Tra.* Mistris *Bianca*, blesse you with such grace,  
As longeth to a Louers blessed case :

Nay, I haue tane you napping gentle Loue,  
And haue forsworne you with *Hortensio*.

*Bian.* *Tranio* you iest, but haue you both forsworne mee?

*Tra.* Mistris we haue.

*Luc.* Then we are rid of *Lifo*.

*Tra.* I'faith hee'l haue a lustie Widdow now,  
That shalbe woo'd, and wedded in a day.

*Bian.* God giue him ioy.

*Tra.* I, and hee'l tame her.

*Bianca.* He sayes so *Tranio*.

*Tra.* Faith he is gone vnto the taming schoole.

*Bian.* The taming schoole: what is there such a place?

*Tra.* I mistris, and *Petruchio* is the master,  
That teacheth trickes eleuen and twentie long,  
To tame a shrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Bion.* Oh Master, master I haue watcht so long,  
That I am dogge-wearie, but at last I spied  
An ancient Angel comming downe the hill,  
Will seme the turne.

*Tra.* What is he *Biondello*?

*Bion.* Master, a Marcantant, or a pedant,

not what, but formall in apparrell,  
and countenance surely like a Father.  
And what of him *Tranio*?  
If he be credulous, and trust my tale,  
he him glad to see me *Vincenzio*,  
he assurance to *Baptista Minola*.  
were the right *Vincenzio*.  
Take me your loue, and then let me alone.

*Enter a Pedant.*

God saue you sir.  
And you sir, you are welcome,  
e you farre on, or are you at the farthest?  
Sir at the farthest for a weeke or two,  
n vp farther, and as farre as Rome,  
to Tripolie, if God lend me life.  
What Countreyman I pray?

Of *Mantua*.  
Of *Mantua* Sir, marrie God forbid,  
me to Padua carelesse of your life.  
My life sir? how I pray? for that goes hard.  
'Tis death for any one in *Mantua*

ie to Padua, know you not the cause?  
hips are staid at Venice, and the Duke  
ate quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,  
ablisht and proclaim'd it openly:  
ruaile, but that you are but newly come,  
ght haue heard it else proclaim'd about.

Alas sir, it is worse for me then so,  
aue bills for monie by exchange  
lorence, and must heere deliuer them.

Wel sir, to do you courtesie,  
d I do, and this I wil aduise you,  
I me, haue you euer beene at Pifa?  
I sir, in Pifa haue I often bin,  
owned for graue Citizens.

Among them know you one *Vincenzio*?  
I know him not, but I haue heard of him:  
abant of incomparable wealth.

He is my father sir, and sooth to say,  
t'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

As much as an apple doth an oyster, & all one.

To saue your life in this extremitie,  
uor wil I do you for his sake,  
inke it not the worst of all your fortunes,  
ou are like to Sir *Vincenzio*.

ne and credite shal you vndertake,  
my house you shal be friendly lodg'd,  
that you take vpon you as you should,  
lerstand me sir: so shal you stay

haue done your businesse in the Citie:  
e court'ie sir, accept of it.

Oh sir I do, and wil repute you euer  
tron of my life and libertie.

Then go with me, to make the matter good,

the way I let you vnderstand,  
her is heere look'd for euerie day,

è assurance of a dowre in marriage  
me, and one *Baptistas* daughter heere:

hefe circumstances Ile instruct you,  
h me to cloath you as becomes you.

*Exeunt.*

## Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Katherine and Grumio.*

*Gru.* No, no forsooth I dare not for my life.  
*Ka.* The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.  
What, did he marrie me to famish me?  
Beggars that come vnto my fathers doore,  
Vpon intreatie haue a present almes,  
If not, elsewhere they meete with charitie:  
But I, who neuer knew how to intreat,  
Nor neuer needed that I should intreat,  
Am staru'd for meate, giddie for lacke of sleepe:  
With oathes kept waking, and with brawling fed,  
And that which spights me more then all these wants,  
He does it vnder name of perfect loue:  
As who should say, if I should sleepe or eate  
'Twere deadly sicknesse, or else present death.  
I prethee go, and get me some repast,  
I care not what, so it be hollesome foode.

*Gru.* What say you to a Neats foote?

*Kate.* 'Tis pasing good, I prethee let me haue it.

*Gru.* I feare it is too chollericke a meate.

How say you to a fat Tripe finely broyl'd?

*Kate.* I like it well, good Grumio fetch it me.

*Gru.* I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollericke.

What say you to a peece of Beefe and Mustard?

*Kate.* A dish that I do loue to feede vpon.

*Gru.* I, but the Mustard is too hot a little.

*Kate.* Why then the Beefe, and let the Mustard rest.

*Gru.* Nay then I wil not, you shal haue the Mustard

Or else you get no beefe of Grumio.

*Kate.* Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.

*Gru.* Why then the Mustard without the beefe.

*Kate.* Go get thee gone, thou false deluding slaue,

*Beats him.*

That feed'ft me with the verie name of meate.  
Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you  
That triumph thus vpon my misery:  
Go get thee gone, I say.

*Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meate.*

*Petr.* How fares my Kate, what sweeting all a-mort?

*Hor.* Mistris, what cheere?

*Kate.* Faith as cold as can be.

*Pet.* Plucke vp thy spirits, looke cheerfully vpon me.

Heere Loue, thou seest how diligent I am,

To dresse thy meate my selfe, and bring it thee.

I am sure sweet Kate, this kindnesse merites thanks.

What, not a word? Nay then, thou lou'st it not:

And all my paines is sorted to no prooffe.

Heere take away this dish.

*Kate.* I pray you let it stand.

*Pet.* The poorest seruice is repaide with thanks,

And so shall mine before you touch the meate.

*Kate.* I thanke you sir.

*Hor.* Signior Petruchio, fie you are too blame:

Come Mistris Kate, Ile beare you companie.

*Petr.* Eate it vp all *Hortensio*, if thou louest mee:

Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart:

*Kate* eate apace; and now my honie Loue,

Will we returne vnto thy Fathers house,

And reuell it as brauely as the best,

With silken coats and caps, and golden Rings,

With Ruffes and Cuffes, and Fardingales, and things:

With Scarfes, and Fannes, & double change of brau'ry,

With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this knau'ry,

What hast thou din'd? The Tailor stiaies thy leasure,

To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treasure.

*Enter Tailor.*

Come

Come Tailor, let vs see these ornaments.

*Enter Haberdasher.*

Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you sir?

*Fel.* Heere is the cap your Worship did bespeake.

*Pet.* Why this was moulded on a porrenger,  
A Veluet dish : Fic, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,

Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,  
A knacke, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap :  
Away with it, come let me haue a bigger.

*Kate.* Ile haue no bigger, this doth fit the time,  
And Gentlewomen weare such caps as these.

*Pet.* When you are gentle, you shall haue one too,  
And not till then.

*Hor.* That will not be in haft.

*Kate.* Why sir I trust I may haue leaue to speake,  
And speake I will. I am no childe, no babe,  
Your betters haue indur'd me say my minde,  
And If you cannot, best you stop your eares,  
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,  
Or els my heart concealing it will breake,  
And rather then it shall, I will be free,  
Euen to the vttermost as I please in words.

*Pet.* Why thou saist true, it is paltrie cap,  
A custard coffen, a bauble, a silken pie,  
I loue thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

*Kate.* Loue me, or loue me not, I like the cap,  
And it I will haue, or I will haue none.

*Pet.* Thy gowne, why I : come Tailor let vs see't.  
Oh mercie God, what masking stufte is heere ?  
Whats this? a sleeue ? 'tis like demi cannon,  
What, vp and downe caru'd like an apple Tart ?  
Heers snip, and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,  
Like to a Cenfor in a barbers shoppe :

Why what a deuils name Tailor cal'st thou this ?

*Hor.* I see shees like to haue neither cap nor gowne.

*Tai.* You bid me make it orderlie and well,  
According to the fashion, and the time.

*Pet.* Marrie and did : but if you be remembred,  
I did not bid you marre it to the time.

Go hop me ouer euery kennell home,  
For you shall hop without my custome fir :  
Ile none of it ; hence, make your best of it.

*Kate.* I neuer saw a better fashion'd gowne,  
More queint, more pleasing, nor more commendable :  
Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.

*Pet.* Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee.

*Tai.* She saies your Worship meanes to make a  
puppet of her.

*Pet.* Oh monstrous arrogance :  
Thou lye'st, thou thred, thou thimble,  
Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile,  
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou :  
Brau'd in mine owne house with a skeine of thred :  
Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant,  
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,  
As thou shalt thinke on prating whil'st thou liu'st :  
I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gowne.

*Tai.* Your worship is deceiu'd, the gowne is made  
Iust as my master had direction :

*Grumio* gaue order how it should be done.

*Gru.* I gaue him no order, I gaue him the stufte.

*Tai.* But how did you desire it should be made ?

*Gru.* Marrie sir with needle and thred.

*Tai.* But did you not request to haue it cut ?

*Gru.* Thou hast fac'd many things.

*Tai.* I haue.

*Gru.* Face not mee : thou hast brau'd manie men  
braue not me ; I will neither bee fac'd nor brau'd. I say  
vnto thee, I bid thy Master cut out the gowne, but I did  
not bid him cut it to peeces. Ergo thou liest.

*Tai.* Why heere is the note of the fashion to testify.

*Pet.* Reade it.

*Gru.* The note lies in's thoroate if he say I said so.

*Tai.* Inprimis, a loose bodied gowne.

*Gru.* Master, if euer I said loose-bodied gowne, sow  
me in the skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bot-  
tome of browne thred : I said a gowne.

*Pet.* Proceede.

*Tai.* With a small compast cape.

*Gru.* I confesse the cape.

*Tai.* With a trunke sleeue.

*Gru.* I confesse two sleeues.

*Tai.* The sleeues curiously cut.

*Pet.* I there's the villanie.

*Gru.* Error i'th bill sir, error i'th bill ? I commanded  
the sleeues should be cut out, and sow'd vp againe, and  
that Ile proue vpon thee, though thy little finger be ar-  
med in a thimble.

*Tai.* This is true that I say, and I had thee in place  
where thou shouldst know it.

*Gru.* I am for thee straight : take thou the bill, giue  
me thy meat-yard, and spare not me.

*Hor.* God-a-mercie *Grumio*, then hee shall haue no  
oddes.

*Pet.* Well sir in breefe the gowne is not for me.

*Gru.* You are i'th right sir, 'tis for my mistris.

*Pet.* Go take it vp vnto thy masters vse.

*Gru.* Villaine, not for thy life : Take vp my Mistresse  
gowne for thy masters vse.

*Pet.* Why sir, what's your conceit in that ?

*Gru.* Oh sir, the conceit is deeper then you think for :  
Take vp my Mistris gowne to his masters vse.

Oh fie, fie, fie.

*Pet.* *Hortensio*, say thou wilt see the Tailor paid :  
Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

*Hor.* Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow,  
Take no vnkindnesse of his hastic words :

Away I say, commend me to thy master. *Exit Tai.*

*Pet.* Well, come my *Kate*, we will vnto your fathers,  
Euen in these honest meane habiliments :

Our purfes shall be proud, our garments poore :

For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich.

And as the Sunne breakes through the darke clouds,  
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.

What is the lay more precious then the Larke ?

Because his feathers are more beautifull.

Or is the Adder better then the Eele,

Because his painted skin contents the eye.

Oh no good *Kate*: neither art thou the worfe

For this poore furniture, and meane array.

If thou accountedst it shame, lay it on me,

And therefore frolicke, we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport vs at thy fathers house,

Go call my men, and let vs straight to him,

And bring our horses vnto Long-lane end,

There wil we mount, and thither walke on foote,

Let's see, I thinke 'tis now some feuen a clocke,

Aud well we may come there by dinner time.

*Kate.* I dare assure you sir, 'tis almost two,

And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.

*Pet.* It shall be feuen ere I go to horse :

Looke what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe,

re still crossing it, fir let's alone,  
not goe to day, and ere I doe,  
I be what a clock I say it is.  
. Why so this gallant will command the sunne.

*er Tranio, and the Pedant dress'd like Vincentio.*

1. Sir, this is the house, please it you that I call.  
I. I what else, and but I be deceived,  
r *Baptista* may remember me  
twentie yeares agoe in *Genoa*.  
1. Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegasus*,  
ell, and hold your owne in any case  
such austeritie as longeth to a father.

*Enter Biondello.*

1. I warrant you: but fir here comes your boy,  
'e good he were school'd.  
1. Feare you not him: firra *Biondello*,  
doe your dutie throughlie I aduise you:  
ne 'twere the right *Vincentio*.  
1. Tut, feare not me.  
1. But hast thou done thy errand to *Baptista*.  
1. I told him that your father was at *Venice*,  
hat you look't for him this day in *Padua*.  
1. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke,  
comes *Baptista*: set your countenance fir.

*Enter Baptista and Lucentio: Pedant booted  
and bare headed.*

1. Signior *Baptista* you are happilie met:  
is is the gentleman I told you of,  
you stand good father to me now,  
ne *Bianca* for my patrimony.  
Soft son: fir by your leaue, hauing com to *Padua*  
ther in some debts, my son *Lucentio*  
me acquainted with a waighy cause  
e betweene your daughter and himselfe:  
or the good report I heare of you,  
or the loue he beareth to your daughter,  
he to him: to stay him not too long,  
content in a good fathers care  
ue him matcht, and if you please to like  
rse then I, vpon some agreement  
all you finde readie and willing  
one consent to haue her so bestow'd:  
rious I cannot be with you  
r *Baptista*, of whom I heare so well.  
1. Sir, pardon me in what I haue to say,  
plainnesse and your shortnesse please me well:  
true it is your sonne *Lucentio* here  
loue my daughter, and she loueth him,  
th dissemble deeply their affections:  
herefore if you say no more then this,  
like a Father you will deale with him,  
asse my daughter a sufficient dower,  
atch is made, and all is done,  
sonne shall haue my daughter with consent.  
1. I thanke you fir, where then doe you know best  
affied and such assurance tane,  
ll with either parts agreement stand.  
1. Not in my house *Lucentio*, for you know  
re haue eares, and I haue manie seruants,  
s old *Gremio* is harkning still,  
happilie we might be interrupted.  
1. Then at my lodging, and it like you,  
doth my father lie: and there this night

Weele passe the businesse priuately and well:  
Send for your daughter by your seruant here,  
My Boy shall fetch the Scriuener presentlie,  
The worst is this that at so slender warning,  
You are like to haue a thin and slender pittance.

*Bap.* It likes me well:

*Cambio* hie you home, and bid *Bianca* make her readie  
straight:

And if you will tell what hath hapned,  
*Lucentio* Father is arriued in *Padua*,  
And how she's like to be *Lucentio* wife.

*Biond.* I praie the gods she may withall my heart.

*Exit.*

*Tran.* Dallie not with the gods, but get thee gone.

*Enter Peter.*

Signior *Baptista*, shall I leade the way,  
Welcome, one messe is like to be your cheere,  
Come fir, we will better it in *Piza*.

*Bap.* I follow you.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lucentio and Biondello.*

*Bion.* *Cambio*.

*Luc.* What faist thou *Biondello*.

*Biond.* You saw my Master winke and laugh vpon  
you?

*Luc.* *Biondello*, what of that?

*Biond.* Faith nothing: but has left mee here behinde  
to expound the meaning or morrall of his signes and to-  
kens.

*Luc.* I pray thee moralize them.

*Biond.* Then thus: *Baptista* is safe talking with the  
deceiuing Father of a deceitfull sonne.

*Luc.* And what of him?

*Biond.* His daughter is to be brought by you to the  
supper.

*Luc.* And then.

*Bio.* The old Priest at Saint *Lukes* Church is at your  
command at all houres.

*Luc.* And what of all this.

*Bion.* I cannot tell, expect they are busied about a  
counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, *Cum  
preuilegio ad Impremendum solem*, to th' Church take the  
Priest, Clarke, and some sufficient honest witnesses:  
If this be not that you looke for, I haue no more to say,  
But bid *Bianca* farewell for euer and a day.

*Luc.* Hear'st thou *Biondello*.

*Biond.* I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an  
afternoone as thee went to the Garden for Parleley to  
stufte a Rabit, and so may you fir: and so adew fir, my  
Master hath appointed me to goe to Saint *Lukes* to bid  
the Priest be readie to come against you come with your  
appendix.

*Exit.*

*Luc.* I may and will, if she be so contented:  
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt:  
Hap what hap may, Ile roundly goe about her:  
It shall goe hard if *Cambio* goe without her.

*Exit.*

*Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortentio*

*Petr.* Come on a Gods name, once more toward our  
fathers:

Good Lord how bright and goodly shines the Moone.

*Kate.* The Moone, the Sunne: it is not Moonelight  
now.

*Pet.* I say 'tis the Moone that shines so bright.

*Kate.* I know it is the Sunne that shines so bright.

*Pet.* Now by my mothers sonne, and that's my selfe,

It

It shall be moone, or starre, or what I list,  
Or ere I journey to your Fathers house:  
Goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe,  
Euermore crost and crost, nothing but crost.

*Hort.* Say as he saies, or we shall neuer goe.  
*Kate.* Forward I pray, since we haue come so farre,  
And be it moone, or sunne, or what you please:  
And if you please to call it a rufh Candle,  
Henceforth I vowe it shall be so for me.

*Petr.* I say it is the Moone.

*Kate.* I know it is the Moone.

*Petr.* Nay theu you lye: it is the blessed Sunne.

*Kate.* Then God be blest, it in the blessed sun,  
But sunne it is not, when you say it is not,  
And the Moone changes euen as your minde:  
What you will haue it nam'd, euen that it is,  
And so it shall be so for *Katherine*.

*Hort. Petrucchio*, goe thy waies, the field is won.

*Petr.* Well, forward, forward, thus the bowle should  
And not vnluckily against the Bias: (run,  
But soft, Company is coming here

*Enter Vincentio.*

Good morrow gentle Mistris, where away:  
Tell me sweete *Kate*, and tell me truly too,  
Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman:  
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes:  
What stars do spangle heauen with such beautie,  
As those two eyes become that heauenly face?  
Faie louely Maide, once more good day to thee:  
Sweete *Kate* embrace her for her beauties sake.

*Hort.* A will make the man mad to make the woman  
of him.

*Kate.* Yong budding Virgin, faie, and fresh, & sweet,  
Whether away, or whether is thy abode?  
Happy the Parents of so faie a childe;  
Happier the man whom fauourable stars  
A lots thee for his louely bedfellow.

*Petr.* Why how now *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad,  
This is a man old, wrinkled, faded, withered,  
And not a Maiden, as thou faist he is.

*Kate.* Pardon old father my mistaking eyes,  
That haue bin so bedazled with the sunne,  
That every thing I looke on seemeth greene:  
Now I perceiue thou art a reuerent Father:  
Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking.

*Petr.* Do good old grandfire, & withall make known  
Which way thou trauellest, if along with vs,  
We shall be ioyfull of thy companie.

*Vin.* Faie Sir, and you my merry Mistris,  
That with your strange encounter much amasde me:  
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Pisa*,  
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to visite  
A sonne of mine, which long I haue not seene.

*Petr.* What is his name?

*Vinc.* *Lucentio* gentle sir.

*Petr.* Happily met, the happier for thy sonne:  
And now by Law, as well as reuerent age,  
I may intitle thee my louing Father,  
The sister to my wife, this Gentlewoman,  
Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,  
Nor be not grieued, she is of good esteeme,  
Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth;  
Beside, so qualified, as may beseme  
The Spouse of any noble Gentleman:  
Let me imbrace with old *Vincentio*,

And wander we to see thy honest sonne,  
Who will of thy arriual be full ioyous.

*Vinc.* But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,  
Like pleasant trauailors to breake a lef  
Vpon the companie you ouertake?

*Hort.* I doe assure thee father so it is.

*Petr.* Come goe along and see the truth hereof,  
For our first merriment hath made thee iealous. *Exant.*

*Hort.* Well *Petrucchio*, this has put me in heart;  
Haue to my Widdow, and if she froward,  
Then hast thou taught *Hortentio* to be vntoward. *Exit.*

*Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio  
is out before.*

*Biond.* Softly and swiftly fir, for the Priest is ready.

*Luc.* I fie *Biondello*; but they may chance to neede  
thee at home, therefore leaue vs. *Exit.*

*Biond.* Nay faith, Ile see the Church a your backe,  
and then come backe to my mistris as soone as I can.

*Gre.* I maruaile *Cambio* comes not all this while.

*Enter Petrucchio, Kate, Vincentio, Grumio  
with Attendants.*

*Petr.* Sir heres the doore, this is *Lucentios* house,  
My Fathers beares more toward the Market-place,  
Thither must I, and here I leaue you fir.

*Vin.* You shall not choose but drinke before you go,  
I thinke I shall command your welcome here;  
And by all likelihood some cheere is toward. *Kncl.*

*Grem.* They're busie within, you were best knocke  
lower.

*Pendant* looks out of the window.

*Ped.* What's he that knockes as he would beat downe  
the gate?

*Vin.* Is Signior *Lucentio* within fir?

*Ped.* He's within fir, but not to be spoken withall.

*Vinc.* What if a man bring him a hundred pound or  
two to make merrie withall.

*Ped.* Keepe your hundred pounds to your selfe, hee  
shall neede none so long as I liue.

*Petr.* Nay, I told you your sonne was well beloued in  
*Padua*: doe you heare fir, to leaue friuolous circumstan-  
ces, I pray you tell signior *Lucentio* that his Father is  
come from *Pisa*, and is here at the doore to speake with  
him.

*Ped.* Thou liest his Father is come from *Padua*, and  
here looking out at the window.

*Vin.* Art thou his father?

*Ped.* I fir, so his mother saies, if I may belecue her.

*Petr.* Why how now gentleman: why this is flat kna-  
uerie to take vpon you another mans name.

*Peda.* Lay hands on the villaine, I belecue a meanes  
to cofen some bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Bio.* I haue seene them in the Church together, God  
send'em good shipping: but who is here? mine old Ma-  
ster *Vincentio*: now wee are vndone and brought to no-  
thing.

*Vin.* Come hither crackhempe.

*Bion.* I hope I may choose Sir.

*Vin.* Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot  
mee?

*Biond.* Forgot you, no fir: I could not forget you, for  
I neuer saw you before in all my life.

*Vinc.* What, you notorious villaine, didst thou neuer  
see thy Mistris father, *Vincentio*?

*Bion.* What

*Bion.* What my old worshipfull old master? yes marie fir see where he lookes out of the window.

*Uin.* Ist so indeede. *He beates Biondello.*

*Bion.* Helpe, helpe, helpe, here's a mad man will murder me.

*Pedant.* Helpe, sonne, helpe signior *Baptista*.

*Petr.* Pree the *Kate* let's stand afide and see the end of this controuerfie.

*Enter Pedant with seruants, Baptista, Tranio.*

*Tra.* Sir, what are you that offer to beate my servant?

*Vinc.* What am I fir:nay what are you fir : oh immortal Goddes : oh fine villaine, a filken doubtlet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloake, and a copatine hat : oh I am vndone, I am vndone : while I plaie the good husband at home, my sonne and my servant spend all at the vniuersitie.

*Tra.* How now, what's the matter?

*Bapt.* What is the man lunaticke?

*Tra.* Sir, you seeme a sober ancient Gentleman by your habit : but your words shew you a mad man : why fir, what cernes it you, if I weare Pearle and gold : I thank my good Father, I am able to maintaine it.

*Vin.* Thy father : oh villaine, he is a Saile-maker in *Bergamo*.

*Bap.* You mistake fir, you mistake fir, praie what do you thinke is his name?

*Vin.* His name, as if I knew not his name : I haue brought him vp euer since he was three yeeres old, and his name is *Tranio*.

*Ped.* Awaie,awaie mad affe, his name is *Lucentio*, and he is mine onelie sonne and heire to the Lands of me signior *Vincentio*.

*Ven.* *Lucentio* : oh he hath murdered his Master ; laie hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name : oh my sonne, my sonne : tell me thou villaine, where is my son *Lucentio*?

*Tra.* Call forth an officer : Carrie this mad knaue to the laile : father *Baptista*, I charge you see that hee be forth comming.

*Vinc.* Carrie me to the laile?

*Gre.* Staie officer, he shall not go to prison.

*Bap.* Talke not signior *Gremio* : I saie he shall goe to prison.

*Gre.* Take heede signior *Baptista*, leaft you be conicatcht in this businesse : I dare sweare this is the right *Vincentio*.

*Ped.* Swear if thou dar'st.

*Gre.* Naie, I dare not sweare it.

*Tran.* Then thou wert best saie that I am not *Lucentio*.

*Gre.* Yes, I know thee to be signior *Lucentio*.

*Bap.* Awaie with the dotard, to the laile with him.

*Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Biancu.*

*Vin.* Thus strangers may be hailed and abus'd : oh monstrous villaine.

*Bion.* Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, denie him, forswear him, or else we are all vndone.

*Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as fast as may be.*

*Luc.* Pardon sweete father. *Kneele.*

*Vin.* Liues my sweete sonne?

*Bian.* Pardon deere father.

*Bap.* How haft thou offended, where is *Lucentio*?

*Luc.* Here's *Lucentio*, right sonne to the right *Vincentio*,

That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine, While counterfeit supposes bleer'd thine eie.

*Gre.* Here's packing with a witnesse to deceiue vs all.

*Vin.* Where is that damned villaine *Tranio*,

That fac'd and braued me in this matter so?

*Bap.* Why, tell me is not this my *Cambio*?

*Bian.* *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

*Luc.* Loue wrought these miracles. *Biancas* loue

Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*,

While he did beare my countenance in the towne,

And happilie I haue arriued at the laft

Vnto the wished hauen of my blisse :

What *Tranio* did, my selfe enforst him to ;

Then pardon him sweete Father for my sake.

*Vin.* Ile slit the villaines nose that would haue sent me to the laile.

*Bap.* But doe you heare fir, haue you married my daughter without asking my good will?

*Vin.* Feare not *Baptista*, we will content you, goe to : but I will in to be reueng'd for this villanie. *Exit.*

*Bap.* And I to found the depth of this knauerie. *Exit.*

*Luc.* Looke not pale *Bianca*, thy father will not frown. *Exeunt.*

*Gre.* My cake is doug, hbut Ile in among the rest, Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.

*Kate.* Husband let's follow, to see the end of this adoe.

*Petr.* First kisse me *Kate*, and we will.

*Kate.* What in the midst of the streete?

*Petr.* What art thou aham'd of me?

*Kate.* Mo fir, God forbid, but aham'd to kisse.

*Petr.* Why then let's home againe : Come Sirra let's awaie.

*Kate.* Nay, I will giue thee a kisse, now praie thee Loue staie.

*Petr.* Is not this well? come my sweete *Kate*.

Better once then ueuer, for neuer to late. *Exeunt.*

## Actus Quintus.

*Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and Bianca. Tranio, Biondello Gremio, and Widdow : The Seruingmen with Tranio bringing in a Banquet.*

*Luc.* At last, though long, our iarring notes agree, And time it is when raging warre is come, To smile at scapes and perils ouerblowne : My faire *Bianca* bid my father welcome, While I with selfesame kindnesse welcome thine : Brother *Petrucbio*, sister *Katerina*, And thou *Hortentio* with thy louing Widdow : Feast with the best, and welcome to my house, My Banket is to close our stomakes vp After our great good cheere : praie you sit downe, For now we sit to chat as well as eate.

*Petr.* Nothing but sit and sit, and eate and eate.

*Bap.* *Padua* affords this kindnesse, sonne *Petrucbio*.

*Petr.* *Padua* affords nothing but what is kinde.

*Hor.* For both our sakes I would that word were true.

*Petr.* Now for my life *Hortentio* feares his Widdow.

*Wid.* Then neuer trust me if I be afeard.

*Petr.* You are verie sencible, and yet you misse my sence :

I meane *Hortentio* is afeard of you.

*Wid.* He

*Wid.* He that is giddie thinks the world turns round.

*Petr.* Roundlie replied.

*Kat.* Mistress, how meane you that?

*Wid.* Thus I conceiue by him.

*Petr.* Conceiues by me, how likes *Hortentio* that?

*Hor.* My Widdow saies, thus she conceiues her tale.

*Petr.* Verie well mended: kisse him for that good Widdow.

*Kat.* He that is giddie thinkes the world turnes round,  
I praie you tell me what you meant by that.

*Wid.* Your housband being troubled with a shrew,  
Measures my husbands sorrow by his woe:  
And now you know my meaning.

*Kate.* A verie meane meaning.

*Wid.* Right, I meane you.

*Kat.* And I am meane indeede, respecting you.

*Petr.* To her *Kate*.

*Hor.* To her Widdow.

*Petr.* A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.

*Hor.* That's my office.

*Petr.* Spoke like an Officer: ha to the lad.

*Drinkes to Hortentio.*

*Bap.* How likes *Gremio* these quicke witted folkes?

*Gre.* Beleeue me sir, they But together well.

*Bian.* Head, and but an haffie witted bodie,  
Would say your Head and But were head and horne.

*Vin.* I Mistress Bride, hath that awakened you?

*Bian.* I, but not frighted me, therefore Ile sleepe a-gaine.

*Petr.* Nay that you shall not since you haue begun:  
Haue at you for a better iest or too.

*Bian.* Am I your Bird, I meane to shift my bush,  
And then pursue me as you draw your Bow.

You are welcome all. *Exit Bianca.*

*Petr.* She hath preuented me, here signior *Tranio*,  
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,  
Therefore a health to all that shot and mist.

*Tri.* Oh sir, *Lucentio* slipt me like his Gray-hound,  
Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Master.

*Petr.* A good swift smile, but something curriish.

*Tra.* 'Tis well sir that you hunted for your selfe:  
'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a baie.

*Bap.* Oh, oh *Petrucchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.

*Luc.* I thanke thee for that gird good *Tranio*.

*Hor.* Confesse, confesse, hath he not hit you here?

*Petr.* A has a little gald me I confesse:

And as the left did glaunce awaie from me,

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you too out right.

*Bap.* Now in good sadnesse sonne *Petrucchio*,

I thinke thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

*Petr.* Well, I say no: and therefore sir assurance,

Let's each one send vnto his wife,

And he whose wife is most obedient,

To come at first when he doth send for her,

Shall win the wager which we will propose.

*Hort.* Content, what's the wager?

*Luc.* Twentie crownes.

*Petr.* Twentie crownes,

He venture so much of my Hawke or Hound,  
But twentie times so much vpon my Wife.

*Luc.* A hundred then.

*Hor.* Content.

*Petr.* A match, 'tis done.

*Hor.* Who shall begin?

*Luc.* That will I.

Goe *Biondello*, bid your Mistress come to me.

*Bio.* Igoe.

*Bap.* Sonne, Ile be your halfe, *Bianca* comes.

*Luc.* Ile haue no halues: Ile beare it all my selfe.

*Enter Biondello.*

How now, what newes?

*Bio.* Sir, my Mistress sends you word

That she is busie, and she cannot come.

*Petr.* How? she's busie, and she cannot come: is it  
an answere?

*Gre.* I, and a kinde one too:

Praie God sir your wife send you not a worfe.

*Petr.* I hope better.

*Hor.* Sirra *Biondello*, goe and intreate my wife  
come to me forthwith. *Exit Bio.*

*Pet.* Oh ho, intreate her, nay then shee must nee  
come.

*Hor.* I am affraid sir, doe what you can

*Enter Biondello.*

Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my wife?

*Bion.* She saies you haue some goodly left in hand,  
She will not come: she bids you come to her.

*Petr.* Worfe and worfe, she will not come:

Oh vilde, intollerable, not to be indur'd:

Sirra *Gremio*, goe to your Mistress,

Say I command her come to me. *Es*

*Hor.* I know her answere.

*Pet.* What?

*Hor.* She will not.

*Petr.* The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

*Enter Katerina.*

*Bap.* Now by my hollidam here comes *Katerina*.

*Kat.* What is your will sir, that you send for me?

*Petr.* Where is your sister, and *Hortensios* wife?

*Kate.* They sit conferring by the Parler fire.

*Petr.* Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come,  
Swinge me them soundly forth vnto their husbands:

Away I say, and bring them hither straight.

*Luc.* Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.

*Hor.* And so it is: I wonder what it boads.

*Petr.* Marrie peace it boads, and loue, and quiet life,  
An awfull rule, and right supremicie:

And to be short, what not, that's sweete and happie.

*Bap.* Now faire befall thee good *Petrucchio*;

The wager thou hast won, and I will adde

Vnto their losses twentie thousand crownes,

Another dowrie to another daughter,

For she is chang'd as she had neuer bin.

*Petr.* Nay, I will win my wager better yet,

And show more signe of her obedience,

Her new built vertue and obedience.

*Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.*

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wives

As prisoners to her womanlie perswasion:

*Katerine*, that Cap of yours becomes you not,

Off with that bable, throw it vnderfoote.

*Wid.* Lord let me neuer haue a cause to sigh,

Till I be brought to such a fillie passe.

*Bian.* Fie what a foolish dutie call you this?

*Luc.* I would your dutie were as foolish too:

The wildome of your dutie faire *Bianca*,

Hath cost me fiew hundred crownes since supper time.

*Bian.* The more foole you for laying on my dutie.

*Pet.* *Katerine* I charge thee tell these head-stro  
women, what dutie they doe owe their Lords and  
bands.

*Wid.* Con

Come, come, your mocking: we will haue no

Come on I say, and first begin with her.

She shall not.

I say she shall, and first begin with her.

Fie, fie, vnknit that thretaning vnkinde brow,  
 rt not scornfull glances from those eies,  
 and thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouvernour.  
 thy beautie, as frosts doe bite the Meads,  
 nds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake faire budds,  
 no sence is meete or amiable.

an mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,  
 ill seeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,  
 hile it is so, none so dry or thirstie  
 signe to sip, or touch one drop of it.

usband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
 ad, thy soueraigne: One that cares for thee,  
 r thy maintenance. Commits his body  
 full labour, both by sea and land:

ch the night in stormes, the day in cold,  
 t thou ly'ft warme at home, secure and safe,  
 ques no other tribute at thy hands,  
 ie, faire lookes, and true obedience;  
 tle payment for so great a debt.

utie as the subiect owes the Prince,  
 ch a woman oweth to her husband:  
 hen she is froward, peeuish, fullen, fowre,  
 it obedient to his honest will,

s she but a foule contending Rebell,  
 acelesse Traitor to her louing Lord?  
 ham'd that women are so simple,

To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace:

Or seeke for rule, supremacie, and sway,  
 When they are bound to serue, loue, and obay.

Why are our bodies soft, and weake, and smooth,  
 Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,

But that our soft conditions, and our harts,  
 Should well agree with our externall parts?

Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes,

My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,

My heart as great, my reason haplie more,

To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;

But now I see our Launces are but strawes:

Our strength as weake, our weakenesse past compare,

That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.

Then vale your stomackes, for it is no boote,

And place your hands below your husbands foote:

In token of which dutie, if he please,

My hand is readie, may it do him ease.

*Pet.* Why there's a wench: Come on, and kisse mee

*Kate.*

*Luc.* Well go thy waies olde Lad for thou shalt ha't.

*Vin.* Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

*Luc.* But a harsh hearing, when women are froward,

*Pet.* Come Kate, wee'e'le to bed,

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I wonne the wager, though you hit the white,

And being a winner, God giue you good night.

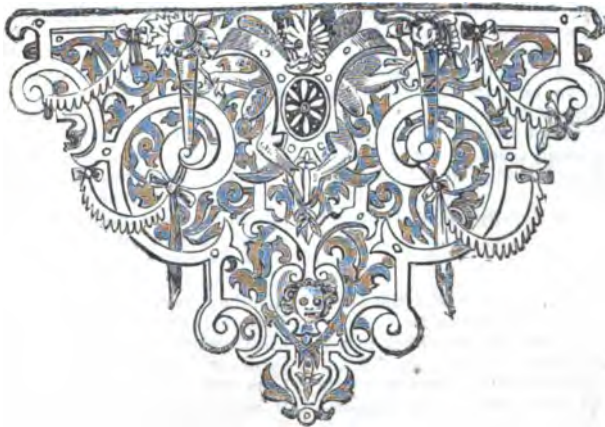
*Exit Petruchio*

*Horten.* Now goe thy wayes, thou hast tam'd a curst  
 Shrow.

*Luc.* Tis a wonder, by your leaue, she wil be tam'd fo.

FINIS.

V v







# ALL'S Well, that Ends Well.

## *Actus primus. Scæna Prima.*

*Enter yong Bertram Count of Rossillion, his Mother, and Helena, Lord Lafew, all in blacke.*

*Mother.*

**I**N deliuering my sonne from me, I burie a second husband.

*Rof.* And I in going Madam, weep ore my fathers death anew; but I must attend his maiesties command, to whom I am now in Ward, euermore in subiection.

*Laf.* You shall find of the King a husband Madame, you sir a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessitie hold his vertue to you, whose worthinesse would stirre it vp where it wanted rather then lack it where there is such abundance.

*Mo.* What hope is there of his Maiesties amendment?

*Laf.* He hath abandon'd his Phisitions Madam, vnder whose practises he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other aduantage in the processe, but onely the loosing of hope by time.

*Mo.* This yong Gentlewoman had a father, O that had, how sad a passage tis, whose skill was almost as great as his honestie, had it stretch'd so far, would haue made nature immortall, and death should haue play for lacke of worke. Would for the Kings sake hee were liuing, I thinke it would be the death of the Kings disease.

*Laf.* How call'd you the man you speake of Madam?

*Mo.* He was famous sir in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: *Gerard de Narbon*.

*Laf.* He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very latelie spoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: hee was skilfull enough to haue liu'd still, if knowledge could be set vp against mortallitie.

*Rof.* What is it (my good Lord) the King languishes of?

*Laf.* A Fistula my Lord.

*Rof.* I heard not of it before.

*Laf.* I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of *Gerard de Narbon*?

*Mo.* His sole childe my Lord, and bequeathed to my ouer looking. I haue those hopes of her good, that her education promises her dispositions shee inherits, which makes faire gifts fairer: for where an vncleane mind carries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with pittie, they are vertues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simplesse; she deriues her honestie,

and atcheeues her goodnesse.

*Lafew.* Your commendations Madam get from her teares.

*Mo.* 'Tis the best brine a Maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father neuer approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrowes takes all liuelibood from her cheek. No more of this *Helena*, go too, no more least it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, then to haue——

*Hell.* I doe affect a sorrow indeed, but I haue it too.

*Laf.* Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessiue greefe the enemy to the liuing.

*Mo.* If the liuing be enemy to the greefe, the excess makes it soone mortall.

*Rof.* Maddam I desire your holie wishes.

*Laf.* How vnderstand we that?

*Mo.* Be thou blest *Bertrame*, and succeed thy father In manners as in shape: thy blood and vertue Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodnesse Share with thy birth-right. Loue all, trust a few, Doe wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power then vfe: and keepe thy friend Vnder thy owne lifes key. Be cheekt for silence, But neuer tax'd for speech. What heauen more wil, That thee may furnish, and my prayers lucke downe, Fall on thy head. Farwell my Lord, 'Tis an vnseason'd Courtier, good my Lord Adulfe him.

*Laf.* He cannot want the best That shall attend his loue.

*Mo.* Heauen bleffe him: Farwell *Bertram*.

*Ro.* The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts be seruants to you: be comfortable to my mother, your Mistris, and make much of her.

*Laf.* Farewell prettie Lady, you must hold the credit of your father.

*Hell.* O were that all, I thinke not on my father, And these great teares grace his remembrance more Then those I shed for him. What was he like? I haue forgott him. My imagination Carries no fauour in't but *Bertrams*. I am vndone, there is no liuing, none, If *Bertram* be away. 'Twere all one, That I should loue a bright particular starre, And think to wed it, he is so aboue me In his bright radiance and colaterall light,

*Must*

comforted, not in his sphere ;  
on in my loue thus plagues it selfe :  
that would be mated by the Lion  
or loue. 'Twas prettie, though a plague  
n euerie houre to sit and draw  
l browes, his hawking eie, his curles  
irts table : heart too capeable  
line and trickes of his sweet fauour.  
ie's gone, and my idolatrous fancie  
lifie his Reliques. Who comes heere ?

*Enter Parrolles.*

goes with him : I loue him for his fake,  
know him a notorious Liar,  
am a great way foole, folie a coward,  
fixt euils sit so fit in him,  
take place, when Vertues steely bones  
take i'th cold wind : withall, full ofte we see  
some waiting on superfluous follie.  
ue you faire Queene.  
nd you Monarch.  
o.  
nd no.  
re you meditating on virginitie ?  
you haue some staine of fouldier in you : Let  
you a question. Man is enimie to virginitie,  
you barracado it against him ?  
eepe him out.  
it he assailes, and our virginitie though vali-  
ence defence yet is weak : vnfold to vs some war-  
ince.  
here is none : Man setting downe before you,  
mine you, and blow you vp.  
esse our poore Virginity from vnderminers  
rs vp. Is there no Military policy how Vir-  
blow vp men ?  
'irginity beeing blowne downe, Man will  
be blowne vp : marry in blowing him downe  
ith the breach your felues made, you lose your  
is not politicke, in the Common-wealth of  
o preserve virginity. Losse of Virginitie, is  
ncrease, and there was neuer Virgin goe, till  
was first lost. That you were made of, is met-  
ake Virgins. Virginitie, by beeing once lost,  
en times found : by being euer kept, it is euer  
o cold a companion : Away with't.  
will stand for't a little, though therefore I die

here's little can bee saide in't, 'tis against the  
ature. To speake on the part of virginitie, is  
your Mothers ; which is most infallible diso-  
He that hangs himselfe is a Virgin : Virgini-  
ers it selfe, and should be buried in highwayes  
sanctified limitt, as a desperate Offendresse a-  
ure. Virginitie breeds mites, much like a  
onsumes it selfe to the very paying, and so  
feeding his owne stomacke. Besides, Virgini-  
uith, proud, ydle, made of selfe-loue, which  
t inhibited sinne in the Cannon. Keepe it not,  
t choose but loose by't. Out with't : within  
it will make it selfe two, which is a goodly in-  
nd the principall it selfe not much the worse.  
h't.  
ow might one do fir, to loose it to her owne

*Par.* Let mee see . Marry ill, to like him that ne're  
it likes. 'Tis a commodity wil lose the glosse with lying:  
The longer kept, the lesse worth : Off with't while 'tis  
vendible. Answer the time of request, Virginitie like  
an olde Courtier, weares her cap out of fashion, richly  
futed, but vnfuteable, iust like the brooch & the tooth-  
pick, which were not now : your Date is better in your  
Pye and your Porridge, then in your cheekes : and your  
virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French  
wither'd peares, it lookes ill, it eates drily, marry 'tis a  
wither'd peare : it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a  
wither'd peare : Will you any thing with it ?

*Hel.* Not my virginity yet :

There shall your Master haue a thousand louses,  
A Mother, and a Mistresse, and a friend,  
A Phenix, Captaine, and an enemy,  
A guide, a Goddesse, and a Soueraigne,  
A Counsellor, a Traitorresse, and a Deare :  
His humble ambition, proud humility :  
His iarring, concord : and his discord, dulcet :  
His faith, his sweet disaster : with a world  
Of pretty fond adoptious christendomes  
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he :  
I know not what he shall, God send him well,  
The Courts a learning place, and he is one.

*Par.* What one ifaith ?

*Hel.* That I wish well, 'tis pitty.

*Par.* What's pitty ?

*Hel.* That wishing well had not a body in't,  
Which might be felt, that we the poorer borne,  
Whose baser starres do shut vs vp in wishes,  
Might vwith effects of them follow our friends,  
And shew what vve alone must thinke, which neuer  
Returns vs thanks.

*Enter Page.*

*Pag.* Monsieur Parrolles,

My Lord calls for you.

*Par.* Little *Hellen* farewell, if I can remember thee, I  
will thinke of thee at Court.

*Hel.* Monsieur Parrolles, you were borne vnder a  
charitable starre.

*Par.* Vnder *Mars* I.

*Hel.* I especially thinke, vnder *Mars*.

*Par.* Why vnder *Mars* ?

*Hel.* The warres hath so kept you vnder, that you  
must needes be borne vnder *Mars*.

*Par.* When he was predominant.

*Hel.* When he was retrograde I thinke rather.

*Par.* Why thinke you so ?

*Hel.* You go so much backward when you fight.

*Par.* That's for aduantage.

*Hel.* So is running away,

When feare proposes the safetie :

But the composition that your valour and feare makes  
in you, is a vertue of a good wing, and I like the  
weare well.

*Paroll.* I am so full of businesse, I cannot answere  
thee acutely : I will returne perfect Courtier, in the  
which my instruction shall serue to naturalize thee, so  
thou wilt be capeable of a Courtiers counsell, and vnder-  
stand what aduice shall thrust vpon thee, else thou  
diest in thine vnthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes  
thee away, farewell : When thou hast leysure, say thy  
praisers : when thou hast none, remember thy Friends :

Get thee a good husband, and vse him as he vses thee :  
So farewell.

*Hel.* Our remedies oft in our selues do lye,  
Which we ascribe to heauen : the fated skye  
Gives vs free scope, onely doth backward pull  
Our slow designes, when we our selues are dull.  
What power is it, which mounts my loue so hye,  
That makes me see, and cannot feede mine eye?  
The mightiest space in fortune, Nature brings  
To ioyne like, likes ; and kisse like native things.  
Impossible be strange attempts to those  
That weigh their paines in fence, and do suppose  
What hath beene, cannot be. Who euer stroue  
To shew her merit, that did misse her loue?  
(The Kings disease) my prouident may deceiue me,  
But my intents are fixt, and will not leaue me.

*Exit*

*Flourish Cornets.*

*Enter the King of France with Letters, and  
diuers Attendants.*

*King.* The *Florentines* and *Senoy's* are by th'eares,  
Hau'e fought with equall fortune, and continue  
A brauing warre.

*1.Lo.G.* So tis reported sir.

*King.* Nay tis most credible, we heere receiue it,  
A certaintie vouch'd from our Cousin *Austria*,  
With caution, that the *Florentine* will moue vs  
For speedie ayde: wherein our deere friend  
Preiudicates the businesse, and would seeme  
To haue vs make deniall.

*1.Lo.G.* His loue and wisedom  
Approu'd so to your Maiesty, may pleade  
For amplest credence.

*King.* He hath arm'd our answer,  
And *Florence* is deni'de before he comes:  
Yet for our Gentlemen that meane to see  
The *Tuscan* seruice, freely haue they leaue  
To stand on either part.

*2.Lo.E.* It well may serue  
A nusslerie to our Gentrie, who are sicke  
For breathing, and exploit.

*King.* What's he comes heere.

*Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.*

*1.Lor.G.* It is the Count *Rosignoll* my good Lord,  
Yong *Bertram*.

*King.* Youth, thou bear'st thy Fathers face,  
Franke Nature rather curious then in ha't  
Hath well compos'd thee : Thy Fathers morall parts  
Maist thou inherit too : Welcome to *Paris*.

*Ber.* My thanks and dutie are your Maiesties.

*King.* I would I had that corporall soundnesse now,  
As when thy father, and my selfe, in friendship  
First tride our souldiership : he did looke farre  
Into the seruice of the time, and was  
Disciplin'd of the brauest. He lasted long,  
But on vs both did haggish Age steale on,  
And wore vs out of act : It much repaires me  
To talke of your good father ; in his youth  
He had the wit, which I can well obserue  
To day in our yong Lords : but they may iest  
Till their owne scorne returne to them vnnoted  
Ere they can hide their leuitie in honour :  
So like a Courtier, contempt nor bitternesse

Were in his pride, or sharpnesse ; if they were,  
His equall had awak'd them, and his honour  
Clocke to it selfe, knew the true minute when  
Exception bid him speake : and at this time  
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,  
He vs'd as creatures of another place,  
Aud bow'd his eminent top to their low rankes,  
Making them proud of his humilitie,  
In their poore praise he humbled : Such a man  
Might be a copie to these yonger times ;  
Which followed well, would demonstrate them now  
But goes backward.

*Ber.* His good remembrance fir  
Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe:  
So in approofe liues not his Epitaph,  
As in your royall speech.

*King.* Would I were with him he would alwaies say,  
(Me thinks I heare him now) his plausiue words  
He scatter'd not in eares, but grafted them  
To grow there and to beare : Let me not lue,  
This his good melancholly oft began  
On the Catastrophe and heele of pastime  
When it was out : Let me not lue (quoth hee)  
After my flame lackes oyle, to be the snuffe  
Of yonger spirits, whose apprehensiue senses  
All but new things disdain ; whose iudgements are  
Meere fathers of their garments : whose constancies  
Expire before their fashions : this he wish'd.  
I after him, do after him wish too :  
Since I nor wax nor honie can bring home,  
I quickly were dissolued from my hieue  
To giue some Labourers roome.

*L.2.E.* You'r loued Sir,  
They that least lend it you, shall lacke you first.

*King.* I fill a place I know't : how long ist Count  
Since the Physitian at your fathers died?  
He was much fam'd.

*Ber.* Some six moneths since my Lord.

*King.* If he were liuing, I would try him yet.  
Lend me an arme : the rest haue worne me out  
With feuerall applications : Nature and sicknesse  
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome Count,  
My sonne's no deerer.

*Ber.* Thanke your Maiesty.

*Exit*

*Flourish.*

*Enter Countesse, Steward, and Clowne.*

*Coun.* I will now heare, what say you of this gentle-  
woman.

*Ste.* Maddam the care I haue had to euen your con-  
tent, I with might be found in the Kalender of my past  
endeuours, for then we wound our Modestie, and make  
foule the clearnesse of our deseruings, whenof our selues  
we publish them.

*Coun.* What doe's this knaue heere? Get you gone  
firra: the complaints I haue heard of you I do not all be-  
leeue, 'tis my slownesse that I doe not : For I know you  
lacke not folly to commit them, & haue abilitie enough  
to make such knaueries yours.

*Clo.* 'Tis not vnknown to you Madam, I am a poore  
fellow.

*Coun.* Well sir.

*Clo.* No maddam,  
'Tis not so well that I am poore, though m<sup>as</sup>ter

rich are damn'd, but if I may haue your Ladiships  
ill to goe to the world, *Isbell* the woman and w  
e as we may.

Wilt thou needes be a begger?  
I doe beg your good will in this case.

In what case?  
In *Isbells* case and mine owne: seruice is no heri-  
d I thinke I shall neuer haue the blessing of God,  
ue issue a my bodie: for they say barnes are blef-

Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marrie?  
My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am driuen  
ie flesh, and hee must needes goe that the diuell

Is this all your worships reason?  
Faith Madam I haue other holie reasons, such as

May the world know them?  
I haue bene Madam a wicked creature, as you  
flesh and blood are, and indeede I doe marrie that  
repent.

Thy marriage sooner then thy wickednesse.  
I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to haue  
for my wifes sake.

Such friends are thine enemies knaue.  
Y're shallow Madam in great friends, for the  
come to doe that for me which I am a wearie of:  
eres my Land, spares my teame, and giues mee  
o Inne the crop: if I be his cuckold hee's my  
; he that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of  
sh and blood; hee that cherishes my flesh and  
oues my flesh and blood; he that loues my flesh  
od is my friend: *argue*, he that kisses my wife is my  
if men could be contented to be what they are,  
were no feare in marriage, for yong *Charbon* the  
1, and old *Poyjam* the Papist, how somere their  
are feuer'd in Religion, their heads are both one,  
ay ioule horns together like any Deare i'th Herd.

Wilt thou euer be a foule mouth'd and calum-  
naue?

A Prophet I Madam, and I speake the truth the  
aie, for I the Ballad will repeate, which men fall  
all finde, your marriage comes by destinie, your  
w sings by kinde.

Get you gone fir, Ile talke with you more anon.  
May it please you Madam, that hee bid *Hellen*  
o you, of her I am to speake.

Sirra tell my gentlewoman I would speake with  
*ellen* I meane.

Was this faire face the cause, quoth she,  
he Grecians sacked *Troy*,  
one, done, fond was this King *Priams* ioy,  
hat she sigh'd as she stood, *bi*  
ue this sentence then, among nine bad if one be  
among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one  
ten.

What, one good in tenne? you corrupt the song

One good woman in ten Madam, which is a pu-  
ath'song: would God would serue the world fo  
yeare, weed finde no fault with the tithe woman  
re the Parson, one in ten quoth a? and wee might  
good woman borne but ore euerie blazing starre,  
in earthquake, 'twould mend the Lotteriewell, a  
ay draw his heart out ere a plucke one.

Youle begone fir knaue, and doe as I command

*Clo.* That man should be at womans command, and  
yet no hurt done, though honestie be no Puritan, yet  
it will doe no hurt, it will weare the Surplis of humilitie  
ouer the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart: I am go-  
ing forsooth, the businesse is for *Helen* to come hither.

*Exit.*

*Cou.* Well now.

*Stew.* I know Madam you looe your Gentlewoman  
intirely.

*Cou.* Faith I doe: her Father bequeath'd her to mee,  
and she her selfe without other aduantage, may lawfu-  
lie make title to as much loue as shee findes, there is  
more owing her then is paid, and more shall be paid  
her then shee demand.

*Stew.* Madam, I was verie late more neere her then  
I thinke shee wisht mee, alone shee was, and did  
communicate to her selfe her owne words to her  
owne eares, shee thought, I dare voue for her, they  
toucht not anie stranger sence, her matter was, shee  
loued your Sonne; Fortune shee said was no god-  
desse, that had put such difference betwixt their two  
estates: Loue no god, that would not extend his might  
onellie, where qualities were leuell, Queene of Vir-  
gins, that would suffer her poore Knight surpris'd  
without rescue in the first assault or ranfome after-  
ward: This shee deliuer'd in the most bitter touch of  
forrow that ere I heard Virgin exclaime in, which I held  
my dutie speedily to acquaint you withall, sithence in  
the losse that may happen, it concernes you something  
to know it.

*Cou.* You haue discharg'd this honestie, keepe it  
to your selfe, manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this  
before, which hung so totting in the ballance, that  
I could neither beleeeue nor misdoubt: prate you  
leauue mee, stall this in your bosome, and I thanke  
you for your honest care: I will speake with you fur-  
ther anon.

*Exit Steward.*

*Enter Hellen.*

*Old.Cou.* Euen so it was vvith me when I was yong:  
If euer vve are natures, these are ours, this thorne  
Doth to our Rose of youth rightlie belong  
Our blood to vs, this to our blood is borne,  
It is the show, and seale of natures truth,  
Where loues strong passion is imprest in youth,  
By our remembrances of daies forgon,  
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none,  
Her eie is sicke on't, I obserue her now.

*Hell.* What is your pleasure Madam?

*Ol.Cou.* You know *Hellen* I am a mother to you.

*Hell.* Mine honorable Mistris.

*Ol.Cou.* Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I  
fed a mother

Me thought you saw a serpent, what's in mother,  
That you start at it? I say I am your mother,  
And put you in the Catalogue of those  
That were enwomb'd mine, 'tis often seene  
Adoption striues vvith nature, and choise breeds  
A natue slip to vs from forraine feedes:  
You nere oppress me with a mothers groane,  
Yet I expresse to you a mothers care,  
(Gods mercie maiden) dos it curd thy blood  
To say I am thy mother? vvhat's the matter,  
That this distempred messenger of wet?

The manie colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?

*Hell.* That I am not. — Why, that you are my daughter?

*Old.Cou.* I say I am your Mother.

*Hell.* Pardon Madam.

The Count *Rofillion* cannot be my brother :  
I am from humble, he from honored name :  
No note vpon my Parents, his all noble,  
My Master, my deere Lord he is, and I  
His seruant liue, and will his vassall die :  
He must not be my brother.

*Ol.Cou.* Nor I your Mother.

*Hell.* You are my mother Madam, would you were  
So that my Lord your sonne were not my brother,  
Indeepe my mother, or were you both our mothers,  
I care no more for, then I doe for heauen,  
So I were not his sister, cant no other,  
But I your daughter, he must be my brother.

*Old.Cou.* Yes *Hellen*, you might be my daughter in law,  
God shield you meane it not, daughter and mother  
So strue vpon your pulse; vvhat pale agen?  
My feare hath catcht your fondnesse! now I see  
The mistrie of your loueliness, and finde  
Your salt teares head, now to all sence 'tis grosse:  
You loue my sonne, inuention is asham'd  
Against the proclamation of thy passion  
To say thou doost not: therefore tell me true,  
But tell me then 'tis so, for looke, thy cheekes  
Confesse it 'ton tooth to th'other, and thine eies  
See it so grosely showne in thy behaiours,  
That in their kinde they speake it, onely sinne  
And hellish obstinacie tye thy tongue  
That truth should be suspected, speake, ist so?  
If it be so, you haue wound a goodly clewe:  
If it be not, forswear't how ere I charge thee,  
As heauen shall worke in me for thine auaille  
To tell me truelie.

*Hell.* Good Madam pardon me.

*Cou.* Do you loue my Sonne?

*Hell.* Your pardon noble Mistris.

*Cou.* Loue you my Sonne?

*Hell.* Doe not you loue him Madam?

*Cou.* Goe not about; my loue hath in't a bond  
Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, disclofe:  
The state of your affection, for your passions  
Haue to the full appeach'd.

*Hell.* Then I confesse

Here on my knee, before high heauen and you,  
That before you, and next vnto high heauen, I loue your  
Sonne:

My friends were poore but honest, so's my loue:  
Be not offended, for it hurts not him  
That he is lou'd of me; I follow him not  
By any token of presumptuous suite,  
Nor would I haue him, till I doe deserue him,  
Yet neuer know how that desert should be:  
I know I loue in vaine, strue against hope:  
Yet in this captious, and intemible Siue.  
I still poure in the waters of my loue  
And lacke not to loose still; thus *Indian* like  
Religious in mine error, I adore  
The Sunne that lookes vpon his worshipper,  
But knowes of him no more. My deereft Madam,  
Let not your hate incounter with my loue,  
For louing where you doe; but if your selfe,  
Whose aged honor cites a vertuous youth,

Did euer, in so true a flame of liking,  
With chafly, and loue dearly, that your *Dian*  
Was both her selfe and loue, O then giue pittie  
To her whose state is such, that cannot choose  
But lend and giue where she is sure to loose;  
That seekes not to finde that, her search implies,  
But riddle like, liues sweetely where she dies.

*Cou.* Had you not lately an intent, speake truely,  
To goe to *Paris*?

*Hell.* Madam I had.

*Cou.* Wherefore? tell true.

*Hell.* I will tell truth, by grace it selfe I sweare:  
You know my Father left me some prescriptions  
Of rare and prou'd effects, such as his reading  
And manifest experience, had collected  
For generall soueraignie: and that he w'lld me  
In heedfull't reservation to bestow them,  
As notes, whose faculties inclusiue were,  
More then they were in note: Amongst the rest,  
There is a remedie, approu'd, set downe,  
To cure the desperate languishings whereof  
The King is render'd lost.

*Cou.* This was your motiue for *Paris*, was it, speake?

*Hell.* My Lord, your sonne, made me to think of this;  
Else *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,  
Had from the conseruation of my thoughts,  
Happily bene absent then.

*Cou.* But thinke you *Hellen*,

If you should tender your supposed aide,  
He would receiue it? He and his Phisitions  
Are of a minde, he, that they cannot helpe him:  
They, that they cannot helpe, how shall they credit  
A poore vnlearned Virgin, when the Schooles  
Embowel'd of their doctrine, haue left off  
The danger to it selfe.

*Hell.* There's something in't

More then my Fathers skill, which was the great't  
Of his profession, that his good receipt,  
Shall for my legacie be sanctified  
By th'luckiest stars in heauen, and would your honor  
But giue me leaue to trie successe, I'de venture  
The well lost life of mine, on his Graces cure,  
By such a day, an houre.

*Cou.* Doo't thou beleue't?

*Hell.* I Madam knowingly.

*Cou.* Why *Hellen* thou shalt haue my leaue and loue,  
Meanes and attendants, and my louing greetings  
To those of mine in Court, Ile staie at home  
And praie Gods blessing into thy attempt:  
Begon to morrow, and be sure of this,  
What I can helpe thee to, thou shalt not misse. *Exeunt.*

## Actus Secundus.

Enter the King with diuers yong Lords, taking leave for  
the Florentine warre: Count, Raffe, and  
Parrolles. Florisb Cornets.

*King.* Farewell yong Lords, these warlike principles  
Doe not throw from you, and you my Lords farewell:  
Share the aduice betwixt you, if both gaine, all  
The guift doth stretch it selfe as 'tis receiud,  
And is enough for both.

*Lord.G.* 'Tis our hope sir,

After

After well entred souldiers, to returne  
And finde your grace in health.

*King.* No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart  
Will not confesse he owes the mallady  
That doth my life besiege: farwell yong Lords,  
Whether I liue or die, be you the sonnes  
Of worthy French men: let higher Italy  
(Those bated that inherit but the fall  
Of the last Monarchy) see that you come  
Not to wooe honour, but to wed it, when  
The brauest questant shrinkes: finde what you seeke,  
That fame may cry you loud: I say farewell.

*L.G.* Health at your bidding serue your Maiefty.

*King.* Those girles of Italy, take heed of them,  
They say our French, lacke language to deny  
If they demand: beware of being Captiues  
Before you serue.

*Bo.* Our hearts receiue your warnings.

*King.* Farewell, come hether to me.

*1. Lo. G.* Oh my sweet Lord y you wil stay behind vs.

*Parr.* 'Tis not his fault the spark.

*2. Lo. E.* Oh 'tis braue warres.

*Parr.* Most admirable, I haue seene those warres.

*Roffill.* I am commanded here, and kept a coyle with,  
Too young, and the next yeere, and 'tis too early.

*Parr.* And thy minde stand too't boy,  
Steale away brauely.

*Roffill.* I shal stay here the for-horse to a smocke,  
Creeking my shooes on the plaine Mafonry,  
Till honour be bought vp, and no sword worne  
But one to dance with: by heauen, Ile steale away.

*1. Lo. G.* There's honour in the theft.

*Parr.* Commit it Count.

*2. Lo. E.* I am your accessary, and so farewell.

*Ref.* I grow to you, & our parting is a tortur'd body.

*1. Lo. G.* Farewell Captaine.

*2. Lo. E.* Sweet Mounfier Parolles.

*Parr.* Noble Heroes; my sword and yours are kinne,  
good sparkes and lustrous, a word good mettals. You  
shall finde in the Regiment of the Spinij, one Captaine  
*Spurio* his ficatrice, with an Embleme of warre heere on  
his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrench'd it:  
say to him I liue, and obserue his reports for me.

*Lo. G.* We shall noble Captaine.

*Parr.* Mars doate on you for his nouices, what will  
ye doe?

*Roff.* Stay the King.

*Parr.* Vse a more spacious ceremonie to the Noble  
Lords, you haue restrain'd your selfe within the Lift of  
too cold an adieu: be more expresse to them; for they  
weare themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster  
true gate; eat, speake, and moue vnder the influence of  
the most receiud starre, and though the deuill leade the  
measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a  
more dilated farewell.

*Roff.* And I will doe so.

*Parr.* Worthy fellowes, and like to prooue most si-  
newie sword-men.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lafew.*

*L. Laf.* Pardon my Lord for mee and for my tidings.

*King.* Ile see thee to stand vp.

*L. Laf.* Then heres a man stands that has brought his  
I would you had kneel'd my Lord to aske me mercy,  
And that at my bidding you could so stand vp.

*King.* I would I had, so I had broke thy pate

And askt thee mercy for't.

*Laf.* Goodfaith a-crosse, but my good Lord 'tis thus,  
Will you be cur'd of your infirmities?

*King.* No.

*Laf.* O will you eat no grapes my royall foxe?

Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if  
My royall foxe could reach them: I haue seen a medicine  
That's able to breath life into a stone,  
Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari  
With sprightly fire and motion, whose simple touch  
Is powerfull to arayle King *Pippen*, nay  
To giue great *Charlemaine* a pen in's hand  
And write to her a loue-line.

*King.* What her is this?

*Laf.* Why doctor she: my Lord, there's one arriu'd,  
If you will see her: now by my faith and honour,  
If seriously I may conuay my thoughts  
In this my light deliuerance, I haue spoke  
With one, that in her sexe, her yeeres, profession,  
Wisedome and constancy, hath amaz'd mee more  
Then I dare blame my weaknesse: will you see her?  
For that is her demand, and know her businesse?  
That done, laugh well at me.

*King.* Now good *Lafew*,  
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee  
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine  
By wondering how thou tookst it.

*Laf.* Nay, Ile fit you,

And not be all day neither.

*King.* Thus he his speciall nothing euer prologues.

*Laf.* Nay, come your waies.

*Enter Helen.*

*King.* This haste hath wings indeed.

*Laf.* Nay, come your waies,

This is his Maiefty, say your minde to him,  
A Traitor you doe looke like, but such traitors  
His Maiefty seldome feares, I am *Cressida* Vncle,  
That dare leaue two together, far you well.

*Exit.*

*King.* Now faire one, do's your busines follow vs?

*Hel.* I my good Lord,

*Gerard de Narbon* was my father,  
In what he did professe, well found.

*King.* I knew him.

*Hel.* The rather will I spare my praises towards him,  
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death,  
Many receipts he gaue me, chieffie one,  
Which as the dearest issue of his practice  
And of his olde experience, th'onlie darling,  
He bad me store vp, as a triple eye,  
Safer then mine owne two: more deare I haue so,  
And hearing your high Maiefty is toucht  
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour  
Of my deare fathers gift, stands cheefe in power,  
I come to tender it, and my appliance,  
With all bound humblenesse.

*King.* We thanke you maiden,  
But may not be so credulous of cure,  
When our most learned Doctors leaue vs, and  
The congregated Colledge haue concluded,  
That labouring Art can neuer ransome nature  
From her inaydible estate: I say we must not  
So staine our iudgement, or corrupt our hope,  
To prostitute our past-cure malladie  
To empericks, or to disseuer so  
Our great selfe and our credit, to esteeme  
A sencelesse helpe, when helpe past fence we deeme.

*Hel. My*

*Hell.* My dutie then shall pay me for my paines :  
I will no more enforce mine office on you ,  
Humbly intreating from your royall thoughts,  
A modest one to beare me backe againe.

*King.* I cannot giue thee lesse to be cal'd gratefull :  
Thou thoughtst to helpe me, and such thanks I giue,  
As one neere death to those that with him liue:  
But what at full I know, thou knowst no part,  
I knowing all my perill, thou no Art.

*Hell.* What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,  
Since you set vp your rest 'gainst remedie :  
He that of greatest workes is finisher,  
Oft does them by the weakest minister :  
So holy Writ, in babes hath iudgement showne,  
When Iudges haue bin babes; great fouds haue showne  
From simple sources : and great Seas haue dried  
When Miracles haue by the great't bene denied.  
Oft expectation failes, and most oft there  
Where most it promises : and oft it hits,  
Where hope is coldest, and despair most shifts.

*King.* I must not heare thee, fare thee wel kind maide,  
Thy paines not vs'd, must by thy selfe be paid,  
Proffers not tooke, reape thanks for their reward.

*Hell.* Inspired Merit so by breath is bard,  
It is not so with him that all things knowes  
As 'tis with vs, that square our guesse by shewes:  
But most it is presumption in vs, when  
The help of heauen we count the act of men.  
Deare sir, to my endeauors giue consent,  
Of heauen, not me, make an experiment.  
I am not an Impostrer, that proclaime  
My selfe against the leuill of mine aime,  
But know I thinke, and thinke I know most sure,  
My Art is not past power, nor you past cure.

*King.* Art thou so confident? Within what space  
Hop'st thou my cure?

*Hell.* The greatest grace lending grace,  
Ere twice the horses of the sunne shall bring  
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring,  
Ere twice in murke and occidentall damps  
Moist *Hesperus* hath quench'd her sleepey Lampe:  
Or foure and twenty times the Pylots glasse  
Hath told the theeuish minutes, how they passe :  
What is infirme, from your sound parts shall flie,  
Health shall liue free, and sicknesse freely dye.

*King.* Vpon thy certainty and confidence,  
What dar'st thou venter?

*Hell.* Taxe of impudence,  
A strumpets boldnesse, a diuulged shame  
Traduc'd by odious ballads : my maidens name  
Sear'd otherwise, ne worse of worst extended  
With vildest torture, let my life be ended.

*King.* Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak  
His powerfull sound, within an organ weake :  
And what impossibility would slay  
In common fence, fence saues another way :  
Thy life is deere, for all that life can rate  
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate :  
Youth, beauty, wisdome, courage, all  
That happines and prime, can happy call :  
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate  
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate,  
Sweet praetiser, thy Physicke I will try,  
That ministers thine owne death if I die.

*Hell.* If I breake time, or flinch in property  
Of what I spoke, vnpietied let me die,

And well deferu'd: not helping, death's my fee,  
But if I helpe, what doe you promise me.

*Kin.* Make thy demand.

*Hell.* But will you make it euen?

*Kin.* I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe.

*Hell.* Then shalt thou giue me with thy kingly hand  
What husband in thy power I will command :  
Exempted be from me the arrogance  
To choose from forth the royall bloud of France,  
My low and humble name to propagate  
With any branch or image of thy state :  
But such a one thy vassall, whom I know  
Is free for me to aske, thee to bestow.

*Kin.* Heere is my hand, the premises obseru'd,  
Thy will by my performance shall be seru'd:  
So make the choice of thy owne time, for I  
Thy resolu'd Patient, on thee still relye :  
More should I question thee, and more I must,  
Though more to know, could not be more to trust:  
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on, but rest  
Vnquestion'd welcome, and vndoubted blest.  
Giue me some helpe heere ho, if thou proceed,  
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

*Florisb. Exit.*

*Enter Countesse and Clowne.*

*Lady.* Come on sir, I shall now put you to the height  
of your breeding.

*Clown.* I will shew my selfe highly fed, and lowly  
taught, I know my businesse is but to the Court.

*Lady.* To the Court, why what place make you spe-  
ciall, when you put off that with such contempt, but to  
the Court?

*Cl.* Truly Madam, if God haue lent a man any man-  
ners, hee may easilie put it off at Court : hee that cannot  
make a legge, put off 's cap, kisse his hand, and say no-  
thing, has neither legge, hande, lippe, nor cap ; and in-  
deed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the  
Court, but for me, I haue an answere will serue all men.

*Lady.* Marry that's a bountifull answere that fits all  
questions.

*Cl.* It is like a Barbers chaire that fits all buttocks,  
the pin buttocke, the quatch-buttocke, the brawn but-  
tocke, or any buttocke.

*Lady.* Will your answere serue fit to all questions?

*Cl.* As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Attor-  
ney, as your French Crowne for your taffety punke, as  
*Tibs* rush for *Toms* fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-  
tuesday, a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole,  
the Cuckold to his horne, as a scolding queane to a  
wrangling knaue, as the Nuns lip to the Friars mouth,  
nay as the pudding to his skin.

*Lady.* Haue you, I say, an answere of such fitnesse for  
all questions?

*Cl.* From below your Duke, to beneath your Con-  
stable, it will fit any question.

*Lady.* It must be an answere of most monstrous size,  
that must fit all demands.

*Cl.* But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned  
should speake truth of it : heere it is, and all that belongs  
to't. Aske mee if I am a Courtier, it shall doe you no  
harme to learne.

*Lady.* To be young againe if we could : I will bee a  
foole in question, hoping to bee the wiser by your an-  
swer.

*Lady.*

pray you sir, are you a Courtier?

Lord sir theres a simple putting off : more, hundred of them.

I am a poore freind of yours, that loues you.

Lord sir, thicke, thicke, spare not me.

thinke sir, you can eate none of this homely

Lord sir; nay put me too't, I warrant you.

you were lately whipt sir as I thinke.

Lord sir, spare not me.

you you crie O Lord sir at your whipping, and me? Indeed your O Lord sir, is very sequent whipping : you would answere very well to a if you were but bound too't.

ere had worfe lucke in my life in my O Lord things may serue long, but not serue euer.

slay the noble huswife with the time, to enter-merrily with a foole.

Lord sir, why there't seruies well agen.

and end sir to your businesse: giue *Hellen* this,

her to a present answer backe,

I me to my kinsmen, and my sonne,

at much .

at much commendation to them.

at much imployment for you, you vnder-

oft fruitfully, I am there, before my legeas.

if you agen.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Count, Lafew, and Parolles.*

They say miracles are past, and we haue our icall persons, to make moderne and familiar pernatuall and causelesse. Hence is it, that we fles of terrours, enconcing our selues into fee-wledge, when we should submit our selues to weare feare.

Why'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that out in our latter times.

and so'tis.

To be relinquisht of the Artists.

o I say both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus*.

Of all the learned and authentick fellowes. light so I say.

That gaue him out incurable.

Why there'tis, so say I too.

Not to be help'd.

Right, as'twere a man assur'd of a——

Uncertaine life, and sure death.

ust, you say well : so would I haue said.

I may truly say, it is a noueltie to the world.

it is indeede if you will haue it in shewing, you e it in what do ye call there.

A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earth-

hat's it, I would haue said, the verie same.

Why your Dolphin is not lustier : fore mee in respect——

say'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the d the tedious of it, and he's of a most facineri—that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Very hand of heauen.

, so I say.

In a most weake——

And debile minister great power, grear tran—which should indeede giue vs a further vse to

be made, then alone the recou'ry of the king, as to bee *Old Laf*. Generally thankfull.

*Enter King, Hellen, and attendants.*

*Par*. I would haue said it, you say well : heere comes the King.

*Ol. Laf*. Lustique, as the Dutchman saies : Ile like a maide the Better whil't I haue a tooth in my head: why he's able to leade her a Carranto.

*Par*. *Mor du vinager*, is not this *Helen*?

*Ol. Laf*. Fore God I thinke so.

*King*. Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court,

Sit my preseruer by thy patients side,

And with this healthfull hand whose banisht sence

Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receyue

The confirmation of my promis'd guift,

Which but attends thy naming.

*Enter 3 or 4 Lords.*

Faire Maide send forth thine eye, this youthfull parcell

Of Noble Batchellors, stand at my bestowing,

Ore whom both Soueraigne power, and fathers voice

I haue to vse; thy franke election make,

Thou hast power to choofe, and they none to forsake.

*Hel*. To each of you, one faire and vertuous Mistris;

Fall when loue please, marry to each but one.

*Old Laf*. I'de giue bay curtall, and his furniture

My mouth no more were broken then these boyes,

And writ as little beard.

*King*. Peruse them well :

Not one of those, but had a Noble father.

*She addresses her to a Lord.*

*Hel*. Gentlemen, heauen hath through me, restor'd the king to health.

*All*. We vnderstand it, and thanke heauen for you.

*Hel*. I am a simple Maide, and therein wealthiest

That I protest, I simply am a Maide :

Please it your Maiestie, I haue done already:

The blushes in my cheekes thus whisper mee,

We blush that thou shouldst choofe, but be refused ;

Let the white death sit on thy cheekes for euer,

Wee'l nere come there againe.

*King*. Make choise and see,

Who shuns thy loue, shuns all his loue in mee.

*Hel*. Now *Dian* from thy Altar do I fly,

And to imperiall loue, that God most high

Do my fighes streame : Sir, wil you heare my suite?

1.*Lo*. And grant it.

*Hel*. Thankes sir, all the rest is mute.

*Ol. Laf*. I had rather be in this choise, then throw Amef-ace for my life.

*Hel*. The honor sir that flames in your faire eyes,

Before I speake too threatningly replies:

Loue make your fortunes twentie times aboue

Her that so wishes, and her humble loue.

2.*Lo*. No better if you please.

*Hel*. My with receiue,

Which great loue grant, and so I take my leaue.

*Ol. Laf*. Do all they denie her? And they were sons of mine, I'de haue them whip'd, or I would send them to'th Turke to make Eunuches of.

*Hel*. Be not afraid that I your hand should take,

Ile neuer do you wrong for your owne sake :

Blessing vpon your vowe, and in your bed

Finde fairer fortune, if you euer wed.

*Old Laf*. These boyes are boyes of Ice, they'le none haue



haue heere : sure they are bastards to the English, the French nere got em.

*La.* You are too young, too happie, and too good To make your selfe a sonne out of my blood.

*4. Lord.* Faire one, I thinke not so.

*Ol. Lord* There's one grape yet, I am sure thy father drunke wine. But if thou be'st not an asse, I am a youth of fourteene : I haue knowne thee already.

*Hel.* I dare not say I take you, but I giue Me and my seruice, euer whilst I liue Into your guiding power : This is the man.

*King.* Why then young *Bertram* take her thee's thy wife.

*Ber.* My wife my Leige? I shal beseech your highnes In such a busines, giue me leaue to vse The helpe of mine owne eies.

*King.* Know'st thou not *Bertram* what thee ha's done for mee?

*Ber.* Yes my good Lord, but neuer hope to know why I should marrie her.

*King.* Thou know'st thee ha's rais'd me from my sickly bed.

*Ber.* But followes it my Lord, to bring me downe Muft answer for your raising? I knowe her well : Shee had her breeding at my fathers charge : A poore Physitians daughter my wife? Disdaine Rather corrupt me euer.

*King.* Tis onely title thou disdainst in her, the which I can build vp : strange is it that our bloods Of colour, waight, and heat, pour'd all together, Would quite confound distinction: yet stands off In differences so mightie. If she bee All that is vertuous ( saue what thou dislik'st ) A poore Physitians daughter, thou dislik'st Of vertue for the name : but doe not so : From lowest place, whence vertuous things proceed, The place is dignified by th' doers deede. Where great additions (well's, and vertue none, It is a dropied honour. Good a lone, Is good without a name? Vileneffe is so : The propertie by what is is, should go, Not by the title. Shee is young, wise, faire, In these, to Nature thee's immediate heire : And these breed honour : that is honours scorne, Which challenges it selfe as honours borne, And is not like the fire : Honours thriue, When rather from our asse we them deriue Then our fore-goers : the meere words, a slaue Debo'sh'd on euerie tombe, on euerie graue : A lying Trophee, and as oft is dumbe, Where dust, and damn'd obliuion is the Tombe. Of honour'd bones indeed, what should be saide? If thou canst like this creature, as a maide, I can create the rest : Vertue, and thee Is her owne dower : Honour and wealth, from mee.

*Ber.* I cannot loue her, nor will strue to doo't.

*King.* Thou wrong'st thy selfe, if thou shold'st strue to choofe.

*Hel.* That you are well restor'd my Lord, I'me glad : Let the rest go.

*King.* My Honor's at the stake, which to defeate I must produce my power. Heere, take her hand, Proud scornfull boy, vnworthie this good gift, That dost in vile misprision shackle vp My loue, and her desert : that canst not dreame, We poizing vs in her defectiue scale,

Shall weigh thee to the beame : That wilt not know, It is in Vs to plant thine Honour, where We please to haue it grow. Checke thy contempt : Obey Our will, which trauailes in thy good : Beleue not thy disdaine, but presentlie Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right Which both thy dutie owes, and Our power claimes, Or I will throw thee from my care for euer Into the staggers, and the carelesse lapse Of youth and ignorance : both my reuenge and hate Looking vpon thee, in the name of iustice, Without all termes of pittie. Speake, thine answer.

*Ber.* Pardon my gracious Lord : for I submit My fancie to your eies, when I consider What great creation, and what dole of honour Flies where you bid it : I finde that she which late Was in my Nobler thoughts, most base : is now The praised of the King, who so ennobled, Is as 'twere borne so.

*King.* Take her by the hand, And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise A counterpoize : If not to thy estate, A ballance more repeat.

*Ber.* I take her hand.

*King.* Good fortune, and the fauour of the King Smile vpon this Contract : whose Ceremonie Shall seeme expedient on the now borne brieft, And be perform'd to night : the solemne Feast Shall more attend vpon the coming space, Expecting absent friends. As thou lou'st her, Thy loue's to me Religious : elfe, do's erre.

*Exeunt*

*Parolles and Lafew stay behind, commenting of this wedding.*

*Laf.* Do you heare Monsieur? A word with you.

*Par.* Your pleasure sir.

*Laf.* Your Lord and Master did well to make his recantation.

*Par.* Recantation? My Lord? my Master?

*Laf.* I : Is it not a Language I speake?

*Par.* A most harsh one, and not to bee vnderstoode without bloudie succeeding My Master?

*Laf.* Are you Companion to the Count *Rosilliam*?

*Par.* To any Count, to all Counts : to what is man.

*Laf.* To what is Counts man : Counts maister is of another stile.

*Par.* You are too old sir : Let it satisfie you, you are too old.

*Laf.* I must tell thee firrah, I write Man : to which title age cannot bring thee.

*Par.* What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

*Laf.* I did thinke thee for two ordinaries : to bee a prettie wife fellow, thou didst make tollerable vent of thy trauell, it might passe : yet the scarffes and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldlie dissuade me from beleueing thee a vessell of too great a burthen. I haue now found thee, when I loofe thee againe, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking vp, and that th' our scarce worth.

*Par.* Hadst thou not the priuiledge of Antiquity vpon thee.

*Laf.* Do not plundge thy selfe to farre in anger, leaue thou hasten thy triall : which if, Lord haue mercie on thee for a hen, so my good window of Lettice fare thee well, thy casement I neede not open, for I look through thee. Giue me thy hand.

*Par.* My Lord, you giue me most egregious indignity.

*Laf.*

*Laf.* I with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

*Par.* I haue not my Lord deferu'd it.

*Laf.* Yes good faith, eu'ry dramme of it, and I will not bate thee a scruple.

*Par.* Well, I shall be wiser.

*Laf.* Eu'n as soone as thou can'st, for thou hast to pull at a smacke a'th contrarie. If euer thou bee'st bound in thy skarfe and beaten, thou shall finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage, I haue a desire to holde my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

*Par.* My Lord you do me most insupportable vexation.

*Laf.* I would it were hell paines for thy sake, and my poore doing eternall: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will giue me leaue. *Exit.*

*Par.* Well, thou hast a sonne shall take this disgrace off me; scuruy, old, filthy, scuruy Lord: Well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. He beate him (by my life) if I can meete him with any conuenience, and he were double and double a Lord. He haue no more pittie of his age then I would haue of——He beate him, and if I could but meet him againe.

*Enter Lafew.*

*Laf.* Sirra, your Lord and masters married, there's news for you: you haue a new Mistris.

*Par.* I most vnfaignedly beseech your Lordshippe to make some reseruati- on of your wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I serue aboute is my master.

*Laf.* Who? God.

*Par.* I sir.

*Laf.* The deuill it is, that's thy master. Why doest thou garter vp thy armes a this fashion? Dost make hose of thy leues? Do other seruants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine Honor, if I were but two houres yonger, I'de beate thee: mee-think'st thou art a generall offence, and euery man shold beate thee: I thinke thou wast created for men to breath themselves vpon thee.

*Par.* This is hard and vnderferued measure my Lord.

*Laf.* Go too sir, you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranat, you are a vagabond, and no true traueiler: you are more fawcie with Lordes and honourable personages, then the Commis- sion of your birth and vertue giues you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'de call you knaue. I leaue you. *Exit*

*Enter Count Rossillion.*

*Par.* Good, very good, it is so then: good, very good, let it be conceal'd awhile.

*Ros.* Vndone, and forfeited to cares for euer.

*Par.* What's the matter sweet-heart?

*Rosill.* Although before the solemne Priest I haue sworne, I will not bed her.

*Par.* What? what sweet heart?

*Ros.* O my *Parrolles*, they haue married me: He to the *Tuscan* warres, and neuer bed her.

*Par.* *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits, The tread of a mans foot: too'th warres.

*Ros.* There's letters from my mother: What th'im- port is, I know not yet.

*Par.* I that would be knowne: too'th warres my boy, too'th warres:

He weares his honor in a boxe vnseene, That hugges his kickie wickie heare at home, Spending his manlie marrow in her armes Which should sustaine the bound and high curuet Of *Maries* fierie steed: to other Regions, *France* is a stable, wee that dwell in't lades, Therefore too'th warre.

*Ros.* It shall be so, He send her to my house, Acquaint my mother with my hate to her, And wherefore I am fled: Write to the King That which I durst not speake. His present gift Shall furnish me to those Italian fields Where noble fellows strike: Warres is no strife To the darke house, and the detected wife.

*Par.* Will this *Caprichio* hold in thee, art sure?

*Ros.* Go with me to my chamber, and aduise me.

He send her straight away: To morrow, He to the warres, she to her single forrow.

*Par.* Why these bals bound, ther's noise in it. Tis hard A yong man married, is a man that's mard: Therefore away, and leaue her brauely: go, The King ha's done you wrong: but hush 'tis so. *Exit*

*Enter Helena and Clowne.*

*Hel.* My mother greets me kindly, is she well?

*Clow.* She is not well, but yet she has her health, she's very merrie, but yet she is not well: but thanks be giuen she's very well, and wants nothing i'th world: but yet she is not well.

*Hel.* If she be verie wel, what do's she ayle, that she's not verie well?

*Clow.* Truly she's very well indeed, but for two things

*Hel.* What two things?

*Clow.* One, that she's not in heauen, whether God send her quickly: the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly.

*Enter Parolles.*

*Par.* Blesse you my fortunate Ladie.

*Hel.* I hope sir I haue your good will to haue mine owne good fortune.

*Par.* You had my prayers to leade them on, and to keepe them on, haue them still. O my knaue, how do's my old Ladie?

*Clow.* So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

*Par.* Why I say nothing.

*Clow.* Marry you are the wiser man: for many a mans tongue shakes out his masters vndoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to haue nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a verie little of nothing.

*Par.* Away, th'art a knaue.

*Clow.* You should haue said sir before a knaue, th'art a knaue, that's before me th'art a knaue: this had bene truth sir.

*Par.* Go too, thou art a wittie foole, I haue found thee.

*Clow.* Did you finde me in your selfe sir, or were you taught to finde me?

*Clow.* The search sir was profitable, and much Foole may you find in you, euen to the worlds pleasure, and the encrease of laughter.

*Par.* A good knaue ifaith, and well fed. Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night,

A

A verie ferrious businesse call's on him :  
The great prerogative and rite of loue,  
Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge,  
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint :  
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets  
Which they distill now in the curbed time,  
To make the coming houre oreflow with ioy,  
And pleasure drowne the brim.

*Hel.* What's his will else?

*Par.* That you will take your instant leave a'th king,  
And make this haft as your owne good proceeding,  
Strengthened with what Apologie you thinke  
May make it probable neede.

*Hel.* What more commands-hee?

*Par.* That hauing this obtain'd, you presentlie  
Attend his further pleasure.

*Hel.* In euery thing I waite vpon his will.

*Par.* I shall report it so.

*Exit Par.*

*Hell.* I pray you come sirrah.

*Exit*

*Enter Lafew and Bertram.*

*Laf.* But I hope your Lordshippe thinke not him a  
fouldier.

*Ber.* Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approue.

*Laf.* You haue it from his owne deliuerance.

*Ber.* And by other warranted testimonie.

*Laf.* Then my Diall goes not true, I tooke this Larke  
for a bunting.

*Ber.* I do assure you my Lord he is very great in know-  
ledge, and accordingly valiant.

*Laf.* I haue then stan'd against his experience, and  
transgreft against his valour, and my state that way is  
dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent:  
Heere he comes, I pray you make vs freinds, I will per-  
sue the amitie.

*Enter Parolles.*

*Par.* These things shall be done sir.

*Laf.* Pray you sir whose his Tailor?

*Par.* Sir?

*Laf.* O I know him well, I sir, hee sir a good worke-  
man, a verie good Tailor.

*Ber.* Is shee gone to the king?

*Par.* Shee is.

*Ber.* Will shee away to night?

*Par.* As you'll haue her.

*Ber.* I haue writ my letters, casketted my treasure,  
Giuen order for our horses, and to night,  
When I should take possession of the Bride,  
And ere I doe begin.

*Laf.* A good Trauailer is something at the latter end  
of a dinner, but on that lies three thirds, and vses a  
known truth to passe a thousand nothings with, should  
bee once hard, and thrice beaten. God saue you Cap-  
taine.

*Ber.* Is there any vakindnes betweene my Lord and  
you Monsieur?

*Par.* I know not how I haue deserued to run into my  
Lord's displeasure.

*Laf.* You haue made shift to run into't, bootes and  
spurres and all : like him that leapt into the Custard, and  
out of it you'll runne againe, rather then suffer question  
for your residence.

*Ber.* It may bee you haue mistaken him my Lord.

*Laf.* And shall doe so euer, though I tooke him at's  
prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and beleeue this of

me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut : the soule  
of this man is his clothes : Trust him not in matter of  
heauie consequence : I haue kept of them tame, & know  
their natures. Farewell Monsieur, I haue spoken better  
of you, then you haue or will to deserue at my hand, but  
we must do good against euill.

*Par.* An idle Lord, I sweare.

*Ber.* I thinke so.

*Par.* Why do you not know him?

*Ber.* Yes, I do know him well, and common speech  
Giues him a worthy passe. Heere comes my clog.

*Enter Helena.*

*Hel.* I haue sir as I was commanded from you  
Spoke with the King, and haue procur'd his leave  
For present parting, onely he desires  
Some priuate speech with you.

*Ber.* I shall obey his will.

You must not meruaile *Helena* at my course,  
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does  
The ministration, and required office  
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not  
For such a businesse, therefore am I found  
So much vnsettled : This driues me to intreate you,  
That presently you take your way for home,  
And rather muse then aske why I intreate you,  
For my respects are better then they seeme,  
And my appointments haue in them a neede  
Greater then shewes it selfe at the first view,  
To you that know them not. This to my mother,  
'Twill be two daies ere I shall see you, so  
I leave you to your wisdom.

*Hel.* Sir, I can nothing say,

But that I am your most obedient seruant.

*Ber.* Come, come, no more of that.

*Hel.* And euer shall

With true obseruance seeke to eke out that  
Wherein toward me my homely starres haue faild  
To eequal my great fortune.

*Ber.* Let that goe : my haft is verie great. Farewell :  
Hie home.

*Hel.* Pray sir your pardon.

*Ber.* Well, what would you say?

*Hel.* I am not worthie of the wealth I owe,  
Nor dare I say 'tis mine : and yet it is,  
But like a timorous theefe, most faine would steale  
What law does vouch mine owne.

*Ber.* What would you haue?

*Hel.* Something, and scarce so much : nothing indeed,  
I would not tell you what I would my Lord : Faith yes,  
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kisse.

*Ber.* I pray you stay not, but in haft to horse.

*Hel.* I shall not breake your bidding, good my Lord :  
Where are my other men? Monsieur, farewell. *Exit*

*Ber.* Go thou toward home, where I wil neuer come,  
Whilst I can shake my sword, or heare the drumme :  
Away, and for our flight.

*Par.* Brauely, Coragio.

### *Actus Tertius.*

*Flourish.* Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen,  
with a troope of Souldiers.

*Duke.* So that from point to point, now haue you heard  
The

The fundamentall reasons of this warre,  
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth  
And more thirsts after.

1. Lord. Holy seemes the quarrell  
Vpon your Graces part : blacke and fearefull  
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we meruaile much our Cofin France  
Would in so iust a businesse, shut his bosome  
Against our borrowing prayers.

French E. Good my Lord,  
The reasons of our state I cannot yeelde,  
But like a common and an outward man,  
That the great figure of a Counsaile frames,  
By selfe vnable motion, therefore dare not  
Say what I thinke of it, since I haue found  
My selfe in my incertaine grounds to faile  
As often as I guesse.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

Fren.G. But I am sure the yonger of our nature,  
That surfet on their ease, will day by day  
Come heere for Physicke.

Duke. Welcome shall they bee :  
And all the honors that can flye from vs,  
Shall on them settle : you know your places well,  
When better fall, for your auailles they fell,  
To morrow to'th the field.

*Flourish.*

*Enter Countesse and Clowne.*

Count. It hath happen'd all, as I would haue had it, saue  
that he comes not along with her.

Clow. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a ve-  
rie melancholly man.

Count. By what obseruance I pray you.

Clow. Why he will looke vpon his boote, and fing :  
mend the Ruffe and fing, aske questions and fing, picke  
his teeth, and fing : I know a man that had this trick of  
melancholy hold a goodly Mannor for a song.

Lad. Let me see what he writes, and when he meanes  
to come.

Clow. I haue no minde to *Isbell* since I was at Court.  
Our old Lings, and our *Isbels* a'th Country, are nothing  
like your old Ling and your *Isbels* a'th Court: the brains  
of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I beginne to loue, as an  
old man loues money, with no stomacke.

Lad. What haue we heere?

Clow. In that you haue there. *exit*

*A Letter.*

*I haue sent you a daughtier-in-Law, shee hath recovered the  
King, and vndone me : I haue wedded her, not bedded her,  
and sworne to make her not eternall. You shall heare I am  
runne away, know it before the report come. If there bee  
credib enough in the world, I will bold a long distance. My  
duty to you.*

*Your unfortunate sonne,  
Bertram.*

This is not well rash and vnbridled boy,  
To flye the fauours of so good a King,  
To plucke his indignation on thy head,  
By the misprising of a Maide too vertuous  
For the contempt of Empire.

*Enter Clowne.*

Clow. O Madam, yonder is heaue newes within be-  
tweene two souldiers, and my yong Ladie.

Lad. What is the matter.

Clow. Nay there is some comfort in the newes, some  
comfort, your sonne will not be kild so soone as I thought  
he would.

*La.* Why should he be kill'd?

*Clow.* So say I Madame, if he runne away, as I heare he  
does, the danger is in standing too't, that's the losse of  
men, though it be the getting of children. Heere they  
come will tell you more. For my part I onely heare your  
sonne was run away.

*Enter Hellen and two Gentlemen.*

French E. Saue you good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for euer gone.

French G. Do not say so.

*La.* Thinke vpon patience, pray you Gentlemen,  
I haue felt so many quirkes of ioy and greefe,  
That the first face of neither on the start  
Can woman me vntoo't. Where is my sonne I pray you?

Fren.G. Madam he's gone to serue the Duke of Flo-  
rence,

We met him thitherward, for thence we came :  
And after some dispatch in hand at Court,  
Thither we bend againe.

Hel. Looke on his Letter Madam, here's my Pasport.

*When thou canst get the Ring vpon my finger, which neuer  
shall come off, and shew mee a childe begotten of thy bodie,  
that I am father too, then call me husband: but in such a (then)  
I write a Neuer.*

This is a dreadfull sentence.

*La.* Brought you this Letter Gentlemen?

1.G. I Madam, and for the Contents sake are forrie  
for our paines.

*Old La.* I prethee Ladie haue a better cheere,  
If thou engross'st, all the greefes are thine,

Thou rob'st me of a moiety: He was my sonne,  
But I do wash his name out of my blood,  
And thou art all my childe. Towards Florence is he?

Fren.G. I Madam.

*La.* And to be a souldier.

Fren.G. Such is his noble purpose, and beleue't  
The Duke will lay vpon him all the honor  
That good conuenience claimes.

*La.* Returne you thither.

Fren.E. I Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. Till I haue no wife, I haue nothing in France,  
'Tis bitter.

*La.* Finde you that there?

Hel. I Madame.

Fren.E. 'Tis but the boldnesse of his hand haply, which  
his heart was not consenting too.

Lad. Nothing in France, vntill he haue no wife :  
There's nothing heere that is too good for him

But onely she, and she deserues a Lord  
That twenty such rude boyes might tend vpon,  
And call her hourly Mistris. Who was with him?

Fren.E. A seruant onely, and a Gentleman : which I  
haue sometime knowne.

*La.* Parolles was it not?

Fren.E. I my good Ladie, hee.

*La.* A verie tainted fellow, and full of wickednesse,  
My sonne corrupts a well deriued nature  
With his inducement.

Fren.E. Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a deale of  
that, too much, which holds him much to haue.

*La.* Y'are welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you  
when you see my sonne, to tell him that his sword can  
neuer winne the honor that he looses : more Ile intreate

X you

you written to bearealong.

*Fren.G.* We ferue you Madam in that and all your worthiest affaires.

*La.* Not so, but as we change our courtesies, Will you draw neere?

*Hel.* Till I haue no wife I haue nothing in France.

Nothing in France vntill he has no wife :

Thou shalt haue none *Rossillion*, none in France,

Then hast thou all againe : poore Lord, is't I

That chafe thee from thy Countrie, and expose

Those tender limbes of thine, to the euent

Of the none-sparing warre? And is it I,

That driue thee from the sportiue Court, where thou

Was't shot at with faire eyes, to be the marke

Of smoakie Muskets? O you leaden messengers,

That ride vpon the violent speede of fire,

Fly with false ayme, moue the still-peering aire

That sings with piercing, do not touch my Lord :

Who euer shoots at him, I set him there.

Who euer charges on his forward brest

I am the Caitiffe that do hold him too't,

And though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected : Better 'twere

I met the rauine Lyon when he roar'd

With sharpe constraint of hunger : better 'twere,

That all the miseries which nature owes

Were mine at once. No come thou home *Rossillion*,

Whence honor but of danger winnes a scarre,

As oft it looses all. I will be gone :

My being heere it is, that holds thee hence,

Shall I stay heere to doo't? No, no, although

The ayre of Paradise did fan the house,

And Angles offic'd all : I will be gone,

That pittifull rumour may report my flight

To console thine eare. Come night, end day,

For with the darke (poore theefe) Ile steale away. *Exit.*

*Flourish.* Enter the Duke of Florence, *Rossillion*,  
drum and trumpets, soldiers, Parrolles.

*Duke.* The Generall of our horse thou art, and we  
Great in our hope, lay our best loue and credence  
Vpon thy promising fortune.

*Ber.* Sir it is

A charge too heauy for my strength, but yet  
Wee'l strue to beare it for your worthy sake,  
To th'extreme edge of hazard.

*Duke.* Then go thou forth,  
And fortune play vpon thy prosperous helme  
As thy auspicious mistress.

*Ber.* This very day

Great Mars I put my selfe into thy file,  
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall proue  
A louer of thy drumme, hater of loue. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter Countesse & Steward.

*La.* Alas! and would you take the letter of her :  
Might you not know she would do, as she has done,  
By sending me a Letter. Reade it a gen.

Letter.

*I am S. Iaques Pilgrim, thither gone :  
Ambitious loue hath so in me offended,  
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground vpon  
With sainted vow my faults to bane amended.*

*Write, write, that from the bloodie course of warre,  
My dearest Master your deare sonne, may bie,  
Blesse him at home in peace. Whilst I from farre,  
His name with zealous seruour sanctifie :*

*His taken labours bid him me forgiue :*

*I his desfightfull luno sent him forth,  
From Courtly friends, with Camping foes to liue,  
Where death and danger dogges the beesles of worlb.  
He is too good and faire for death, and me,  
Whom I my selfe embrace, to set him free.*

Ah what sharpe stings are in her mildest words?

*Rynaldo*, you did neuer lacke aduice so much,

As letting her passe so : had I spoke with her,

I could haue well diuerted her intents,

Which thus she hath preuented.

*Se.* Pardon me Madam,

If I had giuen you this at ouer-night,

She might haue bene ore-tane : and yet she writes

Pursuite would be but vaine.

*La.* What Angell shall

Blesse this vnworthy husband, he cannot thriue,

Vnlesse her prayers, whom heauen delights to heare

And loues to grant, repreeue him from the wrath

Of greatest iustice. Write, write *Rynaldo*,

To this vnworthy husband of his wife,

Let euerie word waigh heauie of her worrb,

That he does waigh too light : my greatest greefe,

Though little he do feele it, set downe sharply.

Dispatch the most conuenient messenger,

When haply he shall heare that she is gone,

He will returne, and hope I may that thee

Hearing so much, will speede her foote againe,

Led hither by pure loue : which of them both

Is deereft to me, I haue no skill in sence

To make distinction : prouide this Messenger :

My heart is heauie, and mine age is weake,

Greefe would haue teares, and sorrow bids me speake. *Exeunt*

A Tucket asfarre off.

Enter old Widdow of Florence, her daughter, *Violenta*  
and *Mariana*, with other  
Citizens.

*Widdow.* Nay come,

For if they do approach the City,

We shall loose all the fight.

*Diana.* They say, the French Count has done  
Most honourable seruice.

*Wid.* It is reported,

That he has taken their great'st Commander,

And that with his owne hand he slew

The Dukes brother : we haue lost our labour,

They are gone a contrarie way : harke,

you may know by their Trumpets.

*Maria.* Come lets returne againe,

And suffice our selues with the report of it.

Well *Diana*, take heed of this French Earle,

The honor of a Maide is her name,

And no Legacie is so rich

As honestie.

*Widdow.* I haue told my neighbour

How you haue bene solicited by a Gentleman  
His Companion.

*Maria*

*Mar.* I know that knaue, hang him, one *Parolles*, a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions for the young Earle, beware of them *Diana*; their promises, entisements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go vnder: many a maide hath beene seduced by them, and the miserie is example, that so terrible shewes in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twiggies that threatens them. I hope I neede not to aduise you further, but I hope your owne grace will keepe you where you are, though there were no further danger knowne, but the modestie which is so lost.

*Dia.* You shall not neede to feare me.

*Enter Helen.*

*Wid.* I hope so: looke here comes a pilgrim, I know she will lye at my house, thither they send one another, she question her. God saue you pilgrim, whether are bound?

*Hel.* To *S. Iaques la grand.*

Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

*Wid.* At the *S. Francis* heere beside the Port.

*Hel.* Is this the way?

*A march afarre.*

*Wid.* I marrie ift. Harke you, they come this way:

If you will tarrie holy Pilgrime

But till the troopes come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd,

The rather for I thinke I know your hostesse

As ample as my selfe.

*Hel.* Is it your selfe?

*Wid.* If you shall please so Pilgrime.

*Hel.* I thanke you, and will stay vpon your leifure.

*Wid.* you came I thinke from *France*?

*Hel.* I did so.

*Wid.* Heere you shall see a Countiman of yours

That has done worthy seruice.

*Hel.* His name I pray you?

*Dia.* The Count *Rossillion*: know you such a one?

*Hel.* But by the care that heares most nobly of him: His face I know not.

*Dia.* What somere he is

He's brauely taken heere. He stole from *France*

As 'tis reported: for the King had married him

Against his liking. Thinke you it is so?

*Hel.* I surely meere the truth, I know his Lady.

*Dia.* There is a Gentleman that serues the Count, Reports but courselly of her.

*Hel.* What's his name?

*Dia.* Monsieur *Parolles*.

*Hel.* Oh I beleuee with him,

In argument of praise, or to the worth

Of the great Count himselfe, she is too meane

To haue her name repeated, all her deseruings

Is a referu'd honestie, and that

I haue not heard examin'd.

*Dia.* Alas poore Ladie,

'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife

Of a detestfull Lord.

*Wid.* I write good creature, wherefoere she is, Her hart waighes sadly: this yong maid might do her A shrewd turne if she pleas'd.

*Hel.* How do you meane?

May be the amorous Count solicites her

In the vnlawfull purpose.

*Wid.* He does indeede,

And brokes with all that can in such a suite

Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide:

But she is arm'd for him, and keepe her guard  
In honestest defence.

*Drumme and Colours.*

*Enter Count Rossillion, Parolles, and the whole Armie.*

*Mar.* The goddess forbid else.

*Wid.* So, now they come:

That is *Antonio* the Dukes eldest sonne,

That *Escalus*.

*Hel.* Which is the Frenchman?

*Dia.* Hee,

That with the plume, 'tis a most gallant fellow,

I would he lou'd his wife: if he were honest

He were much goodlier. Is't not a handfom Gentleman

*Hel.* I like him well.

*Di.* 'Tis pittie he is not honest: yonds that same knaue

That leades him to these places: were I his Ladie,

I would poison that vile Rascall.

*Hel.* Which is he?

*Dia.* That lacke an-apes with scarfes. Why is hee melancholly?

*Hel.* Perchance he's hurt i'th battaile.

*Par.* Loose our drum? Well.

*Mar.* He's shrewdly vext at something. Looke he has spied vs.

*Wid.* Marrie hang you.

*Mar.* And your curtesie, for a ring-carrier. *Exit.*

*Wid.* The troope is past: Come pilgrim, I wil bring

you, Where you shall host: Of inioun'd penitents

There's foure or fiew, to great *S. Iaques* bound,

Alreadie at my house.

*Hel.* I humbly thanke you:

Please it this Matron, and this gentle Maide

To eate with vs to night, the charge and thanking

Shall be for me. and to requite you further,

I will bestow some precepts of this Virgin,

Worthy the note.

*Botb.* Wee'l take your offer kindly.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Count Rossillion and the Frenchmen,  
as at first.*

*Cap.E.* Nay good my Lord put him too't: let him haue his way.

*Cap.G.* If your Lordshippe finde him not a Hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

*Cap.E.* On my life my Lord, a bubble.

*Ber.* Do you thinke I am so farre

Deceiued in him.

*Cap.E.* Beleuee it my Lord, in mine owne direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speake of him as my kinsman, hee's a most notable Coward, an infinite and endlesse Lyar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good qualitie, worthy your Lordships entertainment.

*Cap.G.* It were fit you knew him, least reposing too farre in his vertue which he hath not, he might at some great and trustie businesse, in a maine daunger, fayle you.

*Ber.* I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

*Cap.G.* None better then to let him fetch off his drumme, which you heare him so confidently vnder-take to do.

*C.E.* I with a troop of Florentines wil sodainly sur-  
prise

X 2

prize him; such I will haue whom I am sure he knowes not from theemie: wee will binde and hoodwinke him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the Leager of the aduerfaries, when we bring him to our owne tents: be but your Lordship present at his examination, if he do not for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base feare, offer to betray you, and deliuer all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the diuine forfeite of his soule vpon oath, neuer trust my iudgement in anie thing.

*Cap.G.* O for the loue of laughter, let him fetch his drumme, he sayes he has a stratagem for't: when your Lordship sees the bottome of this successe in't, and to what mettle this counterfeyt lump of ours will be melted if you giue him not Iohn drummes entertainment, your inclining cannot be remoued. Heere he comes.

*Enter Parrolles.*

*Cap.E.* O for the loue of laughter hinder not the honor of his designe, let him fetch off his drumme in any hand.

*Ber.* How now Monsieur? This drumme sticks forely in your disposition.

*Cap.G.* A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drumme.

*Par.* But a drumme: Ift but a drumme? A drum so loft. There was excellent command, to charge in with our horse vpon our owne wings, and to rend our owne souldiers.

*Cap.G.* That was not to be blam'd in the command of the seruice: it was a disafter of warre that *Cæsar* him selfe could not haue preuented, if he had bene there to command.

*Ber.* Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our successe: some dishonor wee had in the losse of that drum, but it is not to be recovered.

*Par.* It might haue bene recovered.

*Ber.* It might, but it is not now.

*Par.* It is to be recovered, but that the merit of seruice is sildome attributed to the true and exact performer, I would haue that drumme or another, or *bic ia- cet*.

*Ber.* Why if you haue a stomacke, too't Monsieur: if you thinke your myserie in stratagem, can bring this instrument of honour againe into his natue quarter, be magnanimious in the enterprize and go on, I wil grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speede well in it, the Duke shall both speake of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatnesse, euen to the vtmost syllable of your worthinesse.

*Par.* By the hand of a souldier I will vndertake it.

*Ber.* But you must not now slumber in it.

*Par.* He about it this euening, and I will presently pen downe my dilemma's, encourage my selfe in my certaintie, put my selfe into my mortall preparation: and by midnight looke to heare further from me.

*Ber.* May I bee bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it.

*Par.* I know not what the successe wil be my Lord, but the attempt I vow.

*Ber.* I know th'art valiant, And to the possibility of thy souldiership, Will subscribe for thee: Farewell.

*Par.* I loue not many words.

*Exit*

*Cap.E.* No more then a fish loues water. Is not this

a strange fellow my Lord, that so confidently seemes to vndertake this bufinesse, which he knowes is not to be done, damnes himselfe to do, & dares better be damnd then to doo't.

*Cap.G.* You do not know him my Lord as we doe, certaine it is that he will steale himselfe into a mans fauour, and for a weeke escape a great deale of discoueries, but when you finde him out, you haue him euer after.

*Ber.* Why do you thinke he will make no deede at all of this that so ferioullie hee dooes addresse himselfe vnto?

*Cap.E.* None in the world, but returne with an inuention, and clap vpon you two or three probable lies: but we haue almost imboist him, you shall see his fall to night; for indeede he is not for your Lordshippes respect.

*Cap.G.* Weele make you some sport with the Foze ere we case him. He was first smoak'd by the old Lord *Lafew*, when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall finde him, which you shall see this verie night.

*Cap.E.* I must go looke my twiggies, He shall be caught.

*Ber.* Your brother he shall go along with me.

*Cap.G.* As't please your Lordship, Ile leaue you.

*Ber.* Now wil I lead you to the house, and shew you The Lasse I spoke of.

*Cap.E.* But you say she's honest.

*Ber.* That's all the fault: I spoke with hir but once, And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her By this same Coxcombe that we haue i'th winde Tokens and Letters, which she did refend, And this is all I haue done: She's a faire creature, Will you go see her?

*Cap.E.* With all my heart my Lord.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Hellen, and Widdow.*

*Hel.* If you misdoubt me that I am not shee, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall loofe the grounds I worke vpon.

*Wid.* Though my estate be false, I was well borne, Nothing acquainted with these bufinesses, And would not put my reputation now In any staining act.

*Hel.* Nor would I with you.

First giue me trust, the Count he is my husband, And what to your sworne counsaile I haue spoken, Is so from word to word: and then you cannot By the good ayde that I of you shall borrow, Erre in bestowing it.

*Wid.* I should beleuee you, For you haue shew'd me that which well approues Y're great in fortune.

*Hel.* Take this purse of Gold, And let me buy your friendly helpe thus farre, Which I will ouer-pay, and pay againe When I haue found it. The Count he woes your daughter,

Layes downe his wanton sledge before her beautie, Resolue to carrie her: let her in fine consent As wee'l direct her how 'tis best to beare it: Now his important blood will naught denie, That shee'l demand: a ring the Countie weares, That downward hath succeeded in his house

*From*

From sonne to sonne, some foure or fve discents,  
Since the first father wore it. This Ring he holds  
In most rich choice : yet in his idle fire,  
To buy his will, it would not seeme too deere,  
How ere repented after.

*Wid.* Now I see the bottome of your purpose.

*Hel.* You see it lawfull then, it is no more,  
But that your daughter ere she seemes as wonne,  
Desires this Ring ; appoints him an encounter ;  
In fine, deliueis me to fill the time,  
Her selfe most chastly absent : after  
To marry her, Ile adde three thousand Crownes  
To what is past already.

*Wid.* I haue yeelded :

Instru't my daughter how she shall perseuer,  
That time and place with this deceite so lawfull  
May proue coherent. Euery night he comes  
With Musickes of all forts, and songs compos'd  
To her vnworthinesse : It nothing steeds vs  
To chide him from our eues, for he persists  
As if his life lay on't.

*Hel.* Why then to night  
Let vs assay our plot, which if it speed,  
Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deede ;  
And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act,  
Where both not sinne, and yet a sinfull fact.  
But let's about it.

### *Actus Quartus.*

*Enter one of the Frenchmen, with fve or fixe other  
souldiers in ambush.*

*1. Lord E.* He can come no other way but by this hedge  
corner : when you fallie vpon him, speake what terrible  
Language you will : though you vnderstand it not your  
selues, no matter : for we must not seeme to vnderstand  
him, vnlesse some one among vs, whom wee must pro-  
duce for an Interpreter.

*1. Sol.* Good Captaiue, let me be th'Interpreter.

*Lo. E.* Art not acquainted with him ? knowes he not  
thy voice ?

*1. Sol.* No sir I warrant you.

*Lo. E.* But what linie wolfy hast thou to speake to vs  
again.

*1. Sol.* E'n such as you speake to me.

*Lo. E.* He must thinke vs some band of strangers, i'th  
aduerfaries entertainment. Now he hath a smacke of all  
neighbouring Languages : therefore we must euery one  
be a man of his owne fancie, not to know what we speak  
one to another : so we seeme to know, is to know straight  
our purpose : Choughs language, gabble enough, and  
good enough. As for you interpreter, you must seeme  
very politicke. But couch hoo, heere hee comes, to be-  
guile two houres in a sleepe, and then to returne & swear  
the lies he forges.

*Enter Parrolles.*

*Par.* Ten a clocke : Within these three houres 'twill  
be time enough to goe home. What shall I say I haue  
done ? It must bee a very plaufiue inuention that carries  
it. They beginne to smoake mee, and disgraces haue of  
late, knock'd too often at my doore : I finde my tongue  
is too foole-hardie, but my heart hath the feare of Maps

before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of  
my tongue.

*Lo. E.* This is the first truth that ere thine own tongue  
was guiltie of.

*Par.* What the diuell should moue mee to vndertake  
the recouerie of this drumme, being not ignorant of the  
impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose ? I  
must giue my selfe some hurts, and say I got them in ex-  
ploit : yet slight ones will not carrie it. They will say,  
came you off with so little ? And great ones I dare not  
giue, wherefore what's the instance. Tongue, I must put  
you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my selfe ano-  
ther of *Baiameths* Mule, if you prattle mee into these  
perilles.

*Lo. E.* Is it possible he should know what hee is, and  
be that he is.

*Par.* I would the cutting of my garments wold serue  
the turne, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

*Lo. E.* We cannot afford you so.

*Par.* Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in  
stratagem.

*Lo. E.* 'Twould not do.

*Par.* Or to drowne my cloathes, and say I was stript.

*Lo. E.* Hardly serue.

*Par.* Though I swore I leapt from the window of the  
Citadell.

*Lo. E.* How deepe ?

*Par.* Thirty fadome.

*Lo. E.* Three great oathes would scarce make that be  
beleueed.

*Par.* I would I had any drumme of the enemies, I  
would sweare I recouer'd it.

*Lo. E.* You shall heare one anon.

*Par.* A drumme now of the enemies.

*Alarum within.*

*Lo. E.* *Tbroca mououfus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

*All.* *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

*Par.* O ransome, ransome,

Do not hide mine eyes.

*Inter.* *Boskos tbromuldo boskos.*

*Par.* I know you are the *Muskos* Regiment,  
And I shall loose my life for want of language.  
If there be heere German or Dane, Low Dutch,  
Italian, or French, let him speake to me,  
Ile discouer that, which shal vndo the Florentine.

*Int.* *Boskos vauuado*, I vnderstand thee, & can speake  
thy tongue : *Kerelybonto* sir, betake thee to thy faith, for  
seuenteene ponyards are at thy bosome.

*Par.* Oh.

*Inter.* Oh pray, pray, pray,

*Manka reuania dulce.*

*Lo. E.* *Oscorbidulcbos voliurco.*

*Int.* The Generall is content to spare thee yet,  
And hoodwinkt as thou art, will leade thee on  
To gather from thee. Haply thou mayst informe  
Something to saue thy life.

*Par.* O let me liue,

And all the secrets of our campe Ile shew,  
Their force, their purposes : Nay, Ile speake that,  
Which you will wonder at.

*Inter.* But wilt thou faithfully ?

*Par.* If I do not, damne me.

*Inter.* *Acordo lint.*

Come on, thou are granted space.

*A short Alarum within.*

X 3

*Exit*

*Lo. E.*



*L.E.* Go tell the Count *Roffillon* and my brother,  
We haue caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him  
Till we do heare from them. (mused)

*Sol.* Captaine I will.

*L.E.* A will betray vs all vnto our felues,  
Informe on that.

*Sol.* So I will fir.

*L.E.* Till then Ile keepe him darke and safely lockt.

*Exit*

*Enter Bertram, and the Maide called  
Diana.*

*Ber.* They told me that your name was *Fontybell*.

*Dia.* No my good Lord, *Diana*.

*Ber.* Titled *Goddeffe*,

And worth it with addition : but faire soule,  
In your fine frame hath loue no qualitie?  
If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,  
You are no Maiden but a monument  
When you are dead you should be such a one  
As you are now : for you are cold and sterne,  
And now you should be as your mother was  
When your sweet selfe was got.

*Dia.* She then was honest.

*Ber.* So should you be.

*Dia.* No :

My mother did but dutie, such (my Lord)  
As you owe to your wife.

*Ber.* No more a'that :

I prethee do not strue against my vowes :  
I was compell'd to her, but I loue thee  
By loues owne sweet constraint, and will for euer  
Do thee all rights of seruice.

*Dia.* I fo you serue vs

Till we serue you : But when you haue our *Roses*,  
You barely leaue our thornes to pricke our felues,  
And mocke vs with our barenesse.

*Ber.* How haue I sworne.

*Dia.* Tis not the many oathes that makes the truth,  
But the plaine single vow, that is vow'd true :  
What is not holie, that we sweare not by,  
But take the high't to witnesse : then pray you tell me,  
If I should sweare by loues great attributes,  
I lou'd you deere, would you beleue my oathes,  
When I did loue you ill ? This ha's no holding  
To sweare by him whom I protest to loue  
That I will worke against him. Therefore your oathes  
Are words and poore conditions, but vnseal'd  
At left in my opinion.

*Ber.* Change it, change it :

Be not so holy cruell : Loue is holie,  
And my integritie ne're knew the crafts  
That you do charge men with : Stand no more off,  
But giue thy selfe vnto my sicke desires,  
Who then recouers. Say thou art mine, and euer  
My loue as it begins, shall so perseuer.

*Dia.* I see that men make rope's in such a scarre,  
That wee'l forsake our felues. Giue me that Ring.

*Ber.* Ile lend it thee my deere; but haue no power  
To giue it from me.

*Dia.* Will you not my Lord ?

*Ber.* It is an honour longing to our house,  
Bequeathed downe from manie Ancestors,  
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,  
In mee to loofe.

*Dia.* Mine Honors such a Ring,  
My chastities the Jewell of our house,

Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,  
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,  
In mee to loofe. Thus your owne proper wifedome  
Brings in the Champion honor on my part,  
Against your vaine assault.

*Ber.* Heere, take my Ring,  
My house, mine honor, yea my life be thine,  
And Ile be bid by thee.

*Dia.* When midnight comes, knocke at my cham-  
ber window :

Ile order take, my mother shall not heare.  
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,  
When you haue conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,  
Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to mee :  
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,  
When backe againe this Ring shall be deliuer'd :  
And on your finger in the night, Ile put  
Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,  
May token to the future, our past deeds.  
Adieu till then, then faile not : you haue wonne  
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

*Ber.* A heauen on earth I haue won by wooing thee.

*Di.* For which, I lue long to thank both heauen & me,  
You may fo in the end.

My mother told me iust how he would woo,  
As if the fate in's heart. She sayes, all men  
Haue the like oathes : He had sworne to marrie me  
When his wife's dead : therefore Ile lye with him  
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braide,  
Marry that will, I lue and die a Maid :  
Onely in this disguise, I think't no sinne,  
To cofen him that would vniustly winne. *Exit*

*Enter the two French Captaines, and some two or three  
Souldiours.*

*Cap.G.* You haue not giuen him his mothers letter.

*Cap.E.* I haue deliuer'd it an houre since, there is som  
thing in't that stings his nature : for on the reading it,  
he chang'd almost into another man.

*Cap.G.* He has much worthy blame laid vpon him,  
for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a Lady.

*Cap.E.* Especially, hee hath incurred the euercasting  
displeasure of the King, who had euen tun'd his bounty  
to sing happinesse to him. I will tell you a thing, but  
you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

*Cap.G.* When you haue spoken it 'tis dead, and I am  
the graue of it.

*Cap.E.* Hee hath peruerterd a young Gentlewoman  
heere in *Florence*, of a most chaste renown, & this night  
he fleshes his will in the spoyle of her honour: hee hath  
giuen her his monumentall Ring, and thinkes himselfe  
made in the vnchaste composition.

*Cap.G.* Now God delay our rebellion as we are our  
felues, what things are we.

*Cap.E.* Meerely our owne traitours. And as in the  
common course of all treasons, we still see them reueale  
themselves, till they attaine to their abhorr'd ends : so  
he that in this action contriues against his owne Nobility  
in his proper streame, ore-flows himselfe.

*Cap.G.* Is it not meant damnable in vs, to be Trump-  
eters of our vnlawfull intents? We shall not then haue  
his company to night?

*Cap.E.* Not till after midnight : for hee is dieted to  
his houre.

*Cap.G.* That approaches apace : I would gladly haue  
him see his company anathomiz'd, that hee might take

: of his owne judgements, wherein so curiously  
t this counterfeit.

We will not meddle with him till he come ;  
fence must be the whip of the other.

In the meane time, what heere you of these

I heare there is an ouerture of peace.

Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

What will Count *Rossillion* do then? Will he  
igher, or returne againe into France?

I perceiue by this demand, you are not alto-  
his councill.

Let it be forbid sir, so should I bee a great  
is act.

Sir, his wife some two months since fledde  
house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint *La-  
and*; which holy vndertaking, with most au-  
thimonie the accomplisht : and there residing,  
rnesse of her Nature, became as a prey to her  
fine, made a groane of her last breath, & now  
n heauen.

How is this iustified?

The stronger part of it by her owne Letters,  
ikes her storie true, euen to the poynt of her  
r death it selfe, which could not be her office  
come : was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector  
ce.

Hath the Count all this intelligence?

I, and the particular confirmations, point  
t, to the full arming of the veritie.

I am heartily sorrie that hee'l bee gladd of

How mightily sometimes, we make vs com-  
r losses.

And how mightily some other times, wee  
ur gaine in teares, the great dignitie that his  
th here acquir'd for him, shall at home be en-  
with a shame as ample.

The webbe of our life, is of a mingled yarne,  
ill together : our vertues would bee proud, if  
whipt them not, and our crimes would dif-  
ey were not cherish'd by our vertues.

*Enter a Messenger.*

? Where's your master?

e met the Duke in the street sir, of whom hee  
en a solemne leaue : his Lordshippe will next  
for France. The Duke hath offered him Let-  
nmendations to the King.

They shall bee no more then needfull there,  
re more then they can commend.

*Enter Count Rossillion.*

hey cannot be too sweete for the Kings tart-  
re's his Lordship now. How now my Lord,  
ter midnight?

haue to night dispatch'd sixteene busineses, a  
length a peece, by an abstract of successe : I  
gied with the Duke, done my adieu with his  
uried a wife, mourn'd for her, writ to my La-  
er, I am returning, entertain'd my Conuoy, &  
these maine parcels of dispatch, affected ma-  
needs : the last was the greatest, but that I haue  
yet.

If the businesse bee of any difficulty, and this  
your departure hence, it requires haile of your

Lordship.

*Ber.* I meane the businesse is not ended, as fearing  
to heare of it hereafter : but shall we haue this dialogue  
betweene the Foole and the Soldiour. Come, bring  
forth this counterfeit module, has deceiu'd mee, like a  
double-meaning Prophet.

*Cap.E.* Bring him forth, ha's fate i'th stockes all night  
poore gallant knaue.

*Ber.* No matter, his heeles haue deseru'd it, in vsur-  
ping his spurs so long. How does he carry himselfe?

*Cap.E.* I haue told your Lordship alreadie : The  
stockes carrie him. But to answer you as you would be  
vnderstood, hee weepes like a wench that had shed her  
milke, he hath confest himselfe to *Morgan*, whom hee  
supposes to be a Friar, frō the time of his remembrance  
to this very instant disaster of his setting i'th stockes :  
and what thinke you he hath confest?

*Ber.* Nothing of me, ha's a?

*Cap.E.* His confession is taken, and it shall bee read  
to his face, if your Lordshippe be in't, as I beleue you  
are, you must haue the patience to heare it.

*Enter Parolles with his Interpreter.*

*Ber.* A plague vpon him, muffled; he can say nothing  
of me : hush, hush.

*Cap.G.* Hoodman comes : *Portotartarossa*.

*Inter.* He calles for the tortures, what will you say  
without em.

*Par.* I will confesse what I know without constraint,  
If ye pinch me like a Pasty, I can say no more.

*Int.* *Bosko Chimurcho.*

*Cap.* *Bolibindo chicurmurco.*

*Int.* You are a mercifull Generall : Our Generall  
bids you answer to what I shall aske you out of a Note.

*Par.* And truly, as I hope to liue.

*Int.* First demand of him, how many horse the Duke  
is strong. What say you to that?

*Par.* Fiue or sixe thousand, but very weake and vn-  
seruiceable : the troopes are all scattered, and the Com-  
manders verie poore rogues, vpon my reputation and  
credit, and as I hope to liue.

*Int.* Shall I set downe your answer so?

*Par.* Do, Ile take the Sacrament on't, how & which  
way you will : all's one to him.

*Ber.* What a past-sauing slave is this?

*Cap.G.* Y'are deceiu'd my Lord, this is Mounseur  
*Parrolles* the gallant militarist, that was his owne phrase  
that had the whole theoricke of warre in the knot of his  
scarfe, and the practise in the chape of his dagger.

*Cap.E.* I will neuer trust a man againe, for keeping  
his sword cleane, nor beleue he can haue euerie thing  
in him, by wearing his apparrell neatly.

*Int.* Well, that's set downe.

*Par.* Fiue or six thousand horse I sed, I will say true,  
or thereabouts set downe, for Ile speake truth.

*Cap.G.* He's very neere the truth in this.

*Ber.* But I con him no thanks for't in the nature he  
deliueis it.

*Par.* Poore rogues, I pray you say.

*Int.* Well, that's set downe.

*Par.* I humbly thanke you sir, a truth's a truth, the  
Rogues are maruailous poore.

*Interp.* Demaund of him of what strength they are a  
foot. What say you to that?

*Par.* By my troth sir, if I were to liue this present  
houre, I will tell true. Let me see, *Spurio* a hundred &  
fiftie,

fiftie, *Sebastian* so many, *Corambus* so many, *Iaques* so many : *Guiltian*, *Cosmo*, *Lodowicke*, and *Gratij*, two hundred fiftie each : Mine owne Company, *Chitopher*, *Vau-mond*, *Bentij*, two hundred fiftie each : so that the muster file, rotten and sound, vpon my life amounts not to fiftene thousand pole, halfe of the which, dare not shake the snow from off their Cassockes, leaft they shake themselves to peeces.

*Ber.* What shall be done to him ?

*Cap.G.* Nothing, but let him haue thanks. Demand of him my condition : and what credite I haue with the Duke.

*Int.* Well that's set downe : you shall demaund of him, whether one *Captaine Dumaine* bee i'th Campe, a Frenchman : what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honestie, and expertnesse in warres : or whether he thinks it were not possible with well-waighing summes of gold to corrupt him to a reuolt. What say you to this? What do you know of it?

*Par.* I beseech you let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories. Demand them singly.

*Int.* Do you know this *Captaine Dumaine*?

*Par.* I know him, a was a Butchers Prentize in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the Shrieues fool with childe, a dumbe innocent that could not say him nay.

*Ber.* Nay, by your leaue hold your hands, though I know his braines are forfeite to the next tile that falls.

*Int.* Well, is this *Captaine* in the Duke of *Florences* campe?

*Par.* Vpon my knowledge he is, and lowlie.

*Cap.G.* Nay looke not so vpon me : we shall heare of your Lord anon.

*Int.* What is his reputation with the Duke?

*Par.* The Duke knowes him for no other, but a poore Officer of mine, and writ to mee this other day, to turne him out a'th band. I thinke I haue his Letter in my pocket.

*Int.* Marry we'll search.

*Par.* In good sadnesse I do not know, either it is there, or it is vpon a file with the Dukes other Letters, in my Tent.

*Int.* Heere 'tis, heere's a paper, shall I reade it to you?

*Par.* I do not know if it be it or no.

*Ber.* Our Interpreter do's it well.

*Cap.G.* Excellently.

*Int.* *Dian*, the Counts a foole, and full of gold.

*Par.* That is not the Dukes letter sir : that is an aduertisement to a proper maide in Florence, one *Diana*, to take heede of the allurements of one Count *Rossillon*, a foolish idle boy : but for all that very ruttish. I pray you sir put it vp againe.

*Int.* Nay, Ile reade it first by your fauour.

*Par.* My meaning in't I protest was very honest in the behalfe of the maide : for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lasciuious boy, who is a whale to Virginitie, and deuours vp all the fry it finds.

*Ber.* Damnable both-sides rogue.

*Int.Let.* When be sweares oathes, bid him drop gold, and take it :

After be scores, be neuer payes the score :  
Halfe won is match well made, match and well make it,  
He nere payes after-debts, take it before,  
And say a souldier (*Dian*) told thee this :  
Men are to mell with, boyes are not to his.

*For count of this, the Counts a Foole I know it,  
Who payes before, but not when he does owe it.*

Thine as he vow'd to thee in thine care,  
*Paralles.*

*Ber.* He shall be whipt through the Armie with this rime in's forehead.

*Cap.E.* This is your deuoted friend sir, the manifold Linguist, and the army-potent souldier.

*Ber.* I could endure any thing before but a Cat, and now he's a Cat to me.

*Int.* I perceiue sir by your Generals lookes, wee shall be faine to hang you.

*Par.* My life sir in any case : Not that I am afraide to dye, but that my offences beeing many, I would repent out the remainder of Nature. Let me liue sir in a dungeon, i'th stockes, or any where, so I may liue.

*Int.* Wee'll see what may bee done, so you confesse freely : therefore once more to this *Captaine Dumaine* : you haue answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honestie?

*Par.* He will steale sir an Egge out of a Cloister : for rapes and rauishments he paralels *Nessus*. Hee professes not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is stronger then *Hercules*. He will lye sir, with such volubilitie, that you would thinke truth were a foole : drunkennesse is his best vertue, for he will be swine-drunke, and in his sleepe he does little harme, faue to his bed-cloathes about him : but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I haue but little more to say sir of his honestie, he ha's euerie thing that an honest man should not haue ; what an honest man should haue, he has nothing.

*Cap.G.* I begin to loue him for this.

*Ber.* For this description of thine honestie ? A pox vpon him for me, he's more and more a Cat.

*Int.* What say you to his expertnesse in warre?

*Par.* Faith sir, ha's led the drumme before the English Tragedians : to belye him I will not, and more of his souldiership I know not, except in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called *Milend*, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would doe the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certaine.

*Cap.G.* He hath out-villain'd villanie so farre, that the raritie redeemes him.

*Ber.* A pox on him, he's a Cat still.

*Int.* His qualities being at this poore price, I neede not to aske you, if Gold will corrupt him to reuolt.

*Par.* Sir, for a Cardceue he will sell the fee-simple of his saluation, the inheritance of it, and cut th'intaile from all remainders, and a perpetuall succession for it perpetually.

*Int.* What's his Brother, the other *Captaine Dumain*?

*Cap.E.* Why do's he aske him of me?

*Int.* What's he?

*Par.* E'ne a Crow a'th same nest : not altogether so great as the first in goodnesse, but greater a great deale in euill. He excels his Brother for a coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat hee outrunnes any Lackey ; marrie in comming on, hee ha's the Crampe.

*Int.* If your life be sau'd, will you vndertake to betray the Florentine.

*Par.* I, and the *Captaine* of his horse, Count *Rossillon*.

*Int.* Ile whisper with the Generall, and knowe his pleasure.

*Par.* Ile no more drumming, a plague of all drummes, onely to seeme to deferue well, and to beguile the suppo-

that lascivious yong boy the Count, haue I un-  
derstander: yet who would haue suspected an am-  
bush I was taken?

There is no remedy sir, but you must dye: the  
eyes, you that haue so traitorously discouered  
of your army, and made such pestiferous re-  
newen very nobly held, can serue the world for  
use: therefore you must dye. Come head-  
down with his head.

Lord sir let me liue, or let me see my death.  
It shall you, and take your leaue of all your

about you, know you any heere?

Good morrow noble Captaine.

God blesse you Captaine *Parolles*.

God saue you noble Captaine.

Captaine, what greeting will you to my Lord  
from France.

Good Captaine will you giue me a Copy of  
your writ to *Diana* in behalfe of the Count  
and I were not a verie Coward, I'de compell  
it far you well. *Exeunt.*

I are vndone Captaine all but your scarfe,  
cannot on't yet.

How cannot be crush'd with a plot?

You could finde out a Countie where but  
there that had receiued so much shame, you  
in an impudent Nation. Fare yee well sir, I  
need too, we shall speake of you there. *Exit.*

It am I thankfull: if my heart were great  
rest at this: Captaine Ile be no more,  
eate, and drinke, and sleepe as soft  
e shall. Simply the thing I am  
me liue: who knowes himselfe a braggart  
are this; for it will come to passe,  
braggart shall be found an Ass.  
, coole blushe, and *Parolles* liue  
ame: being fool'd, by fool'rie thrue;  
ce and meanes for euery man aliue.  
em.

*Exit.*

*Enter Helen, Widdow, and Diana.*

at you may well perceiue I haue not  
wrong'd you,  
greatest in the Christian world  
y furetie: for whose throne 'tis needfull  
erfect mine intents, to kneele.  
I did him a desired office  
st as his life, which gratitude  
intie Tartars bosome would peepe forth,  
r thanks. I duly am inform'd,  
at *Marcella*, to which place  
nvenient conuoy: you must know  
sed dead, the Army breaking,  
d hies him home, where heauen ayding,  
: leaue of my good Lord the King,  
efore our welcome.  
ntle Madam,  
had a seruant to whose trust  
es was more welcome.  
r your Mistis  
id, whose thoughts more truly labour  
ence your loue: Doubt not but heauen  
ht me vp to be your daughters dower,  
fated her to be my motiue

And helper to a husband. But O strange men,  
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,  
When sawcie trusting of the cosin'd thoughts  
Defiles the pitchy night, so lust doth play  
With what it loathes, for that which is away,  
But more of this heereafter: you *Diana*,  
Vnder my poore instructions yet must suffer  
Something in my behalfe.

*Dia.* Let death and honestie  
Go with your impositions, I am yours  
Vpon your will to suffer.

*Hel.* Yet I pray you:  
But with the word the time will bring on summer,  
When Briars shall haue leaues as well as thornes,  
And be as sweet as sharpe: we must away,  
Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time reuiues vs,  
All's well that ends well, still the fines the Crowne;  
What ere the course, the end is the renowne. *Exeunt*

*Enter Clowne, old Lady, and Lafew.*

*Laf.* No, no, no, your sonne was misled with a snipt  
taffata fellow there, whose villanous saffron wold haue  
made all the vnback'd and dowy youth of a nation in his  
colour: your daughter-in-law had bene aliue at this  
houre, and your sonne heere at home, more aduanc'd  
by the King, then by that red-tail'd humble Bee I speak  
of.

*La.* I would I had not knowne him, it was the death  
of the most vertuous gentlewoman, that euer Nature  
had praise for creating. If she had pertaken of my flesh  
and cost mee the deereft groanes of a mother, I could  
not haue owed her a more rooted loue.

*Laf.* 'Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. Wee  
may picke a thousand sallets ere wee light on such ano-  
ther hearbe.

*Cl.* Indeed sir she was the sweete Margerom of the  
sallet, or rather the hearbe of grace.

*Laf.* They are not hearbes you knaue, they are nose-  
hearbes.

*Clowne.* I am no great *Nabuchadnezzar* sir, I haue not  
much skill in grace.

*Laf.* Whether doeft thou professe thy selfe, a knaue  
or a foole?

*Cl.* A foole sir at a womans seruice, and a knaue at a  
mans.

*Laf.* Your distinction.

*Cl.* I would coufen the man of his wife, and do his  
seruice.

*Laf.* So you were a knaue at his seruice indeed.

*Cl.* And I would giue his wife my bauble sir to doe  
her seruice.

*Laf.* I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knaue  
and foole.

*Cl.* At your seruice.

*Laf.* No, no, no.

*Cl.* Why sir, if I cannot serue you, I can serue as  
great a prince as you are.

*Laf.* Whose that, a Frenchman?

*Cl.* Faith sir a has an English maine, but his fis-  
mie is more hotter in France then there.

*Laf.* What prince is that?

*Cl.* The blacke prince sir, alias the prince of darke-  
nesse, alias the diuell.

*Laf.* Hold thee there's my purse, I giue thee not this  
to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'ft off, serue  
him still.

*Clow*

*Clo.* I am a woodland fellow fir, that alwaies loued a great fire, and the master I speak of euer keeps a good fire, but sure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobilitie remaine in's Court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pompe to enter: some that humble themselves may, but the manie will be too chill and tender, and theyle bee for the flowrie way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

*Laf.* Go thy waies, I begin to bee a wearie of thee, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy wayes, let my horses be wel look'd too, without any trickes.

*Clo.* If I put any trickes vpon em fir, they shall bee lades trickes, which are their owne right by the law of Nature. exit

*Laf.* A shrewd knaue and an vnhappye.

*Lady.* So a is. My Lord that's gone made himselfe much sport out of him, by his authoritie hee remaines heere, which he thinkes is a pattent for his fawcinesse, and indeede he has no pace, but runnes where he will.

*Laf.* I like him well, 'tis not amisse: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Ladies death, and that my Lord your sonne was vpon his returne home. I moued the King my master to speake in the behalfe of my daughter, which in the minoritie of them both, his Maiestie out of a selfe-gracious remembrance did first propoſe, his Highnesse hath promis'd me to doe it, and to stoppe vp the displeasure he hath conceiued against your sonne, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyship like it?

*La.* With verie much content my Lord, and I with it happily effected.

*Laf.* His Highnesse comes post from *Marcellus*, of as able bodie as when he number'd thirty, a will be heere to morrow, or I am deceiu'd. by him that in such intelligence hath seldome fail'd.

*La.* It reioyces me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I haue letters that my sonne will be heere to night: I shall beseech your Lordship to remaine with mee, till they meete together.

*Laf.* Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

*Lad.* You neede but pleade your honourable priuledge.

*Laf.* Ladie, of that I haue made a bold charter, but I thanke my God, it holds yet.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clo.* O Madam, yonders my Lord your sonne with a patch of veluet on's face, whether there bee a scar vnder't or no, the Veluet knowes, but 'tis a goodly patch of Veluet, his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a halfe, but his right cheek is worne bare.

*Laf.* A scarre nobly got, Or a noble scarre, is a good liu'rie of honor, So belike is that.

*Clo.* But it is your carbinado'd face.

*Laf.* Let vs go see

your sonne I pray you, I long to talke With the yong noble souldier.

*Clowne.* Faith there's a dozen of em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at euerie man.

*Exeunt*

## *Actus Quintus.*

*Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana, with two Attendants.*

*Hel.* But this exceeding posting day and night, Must wear your spirits low, we cannot helpe it: But since you haue made the daies and nights as one, To weare your gentle limbes in my affayres, Be bold you do so grow in my requittall, As nothing can vnroote you. In happie time,

*Enter a gentle Asfringer.*

This man may helpe me to his Maiesties care, If he would spend his power. God saue you fir.

*Gent.* And you.

*Hel.* Sir, I haue seene you in the Court of France.

*Gent.* I haue beene sometimes there.

*Hel.* I do presume fir, that you are not false From the report that goes vpon your goodnesse, And therefore goaded with most sharpe occasions, Which lay nice manners by, I put you to The vse of your owne vertues, for the which I shall continue thankefull.

*Gent.* What's your will?

*Hel.* That it will please you

To giue this poore petition to the King, And ayde me with that store of power you haue To come into his presence.

*Gent.* The Kings not heere.

*Hel.* Not heere fir?

*Gent.* Not indeed,

He hence remou'd last night, and with more hast Then is his vse.

*Wid.* Lord how we loose our paines.

*Hel.* All's well that ends well yet, Though time seeme so aduers, and meanes vnfit: I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

*Gent.* Marrie as I take it to *Rossillion*, Whither I am going.

*Hel.* I do beseech you fir,

Since you are like to see the King before me, Comuend the paper to his gracious hand, Which I presume shall render you no blame, But rather make you thanke your paines for it, I will come after you with what good speede Our meanes will make vs meanes.

*Gent.* This Ile do for you.

*Hel.* And you shall finde your selfe to be well thank what e're falles more. We must to horse againe, Go, go, prouide.

*Enter Clowne and Parrolles.*

*Par.* Good M<sup>r</sup> *Lauatch* giue my Lord *Lafew* this letter, I haue ere now fir bene better knowne to you, when I haue held familiaritie with fresher cloathes: but I am now fir muddied in fortunes mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

*Clo.* Truly, Fortunes displeasure is but stuttish if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eate no Fish of Fortunes butt'ring. Pre thee alow the winde.

*Par.* Nay you neede not to stop your nose fir: I spake but by a Metaphor.

*Clo.* Indeed fir, if your Metaphor stinke, I will stop my nose, or against any mans Metaphor. Prethee get thee further. *Par.*

Pray you fir deliuer me this paper.  
Foh, prethee stand away : a paper from fortunes  
oole, to giue to a Nobleman. Looke heere he  
himselfe.

*Enter Lafew.*

Heere is a purre of Fortunes fir, or of Fortunes  
it not a Muscat, that ha's falne into the vncleane  
od of her displeasure, and as he sayes is muddied  
. Pray you fir, vfe the Carpe as you may, for he  
like a poore decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally  
I doe pittie his distresse in my smiles of comfort,  
ue him to your Lordship.

My Lord I am a man whom fortune hath cruel-  
ch'd.

And what would you haue me to doe? 'Tis too  
paire her nailes now. Wherein haue you played  
aue with fortune that she should scratch you, who  
felfe is a good Lady, and would not haue knaues  
long vnder? There's a Carduee for you: Let the  
make you and fortune friends; I am for other  
e.

I beseech your honour to heare mee one single

you begge a single peny more: Come you shall  
ue your word.

My name my good Lord is *Parrolles*.  
You begge more then word then. Cox my pas-  
ue me your hand: How does your drumme?  
O my good Lord, you were the first that found

Was I insooth? And I was the first that lost thee.  
It lies in you my Lord to bring me in some grace  
did bring me out.

Out vpon thee knaue, doest thou put vpon mee  
both the office of God and the diuel: one brings  
grace, and the other brings thee out. The Kings  
ag I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, inquire fur-  
ter me, I had talke of you last night, though you  
ole and a knaue, you shall eate, go too, follow.

I praise God for you.

*fb. Enter King, old Lady, Lafew, the two French  
Lords, with attendants.*

We lost a Jewell of her, and our esteeme  
ade much poorer by it: but your sonne,  
l in folly, lack'd the fence to know  
imation home.

*La.* 'Tis past my Liege,  
beseech your Maiestie to make it  
ll rebellion, done i'th blade of youth,  
oyle and fire, too strong for reasons force,  
ares it, and burnes on.

My honour'd Lady,  
forgiuen and forgotten all,  
a my reuenges were high bent vpon him,  
atch'd the time to shoote.

This I must say,  
t I begge my pardon: the yong Lord  
his Maiesty, his Mother, and his Ladie,  
: of mighty note; but to himselfe  
eatest wrong of all. He lost a wife,  
beauty did astonish the suruey  
est eies: whose words all eares tooke captiue,  
deere perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serue,

Humbly call'd Mistris.

*Kin.* Praising what is lost,  
Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither,  
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill  
All repetition: Let him not aske our pardon,  
The nature of his great offence is dead,  
And deeper then obliuion, we do burie  
Th'incensing reliques of it. Let him approach  
A stranger, no offender; and informe him  
So 'tis our will he should.

*Gent.* I shall my Liege.

*Kin.* What sayes he to your daughter,  
Haue you spoke?

*Laf.* All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes.

*Kin.* Then shall we haue a match. I haue letters sent  
me, that sets him high in fame.

*Enter Count Bertram.*

*Laf.* He lookes well on't.

*Kin.* I am not a day of season,  
For thou maist see a sun-shine, and a haile  
In me at once: But to the brightest beames  
Distracted clouds giue way, so stand thou forth,  
The time is faire againe.

*Ber.* My high repented blames  
Deere Soueraigne pardon to me.

*Kin.* All is whole,  
Not one word more of the consumed time,  
Let's take the instant by the forward top:  
For we are old, and on our quick't decrees  
Th'inaudible, and noifelesse foot of time  
Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember  
The daughter of this Lord?

*Ber.* Admiringly my Liege, at first  
I stucke my choice vpon her, ere my heart  
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:  
Where the impresson of mine eye enfixing,  
Contempt his scornfull Perspectiue did lend me,  
Which warpt the line, of euerie other fauour,  
Scorn'd a faire colour, or exprest it stolne,  
Extended or contracted all proportions  
To a most hideous obiect. Thence it came,  
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom my selfe,  
Since I haue lost, haue lou'd; was in mine eye  
The dust that did offend it.

*Kin.* Well excus'd:  
That thou didst loue her, strikes some scores away  
From the great compt: but loue that comes too late,  
Like a remorsefull pardon slowly carried  
To the great sencer, turnes a sower offence,  
Crying, that's good that's gone: Our rash faults,  
Make triuiall price of serious things we haue,  
Not knowing them, vntill we know their graue.  
Oft our displeasures to our selues vnjust,  
Destroy our friends, and after weepe their dust:  
Our owne loue waking, cries to see what's don,e  
While shamefull hate sleepes out the afternoone.  
Be this sweet *Helens* knell, and now forget her.  
Send forth your amorous token for faire *Maudlin*,  
The maine consents are had, and heere wee'l stay  
To see our widdowers second marriage day:  
Which better then the first, O deere heauen blesse,  
Or, ere they meete in me, O Nature cesse.

*Laf.* Come on my sonne, in whom my houses name  
Must be digested: giue a fauour from you  
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,

That

That she may quickly come. By my old beard,  
And eu'rie haire that's on't, *Helen* that's dead  
Was a sweet creature : such a ring as this,  
The last that ere I tooke her leaue at Court,  
I saw vpon her finger.

*Ber.* Hers it was not.

*King.* Now pray you let me see it. For mine eye,  
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd too't :  
This Ring was mine, and when I gaue it *Hellen*,  
I had her if her fortunes euer stoode  
Necessitied to helpe, that by this token  
I would releuee her. Had you that craft to reauce her  
Of what should stead her most ?

*Ber.* My gracious Soueraigne,  
How ere it pleases you to take it so,  
The ring was neuer hers.

*Old La.* Sonne, on my life  
I haue seene her weare it, and she reckon'd it  
At her liues rate.

*Laf.* I am sure I saw her weare it.

*Ber.* You are deceiu'd my Lord, she neuer saw it :  
In Florence was it from a casement throwne mee,  
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name  
Of her that threw it : Noble she was, and thought  
I stood ingag'd . but when I had subscrib'd  
To mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully,  
I could not answer in that course of Honour  
As she had made the ouerture, she cast  
In heauie satisfaction, and would neuer  
Receiue the Ring againe.

*Kin.* *Plautus* himselfe,  
That knowes the tinct and multiplying med'cine,  
Hath not in natures myserie more science,  
Then I haue in this Ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helen*,  
Who euer gaue it you : then if you know  
That you are well acquainted with your selfe,  
Confesse 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement  
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to suretie,  
That she would neuer put it from her finger,  
Vlesse she gaue it to your selfe in bed,  
Where you haue neuer come : or sent it vs  
Vpon her great disaster.

*Ber.* She neuer saw it.

*Kin.* Thou speak'st it falsely : as I loue mine Honor,  
And mak'st connecturall feares to come into me,  
Which I would faine shut out, if it should proue  
That thou art so inhumane, 'twill not proue so :  
And yet I know not, thou didst hate her deadly,  
And she is dead, which nothing but to close  
Her eyes my selfe, could win me to beleuee,  
More then to see this Ring. Take him away,  
My fore-past proofes, how ere the matter fall  
Shall taze my feares of little vanitie,  
Hauing vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,  
Wee'l list this matter further.

*Ber.* If you shall proue  
This Ring was euer hers, you shall as easie  
Proue that I husbanded her bed in Florence,  
Where yet she neuer was.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*King.* I am wrap'd in dismall thinkings.

*Gen.* Gracious Soueraigne,  
Whether I haue beene too blame or no, I know not,  
Here's a petition from a Florentine,  
Who hath for foure or fise remoues come short,  
To tender it her selfe. I vndertooke it,

Vanquish'd thereto by the faire grace and speech  
Of the poore suppliant, who by this I know  
Is heere attending : her businesse lookes in her  
With an importing visage, and she told me  
In a sweet verball breefe, it did concerne  
Your Highnesse with her selfe.

*A Letter.*

*Upon his many protestations to marrie mee when his wife was  
dead, I blush to say it, be woonne me. Now is the Count Ros-  
sillion a Widdower, his vowes are forfeited to mee, and my  
honors payed to him. Hee stole from Florence, taking in  
leaue, and I follow him to his Country for Iustice : Grant  
it me, O King, in you it best lies, otherwise a seducer flou-  
rishes, and a poore Maid is vndone.*

*Diana Capilet.*

*Laf.* I will buy me a sonne in Law in a faire, and toke  
for this. He none of him.

*Kin.* The heauens haue thought well on thee *Lafes*,  
To bring forth this discour'ie, seeke these sutors :  
Go speedily, and bring againe the Count.

*Enter Bertram.*

I am a-feard the life of *Hellen* (Ladie)  
Was fowly snatcht.

*Old La.* Now iustice on the doers.

*King.* I wonder sir, fir, wifes are monsters to you,  
And that you flye them as you sweare them Lordship,  
Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that ?

*Enter Widdow, Diana, and Parrolles.*

*Dia.* I am my Lord a wretched Florentine,  
Deriued from the ancient Capilet,  
My suite as I do vnderstand you know,  
And therefore know how farre I may be pittied.

*Wid.* I am her Mother sir, whose age and honour  
Both suffer vnder this complaint we bring,  
And both shall cease, without your remedie.

*King.* Come hether Count, do you know these Wo-  
men ?

*Ber.* My Lord, I neither can nor will denie,  
But that I know them, do they charge me further ?

*Dia.* Why do you looke so strange vpon your wife ?

*Ber.* She's none of mine my Lord.

*Dia.* If you shall marrie  
You giue away this hand, and that is mine,  
You giue away heauens vowes, and those are mine :  
You giue away my selfe, which is knowne mine :  
For I by vow am so embodied yours,  
That she which marries you, must marrie me,  
Either both or none.

*Laf.* your reputation comes too short for my daugh-  
ter, you are no husband for her.

*Ber.* My Lord, this is a fond and desprate creature,  
Whom sometime I haue laugh'd with : Let your highnes  
Lay a more noble thought vpon mine honour,  
Then for to thinke that I would sinke it heere.

*Kin.* Sir for my thoughts, you haue them il to friend,  
Till your deeds gaine them fairer : proue your honor,  
Then in my thought it lies.

*Dian.* Good my Lord,  
Aske him vpon his oath, if hee do's thinke  
He had not my virginity.

*Kin.* What saist thou to her ?

*Ber.* She's impudent my Lord,  
And was a common gamester to the Campe.

*Dia.* He do's me wrong my Lord : If I were so,  
He might haue bought me at a common price.

Do

releue him. O behold this Ring,  
high respect and rich validitie  
:e a Paralell : yet for all that  
it to a Commoner a'th Campe  
ne.

He blushes, and 'tis hit :  
receding Ancestors, that Iemme  
by testament to'th sequent issue  
beene owed and worne. This is his wife,  
ng's a thousand proofes.

Me thought you saide  
one heere in Court could witnesse it.  
I did my Lord, but loath am to produce  
n instrument, his names *Parrolles*.  
I saw the man to day, if man he bee.  
Finde him, and bring him hether.

What of him :  
sted for a most pe fidious slaue  
the spots a'th world, taint and debo'sh'd,  
nature sickens : but to speake a truth,  
r that or this for what he'l vtter,  
ll speake any thing.  
She hath that Ring of yours.  
thinke she has; certaine it is I lyk'd her,  
rded her i'th wanton way of youth :  
w her distance, and did angle for mee,  
: my eagernesse with her restraint,  
pediments in fancies course  
iues of more fancie, and in fine,  
ite comming with her moderne grace,  
me to her rate, she got the Ring,  
id that which any inferiour might  
et price haue bought.

I must be patient :  
: haue turn'd off a first so noble wife,  
ly dyet me. I pray you yet,  
u lacke vertue, I will loose a husband)  
your Ring, I will returne it home,  
: me mine againe.

haue it not.  
What Ring was yours I pray you ?  
Sir much like the same vpon your finger.  
Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late.  
And this was it I gaue him being a bed.  
The story then goes false, you threw it him  
Cafement.

I haue spoke the truth. *Enter Parolles.*  
My Lord, I do confesse the ring was hers.  
You boggle shrewdly, euery feather starts you :  
e man you speake of?

I, my Lord.  
Tell me sirrah, but tell me true I charge you,  
ng the displeasure of your master :  
n your iust proceeding, Ile keepe off,  
ind by this woman heere, what know you?  
io please your Maiesty, my master hath bin an  
le Gentleman. Trickes hee hath had in him,  
entlemen haue.  
Come, come, to'th'purpose : Did hee loue this

Faith fir he did loue her, but how.  
How I pray you ?  
He did loue her fir, as a Gent. loues a Woman.  
How is that ?  
He lou'd her fir, and lou'd her not.  
As thou art a knaue and no knaue, what an equi-

uocall Companion is this ?

*Par.* I am a poore man, and at your Maiesties com-  
mand.

*Laf.* Hee's a good drumme my Lord, but a naughty  
Orator.

*Dian.* Do you know he promist me marriage?

*Par.* Faith I know more then Ile speake.

*Kin.* But wilt thou not speake all thou know'st ?

*Par.* Yes so please your Maiesty : I did goe betweene  
them as I said, but more then that he loued her, for in-  
decde he was madde for her, and talkt of Sathan, and of  
Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what : yet I was in  
that credit with them at that time, that I knewe of their  
going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her  
marriage, and things which would deriue mee ill will to  
speake of, therefore I will not speake what I know.

*Kin.* Thou hast spoken all alreadie, vnlesse thou canst  
say they are married, but thou art too fine in thy euidence,  
therefore stand aside. This Ring you say was yours.

*Dia.* I my good Lord.

*Kin.* Where did you buy it ? Or who gaue it you ?

*Dia.* It was not giuen me, nor I did not buy it.

*Kin.* Who lent it you ?

*Dia.* It was not lent me neither.

*Kin.* Where did you finde it then ?

*Dia.* I found it not.

*Kin.* If it were yours by none of all these wayes,  
How could you giue it him ?

*Dia.* I neuer gaue it him.

*Laf.* This womans an easie gloue my Lord, she goes  
off and on at pleasure.

*Kin.* This Ring was mine, I gaue it his first wife.

*Dia.* It might be yours or hers for ought I know.

*Kin.* Take her away, I do not like her now,  
To prison with her : and away with him,  
Vnlesse thou telst me where thou hadst this Ring,  
Thou diest within this houre.

*Dia.* Ile neuer tell you.

*Kin.* Take her away.

*Dia.* Ile put in baile my liedge.

*Kin.* I thinke thee now some common Customer.

*Dia.* By loue if euer I knew man 'twas you.

*Kin.* Wherefore hast thou accus'd him al this while.

*Dia.* Because he's guiltie, and he is not guilty :  
He knowes I am no Maid, and hee'l sweare too't :  
Ile sweare I am a Maid, and he knowes not.  
Great King I am no strumpet, by my life,  
I am either Maid, or else this old mans wife.

*Kin.* She does abuse our eares, to prison with her.

*Dia.* Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Royall fir,  
The Jeweller that owes the Ring is sent for,  
And he shall surety me. But for this Lord,  
Who hath abus'd me as he knowes himselfe,  
Though yet he neuer harm'd me, heere I quit him.  
He knowes himselfe my bed he hath defil'd,  
And at that time he got his wife with childe :  
Dead though she be, she feelles her yong one kicke :  
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quickie,  
And now behold the meaning.

*Enter Hellen and Widdow.*

*Kin.* Is there no exorcist  
Beguiles the truer Office of mine eyes ?  
Is't reall that I see ?

*Hell.* No my good Lord,

Y

'Tis



'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,  
The name, and not the thing.

*Ref.* Both, both, O pardon.

*Hel.* Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,  
I found you wondrous kinde, there is your Ring,  
And looke you, heeres your letter : this it sayes,  
When from my finger you can get this Ring,  
And is by me with childe, &c. This is done,  
Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?

*Ref.* If she my Liege can make me know this clearly,  
He loue her dearly, euer, euer dearly.

*Hel.* If it appeare not plaine, and proue vntrue,  
Deadly diuorce step betweene me and you.  
O my deere mother do I see you living?

*Laf.* Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall weepe anon :  
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.  
So I thanke thee, waite on me home, He make sport with  
thee : Let thy curtises alone, they are scurvy ones.

*King* Let vs from point to point this storie know,  
To make the euen truth in pleasure flow :  
If thou beest yet a fresh vncropped flower,  
Chooſe thou thy husband, and He pay thy dower.  
For I can guesſe, that by thy honeſt ayde,  
Thou keptſt a wife her ſelfe, thy ſelfe a Maide.  
Of that and all the progreſſe more and leſſe,  
Reſolduedly more leaſure ſhall expreſſe :  
All yet ſeemes well, and if it end ſo meeete,  
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet.

*Flouriſh.*

**T**He Kings a Begger, now the Play is done,  
All is well ended, if this ſuite be wonne,  
That you expreſſe Content : which we will pay,  
With ſtriſt to pleaſe you, day exceeding day :  
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,  
Your gentle bands lend vs, and take our hearts. Exeunt om

FINIS.





# velfe Night, Or vvhath you vwill.

## *Actus Primus, Scena Prima.*

*Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other  
Lords.*

cke be the food of Loue, play on,  
ne excesse of it : that surfetted,  
ppetite may sicken, and so dye.  
traine agen, it had a dying fall :  
y eare, like the sweet sound  
n a banke of Violets ;  
g Odour. Enough, no more,  
ow, as it was before.  
ow quicke and fresh art thou,  
ling thy capacite,  
sea. Nought enters there,  
and pitch so ere,  
temment, and low price  
; so full of shap'es is fancie,  
igh fantasticall.  
o hunt my Lord ?  
io?

do, the Noblest that I haue :  
s did see *Oliuia* first,  
arg'd the ayre of pestilence ;  
turn'd into a Hart,  
ce fell and cruell hounds,  
ie. How now what newes from her ?

*Enter Valentine.*

my Lord, I might not be admitted,  
Imaid do returne this answer :  
lfe, till seuen yeares heate,  
ier face at ample view :  
esse she will vailed walke,  
day her Chamber round  
g brine : all this to season  
ue, which the would keepe fresh  
r sad remembrance.  
: hath a heart of that fine frame  
f loue but to a brother,  
, when the rich golden shaft  
cke of all affections else  
When Liuer, Braine, and Heart,  
throne, are all supply'd and fill'd  
ions with one selfe king :  
to sweet beds of Flowres,  
rich, when canopy'd with bowres.

*Exeunt*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Viola, a Captaine, and Saylor's.*

*Vio.* What Country (Friends) is this ?

*Cap.* This is Illyria Ladie.

*Vio.* And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elizium,

Perchance he is not drown'd : What thinke you saylors ?

*Cap.* It is perchance that you your selfe were saued.

*Vio.* O my poore brother, and so perchance may he be.

*Cap.* True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,

Affure your selfe, after our ship did split,

When you, and those poore number saued with you,

Hung on our driuing boate : I saw your brother

Most prouident in perill, binde himselfe,

(Courage and hope both teaching him the practise)

To a strong Masse, that liu'd vpon the sea :

Where like *Orion* on the Dolphines backe,

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waues,

So long as I could see.

*Vio.* For saying so, there's Gold :

Mine owne escape vnfoldeth to my hope,

Whereto thy speech serues for authoritie

The like of him. Know'st thou this Countrey ?

*Cap.* I Madam well, for I was bred and borne

Not three houres trauaile from this very place :

*Vio.* Who gouernes heere?

*Cap.* A noble Duke in nature, as in name.

*Vio.* What is his name?

*Cap.* *Orsino*.

*Vio.* *Orsino* : I haue heard my father name him.

He was a Batchellor then.

*Cap.* And so is now, or was so very late :

For but a month ago I went from hence,

And then 'twas fresh in murmure (as you know

What great ones do, the lesse will prattle of,)

That he did seeke the loue of faire *Oliuia*.

*Vio.* What's shee ?

*Cap.* A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count

That did some tweluemonth since, then leauing her

In the protection of his sonne, her brother,

Who shortly also did : for whose deere loue

(They say) she hath abiur'd the fight

And company of men.

*Vio.* O that I seru'd that Lady,

And might not be deliuered to the world

Y 2

Till

Till I had made mine owne occasion mellow  
What my estate is.

*Cap.* That were hard to compasse,  
Because she will admit no kinde of suite,  
No, not the Dukes.

*Vio.* There is a faire behaviour in thee Captaine,  
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall  
Doth oft close in pollution : yet of thee  
I will beleue thou hast a minde that suites  
With this thy faire and outward charrafter.  
I prethee (and Ile pay thee bounteously)  
Conceale me what I am, and be my ayde,  
For such disguise as haply shall become  
The forme of my intent. Ile serue this Duke,  
Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him,  
It may be worth thy paines : for I can sing,  
And speake to him in many sorts of Musicke,  
That will allow me very worth his seruice.  
What else may hap, to time I will commit,  
Onely shape thou thy silence to my wit.

*Cap.* Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute Ile bee,  
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

*Vio.* I thanke thee : Lead me on. *Exeunt*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.*

*Sir To.* What a plague meanes my Neece to take the  
death of her brother thus ? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

*Mar.* By my troth sir *Toby*, you must come in earlier  
a nights : your Cofin, my Lady, takes great exceptions  
to your ill houres.

*To.* Why let her except, before excepted.

*Ma.* I, but you must confine your selfe within the  
modest limits of order.

*To.* Confine ? Ile confine my selfe no finer then I am :  
these clothes are good enough to drinke in, and so bee  
these boots too : and they be not, let them hang them-  
selves in their owne straps.

*Ma.* That quaffing and drinking will vndoe you : I  
heard my Lady talke of it yesterday : and of a foolish  
knight that you brought in one night here, to be hir woer

*To.* Who, Sir *Andrew Ague-cheeke* ?

*Ma.* I he.

*To.* He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

*Ma.* What's that to th'purpose ?

*To.* Why he ha's three thousand ducates a yeare.

*Ma.* I, but hee'l haue but a yeare in all these ducates :  
He's a very foole, and a prodigall.

*To.* Fie, that you'l say so : he playes o'th Viol-de-gam-  
boys, and speaks three or four languages word for word  
without booke, & hath all the good gifts of nature.

*Ma.* He hath indeed, almost naturall : for besides that  
he's a foole, he's a great quarreller : and but that hee hath  
the gift of a Coward, to allay the gust he hath in quarrel-  
ling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly  
haue the gift of a graue.

*Tob.* By this hand they are scoundrels and substra-  
tors that say so of him. Who are they ?

*Ma.* They that adde moreour, hee's drunke nightly  
in your company.

*To.* With drinking healths to my Neece : Ile drinke

to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, & drinke  
in Illyria : he's a Coward and a Coytrill that will not  
drinke to my Neece. till his braines turne o'th toe, like a  
parish top. What wench ? *Cassiano vulgo* for here comes  
Sir *Andrew Agueface*.

*Enter Sir Andrew.*

*And.* Sir *Toby Belch*. How now sir *Toby Belch* ?

*To.* Sweet sir *Andrew*.

*And.* Blessè you faire *Shrew*.

*Mar.* And you too sir.

*Tob.* Accost Sir *Andrew*, accost.

*And.* What's that ?

*To.* My Neeces Chamber-maid.

*Ma.* Good Mistris accost, I desire better acquaintance

*Ma.* My name is *Mary* sir.

*And.* Good mistris *Mary*, accost.

*To.* You mistake knight : Accost, is front her, boord  
her, woe her, assaile her.

*And.* By my troth I would not vndertake her in this  
company. Is that the meaning of Accost ?

*Ma.* Far you well Gentlemen.

*To.* And thou let part so Sir *Andrew*, would thou  
mightst neuer draw sword agen.

*And.* And you part so mistris, I would I might neuer  
draw sword agen : Faire Lady, doe you thinke you haue  
fooles in hand ?

*Ma.* Sir, I haue not you by'th hand.

*An.* Marry but you shall haue, and heeres my hand.

*Ma.* Now sir, thought is free : I pray you bring your  
hand to'th Buttry barre, and let it drinke.

*An.* Wherefore (sweet-heart ?) What's your Meta-  
phor ?

*Ma.* It's dry fir.

*And.* Why I thinke so : I am not such an asse, but I  
can keepe my hand dry. But what's your iest ?

*Ma.* A dry iest Sir.

*And.* Are you full of them ?

*Ma.* I Sir, I haue them at my fingers ends : marry now  
I let go your hand, I am barren. *Exit Maria*

*To.* O knight, thou lack'st a cup of Canarie : when did  
I see thee so put downe ?

*An.* Neuer in your life I thinke, vnlesse you see Ca-  
narie put me downe : mee thinkes sometimes I haue no  
more wit then a Christian, or an ordinary man ha's : but I  
am a great eater of beefe, and I beleue that does harme  
to my wit.

*To.* No question.

*An.* And I thought that, I'de forswear it. Ile ride  
home to morrow sir *Toby*.

*To.* Pur-quoy my deere knight ?

*An.* What is purquoy ? Do, or not do ? I would I had  
bestowed that time in the tongues, that I haue in fencing  
dancing, and beare-baying : O had I but followed the  
Arts.

*To.* Then hadst thou had an excellent head of haire.

*An.* Why, would that haue mended my haire ?

*To.* Past question, for thou seest it will not coole my

*An.* But it becomes we wel enough, doest not ? *(nature)*

*To.* Excellent, it hangs like flax on a distaffe : & I hope  
to see a hufwife take thee between her legs, & spin it off.

*An.* Faith Ile home to morrow sir *Toby*, your niece wil  
not be seene, or if she be it's four to one, she'l none of me :  
the Connt himselfe here hard by, wooes her.

*To.* Shee'l none o'th Count, she'l not match aboute hir  
degree, neither in estate, yeares, nor wit : I haue heard her  
swear t. Tut there's life in't man.

*An.*

*And.* Ile stay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o'th strangest minde i'th world: I delight in Maskes and Reuels sometimes altogether.

*To.* Art thou good at these kicke-chawfes Knight?

*And.* As any man in Illyria, whatfoeuer he be, vnder the degree of my betters, & yet I will not compare with an old man.

*To.* What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

*And.* Faith, I can cut a caper.

*To.* And I can cut the Mutton too't.

*And.* And I thinke I haue the backe-tricke, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

*To.* Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore haue these gifts a Curtaine before 'em? Are they like to take dust, like mistris *Mals* picture? Why dost thou not goe to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto? My verie walke should be a ligge: I would not so much as make water but in a Sinke-a-pace: What doest thou meane? Is it a world to hide vertues in? I did thinke by the excellent constitution of thy legges, it was form'd vnder the starre of a Galliard.

*And.* I, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'd colour'd stocke. Shall we fit about some Reuels?

*To.* What shall we do else: were we not borne vnder Taurus?

*And.* Taurus? That sides and heart.

*To.* No fir, it is leggs and thighes: let me see thee caper. Ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent. *Exeunt*

### *Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Valentine, and Viola in mans attire.*

*Val.* If the Duke continue these fauours towards you *Cesario*, you are like to be much aduanc'd, he hath known you but three dayes, and already you are no stranger.

*Vis.* You either feare his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his loue. Is he inconstant fir, in his fauours. *Val.* No beleuee me.

*Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.*

*Vis.* I thanke you: heere comes the Count.

*Duke.* Who saw *Cesario* ho?

*Vis.* On your attendance my Lord heere.

*Du.* Stand you a-while aloofe. *Cesario*, Thou knowst no lesse, but all: I haue vnclasp'd To thee rhe booke euen of my secret soule. Therefore good youth, addresse thy gate vnto her, Be not deni'de access, stand at her doores, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow Till thou haue audience.

*Vis.* Sure my Noble Lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she neuer will admit me.

*Du.* Be clamorous, and leape all ciuill bounds, Rather then make vnprofitable returne,

*Vis.* Say I do speake with her (my Lord) what then?

*Du.* O then, vnfold the passion of my loue, Surprise her with discourse of my deere faith; It shall become thee well to act my woes: She will attend it better in thy youth, Then in a Nuntio's of more graue aspect.

*Vis.* I thinke not so, my Lord.

*Du.* Deere Lad, beleuee it;

For they shall yet belye thy happy yeeres, That say thou art a man: *Dianas* lip Is not more smooth, and rubious: thy small pipe Is as the maidens organ, shrill, and sound, And all is semblatiue a womans part. I know thy constellation is right apt For this affayre: some foure or fife attend him, All if you will: for I my selfe am best When least in companie: prosper well in this, And thou shalt liue as freely as thy Lord, To call his fortunes thine.

*Vis.* Ile do my best

To woe your Lady: yet a barrefull strife, Who ere I woe, my selfe would be his wife. *Exeunt.*

### *Scena Quinta.*

*Enter Maria, and Clowne.*

*Ma.* Nay, either tell me where thou hast bin, or I will not open my lippes so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my Lady will hang thee for thy absence.

*Cl.* Let her hang me: hee that is well hang'de in this world, needs to feare no colours.

*Ma.* Make that good.

*Cl.* He shall see none to feare.

*Ma.* A good lenton answer: I can tell thee where y' saying was borne, of I feare no colours.

*Cl.* Where good mistris *Mary*?

*Ma.* In the warrs, & that may you be bolde to say in your foolerie.

*Cl.* Well, God giue them wisedome that haue it: & those that are fooles, let them vse their talents.

*Ma.* Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or to be turn'd away: is not that as good as a hanging to you?

*Cl.* Many a good hanging, preuents a bad marriage: and for turning away, let summer beare it out.

*Ma.* You are resolute then?

*Cl.* Not so neyther, but I am resolu'd on two points

*Ma.* That if one breake, the other will hold: or if both breake, your gaskins fall.

*Cl.* Apt in good faith, very apt: well go thy way, if fir *Toby* would leaue drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eues* flesh, as any in Illyria.

*Ma.* Peace you rogue, no more o' that: here comes my Lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.

*Enter Lady Olivia, with Maluolio.*

*Cl.* Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling: those wits that thinke they haue thee, doe very oft proue fooles: and I that am sure I lacke thee, may passe for a wise man. For what saies *Quinapalus*, Better a witty foole, then a foolish wit. God blesse thee Lady.

*Ol.* Take the foole away.

*Cl.* Do you not heare fellowes, take away the Ladie.

*Ol.* Go too, y'are a dry foole: Ile no more of you: besides you grow dishonest.

*Cl.* Two faults *Madona*, that drinke & good counsell wil amend: for giue the dry foole drink, then is the foole not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if hee cannot, let the Botcher mend him: any thing that's mended, is but patch'd: vertu that transgresses, is but patcht with sinne, and sin that amends, is but patcht with vertue. If that this simple Sillogisme will serue, so: if it will not, vvhat remedy?

Y 3

A 2

Fate, shew thy force, our selues we do not owe,  
What is decreed, must be : and be this so.

*Finis, Actus primus.*

### *Actus Secundus, Scæna prima.*

*Enter Antonio & Sebastian.*

*Ant.* Will you stay no longer : nor will you not that I go with you.

*Seb.* By your patience, no : my starres shine darkely ouer me ; the malignancie of my fate, might perhaps distemper yours ; therefore I shall craue of you your leaue, that I may beare my euils alone. It were a bad recompence for your loue, to lay any of them on you.

*Ant.* Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

*Seb.* No sooth fir : my determinate voyage is meere extrauagancie. But I perceiue in you so excellent a touch of modestie, that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to keepe in : therefore it charges me in manners, the rather to expresse my selfe : you must know of mee then *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian* (which I call'd *Rodrigo*) my father was that *Sebastian* of *Messaline*, whom I know you haue heard of. He left behinde him, my selfe, and a sister, both borne in an houre : if the Heanens had bene pleas'd, would we had so ended. But you fir, alter'd that, for some houre before you tooke me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

*Ant.* Alas the day.

*Seb.* A Lady fir, though it was said shee much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but though I could not with such estimable wonder ouer-farre beleue that, yet thus farre I will boldly publish her, shee bore a minde that enuy could not but call faire : Shee is drown'd already fir with salt water, though I seeme to drowne her remembrance againe with more.

*Ant.* Pardon me fir, your bad entertainment.

*Seb.* O good *Antonio*, forgiue me your trouble.

*Ant.* If you will not murder me for my loue, let mee be your seruant.

*Seb.* If you will not vndo what you haue done, that is kill him, whom you haue recouer'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once, my bosome is full of kindnesse, and I am yet so neere the manners of my mother, that vpon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me : I am bound to the Count Orsino's Court, farewell. *Exit*

*Ant.* The gentlenesse of all the gods go with thee :

I haue many enemies in Orsino's Court,

Else would I very shortly see thee there :

But come what may, I do adore thee so,

That danger shall seeme sport, and I will go. *Exit.*

### *Scæna Secunda.*

*Enter Viola and Maluolio, at severall doores.*

*Mal.* Were not you eu'n now, with the Countesse *Oliuia* ?

*Viola.* Euen now fir, on a moderate pace, I haue since arriv'd but hither.

*Mal.* She returns this Ring to you (fir) you might haue saued mee my paines, to haue taken it away your selfe. She adds moreouer, that you should put your Lord

into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be neuer so hardie to come againe in his affaires, vnlesse it bee to report your Lords taking of this : receiue it so.

*Viola.* She tooke the Ring of me, Ile none of it.

*Mal.* Come fir, you peeuishly threw it to her : and her will is, it should be so return'd : If it bee worth stooping for, there it lies, in your eye : if not, bee it his that findes it. *Exit.*

*Viola.* I left no Ring with her : what meanes this Lady ?

Fortune forbid my out-side haue not charm'd her :

She made good view of me, indeed so much,

That me thought her eyes had lost her tongue,

For she did speake in starts distractedly.

She loues me sure, the cunning of her passion

Inuites me in this churlish messenger :

None of my Lords Ring ? Why he feat her none ;

I am the man, if it be so, as tis,

Poore Lady, she were better loue a dreame :

Disguise, I see thou art a wickednesse,

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easie is it, for the proper false

In womens waxen hearts to set their formes :

Alas, O frailtie is the cause, not wee,

For such as we are made, if such we bee :

How will this fadge? My master loues her deereley,

And I (poore monster) fond afmuch on him :

And she (mistaken) seemes to dote on me :

What will become of this ? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my maisters loue :

As I am woman (now alas the day)

What thriftlesse sighes shall poore *Oliuia* breath ?

O time, thou must vtangle this, not I,

It is too hard a knot for me t'vntye.

### *Scæna Tertia.*

*Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*

*To.* Approach *Sir Andrew* : not to bee a bedde after midnight, is to be vp betimes, and *Deliculo surgere*, thou know'st.

*And.* Nay by my troth I know not : but I know, to be vp late, is to be vp late.

*To.* A false conclusion : I hate it as an vnfill'd Canne. To be vp after midnight, and to go to bed then is early : so that to go to bed after midnight, is to goe to bed betimes. Does not our liues consist of the foure Elements ?

*And.* Faith so they say, but I thinke it rather consist of eating and drinking.

*To.* Th'art a scholler ; let vs therefore eate and drinke. *Marian* I say, a stoope of wine.

*Enter Clowne.*

*And.* Heere comes the foole yfaith.

*Clo.* How now my harts : Did you neuer see the Picture of we three ?

*To.* Welcome asse, now let's haue a catch.

*And.* By my troth the foole has an excellent breast. I had rather then forty shillings I had such a legge, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the foole has. Infooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of *Pigpromitus*, of the *Uapians* passing the Equinoctial of *Queubus* : 'twas very good yfaith : I lent thee sixe pence for

thy Lemon, hadst it?

*Clo.* I did impetuous thy gratility: for *Malvolios* nose no Whip-flocke My Lady has a white hand, and the leermidons are no bottle-ale houses.

*An.* Excellent: Why this is the best fooling, when I is done. Now a song.

*To.* Come on, there is fixe pence for you. Let's haue song.

*An.* There's a testrill of me too: if one knight giue a

*Clo.* Would you haue a loue-song, or a song of good 'e?

*To.* A loue song, a loue song.

*An.* I, I. I care not for good life.

*Clowne sings.*

*O Mistress mine where are you rowing?  
O stay and beare, your true lones coming,  
That can sing both high and low.  
Trip no further prettie sweetest:  
Journeys end in lovers meeting,  
Euery wise mans sonne doth know.*

*An.* Excellent good, ifaith.

*To.* Good, good.

*Clo.* What is loue, tis not beereafter,  
Present mirth, bath present laughter:  
What's to come, is still vnfore.

*In delay there lies no plenitie,  
Then come kisse me sweet and twentie:  
Toushs a fluffe will not endure.*

*An.* A mellifluous voyce, as I am true knight.

*To.* A contagious breath.

*An.* Very sweet, and contagious ifaith.

*To.* To heare by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.  
ut shall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shall wee  
wse the night-Owle in a Catch, that will drawe three  
ules out of one Weauer? Shall we do that?

*And.* And you loue me, let's doo't: I am dogge at a  
atch.

*Clo.* Byrlady sir, and some dogs will catch well.

*An.* Most certaine: Let our Catch be, *Tbou Knaue.*

*Clo.* Hold thy peace, *tbou Knaue* knight. I shall be con-  
rain'd in't, to call thee knaue, Knight.

*An.* 'Tis not the first time I haue constrained one to  
ill me knaue. Begin foole: it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

*Clo.* I shall neuer begin if I hold my peace.

*An.* Good ifaith: Come begin. *Catch sung*

*Enter Maria.*

*Mar.* What a catterwalling doe you keepe heere? If  
y Ladie haue not call'd vp her Steward *Maluolio*, and  
id him turne you out of doores, neuer trust me.

*To.* My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, *Maluolios*  
Peg-a-ramfie, and *Three merry men be wce.* Am not I  
mfanguinous? Am I not of her blood: tilly vally. La-  
ie, *There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady.*

*Clo.* Beshrew me, the knights in admirable fooling.

*An.* I, he do's well enough if he be dispos'd, and so  
o I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more  
aturall.

*To.* O the twelfth day of December.

*Mar.* For the loue o' God peace.

*Enter Maluolio.*

*Mal.* My masters are you mad? Or what are you?  
laue you no wit, manners, nor honestie, but to gabble  
ke Tinkers at this time of night? Do yee make an Ale-  
ouse of my Ladies house, that ye squeak out your Cozi-  
s Catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice?  
there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

*To.* We did keepe time fir in our Catches. Snecke vp.

*Mal.* Sir *Toby*, I must be round with you. My Lady  
bad me tell you, that though the harbors you as her kinf-  
man, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can  
separate your selfe and your misdemeanors, you are wel-  
come to the house: if not, and it would please you to take  
leau of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

*To.* Farewell deere heart, since I must needs be gone.

*Mar.* Nay good Sir *Toby*.

*Clo.* His eyes do shew his dayes are almost done.

*Mal.* Is't euen so?

*To.* But I will neuer dye.

*Clo.* Sir *Toby* there you lye.

*Mal.* This is much credit to you.

*To.* Shall I bid him go.

*Clo.* What and if you do?

*To.* Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

*Clo.* O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

*To.* Out o'tune fir, ye lye: Art any more then a Stew-  
ard? Dost thou thinke because thou art vertuous, there  
shall be no more Cakes and Ale?

*Clo.* Yes by S. Anne, and Ginger shall bee hotte y'th  
mouth too.

*To.* Th'art i'th right. Goe fir, rub your Chaine with  
crums. A stope of Wine *Maria*.

*Mal.* Mistress *Mary*, if you priz'd my Ladies fauour  
at any thing more then contempt, you would not giue  
meanes for this vniciull rule; she shall know of it by this  
hand. *Exit*

*Mar.* Go shake your eares.

*An.* 'Twere as good a deede as to drink when a mans  
a hungrie; to challenge him the field, and then to breake  
promise with him, and make a foole of him.

*To.* Doo't knight, Ile write thee a Challenge: or Ile  
deliuer thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

*Mar.* Sweet Sir *Toby* be patient for to night: Since  
the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, she is  
much out of quiet. For Monsieur *Maluolio*, let me alone  
with him: If I do not gull him into an ayword, and make  
him a common recreation, do not thinke I haue witte e-  
nough to lye straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

*To.* Possesse vs, possesse vs, tell vs something of him.

*Mar.* Marrie fir, sometimes he is a kinde of Puritane.

*An.* O, if I thought that, Ide beate him like a dogge.

*To.* What for being a Puritan, thy exquisite reason,  
deere knight.

*An.* I haue no exquisite reason for't, but I haue reason  
good enough.

*Mar.* The diu'll a Puritane that hee is, or any thing  
constantly but a time-pleaser, an affection'd Assle, that  
cons State without booke, and vtters it by great swarths.  
The best perswaded of himselfe: so cram'd (as he thinkes)  
with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all  
that looke on him, loue him: and on that vice in him, will  
my reuenge finde notable cause to worke.

*To.* What wilt thou do?

*Mar.* I will drop in his way some obscure Epistles of  
loue, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his  
legge, the manner of his gate, the expresseure of his eye,  
forehead, and complection, he shall finde himselfe most  
feelingly personated. I can write very like my Ladie  
your Neece, on a forgotten matter wee can hardly make  
distinction of our hands.

*To.* Excellent, I smell a deuce.

*An.* I hau't in my nose too.

*To.* He shall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt drop  
tha

that they come from my Neece, and that she's in loue with him.

*Mar.* My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

*An.* And your horse now would make him an Ass.

*Mar.* Ass, I doubt not.

*An.* O twill be admirable.

*Mar.* Sport royall I warrant you : I know my Physicke will worke with him, I will plant you two, and let the Foole make a third, where he shall finde the Letter : obserue his construction of it : For this night to bed, and dreame on the euent : Farewell. *Exit*

*To.* Good night *Penthesilea.*

*An.* Before me she's a good wench.

*To.* She's a beagle true bred, and one that adores me : what o'that?

*An.* I was ador'd once too.

*To.* Let's to bed knight : Thou hadst neede send for more money.

*An.* If I cannot recouer your Neece, I am a foule way out.

*To.* Send for money knight, if thou hast her not i'th end, call me Cut.

*An.* If I do not, neuer trust me, take it how you will.

*To.* Come, come, Ile go burne some Sacke, tis too late to go to bed now : Come knight, come knight. *Exeunt*

### Scena Quarta.

*Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.*

*Du.* Giue me some Musick; Now good morow frends. Now good *Cesario*, but that peece of song, That old and Anticke song we heard last night; Me thought it did releuee my passion much, More then light ayres, and recollected termes Of these most briske and giddy-paced times. Come, but on e verse.

*Cur.* He is not heere (so please your Lordshippe) that should sing it?

*Du.* Who was it?

*Cur.* Feste the Iester my Lord, a foole that the Ladie *Olivia*s Father tooke much delight in. He is about the house.

*Du.* Seeke him out, and play the tune the while.

*Musicke playes.*

Come hither Boy, if euer thou shalt loue In the sweet panga of it, remember me: For such as I am, all true Louers are, Vnstaide and skittish in all motions else, Saue in the constant image of the creature That is belou'd. How dost thou like this tune?

*Vio.* It giues a verie echo to the seate Where loue is thron'd.

*Du.* Thou dost speake masterly, My life vpon't, yong though thou art, thine eye Hath staide vpon some fauour that it loues : Hath it not boy?

*Vio.* A little, by your fauour.

*Du.* What kinde of woman ist?

*Vio.* Of your complexion.

*Du.* She is not worth thee then. What yeares ifaith?

*Vio.* About your yeeres my Lord.

*Du.* Too old by heauen : Let still the woman take

An elder then her selfe, so weares she to him; So swayes she leuell in her husbands heart : For boy, howeuer we do praise our felues, Our fancies are more giddie and vnfirm, More longing, wauering, sooner lost and worne, Then womens are.

*Vio.* I thinke it well my Lord.

*Du.* Then let thy Loue be yonger then thy selfe, Or thy affection cannot hold the bent : For women are as Roses, whose faire flowre Being once displaid, doth fall that verie howre.

*Vio.* And so they are : alas, that they are so : To die, euen when they to perfection grow.

*Enter Curio & Clowne.*

*Du.* O fellow come, the song we had last night : Marke it *Cesario*, it is old and plaine ; The Spinners and the Knitters in the Sun, And the free maides that weaue their thred with bones, Do vse to chaunt it : it is filly sooth, And dallies with the innocence of loue, Like the old-age.

*Cl.* Are you ready Sir?

*Duke.* I prethee sing.

*Musick.*

*The Song.*

Come away, come away death,  
And in sad cypresse let me be laide.

Fye away, fye away breath,

I am slaine by a faire cruell maide :

*My shrowd of white, fluck all with Ewe, O prepare it.*

*My part of death no one so true did spare it.*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweete*

*On my blacke coffin, let there be strewe :*

*Not a friend, not a friend greet*

*My poore corpes, robere my bones shall be strewe :*

*A thousand thousand fighes to saue, lay me i robere*

*Sad true louer neuer find my graue, to weepe there.*

*Du.* There's for thy paines.

*Cl.* No paines fir, I take pleasure in singing fir.

*Du.* Ile pay thy pleasure then.

*Cl.* Truly fir, and pleasure will be paide one time, or another.

*Du.* Giue me now leaue, to leaue thee.

*Cl.* Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy minde is a very Opall. I would haue men of such constancie put to Sea, that their businesse might be every thing, and their intent euerie where, for that's it, that alwayes makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. *Exit*

*Du.* Let all the rest giue place : Once more *Cesario*, Get thee to yond same soueraigne crueltie : Tell her my loue, more noble then the world Prizes not quantitie of dirtie lands,

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd vpon her : Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune :

But 'tis that miracle, and Queene of Iems

That nature pranks her in, attracts my soule.

*Vio.* But if she cannot loue you fir.

*Du.* It cannot be so answer'd.

*Vio.* Sooth but you must.

Say that some Lady, as perhappes there is, Hath for your loue as great a pang of heart As you haue for *Olivia* : you cannot loue her : You tel her so : Must she not then be answer'd?

*Du.* There is no womans sides

the beating of so strong a passion,  
doth give my heart : no womans heart  
to hold so much, they lacke retention.  
Our love may be call'd appetite,  
the lion of the Liver, but the Pallat,  
for surfeit, cloyment, and reuolt,  
is all as hungry as the Sea,  
digests as much, make no compare  
to that love a woman can beare me,  
as I owe *Oliuia*.  
I but I know.  
What dost thou knowe?  
Too well what love women to men may owe :  
they are as true of heart, as we.  
Her had a daughter lou'd a man  
might be perhaps, were I a woman  
your Lordship.  
And what's her history?  
A blanke my Lord : she neuer told her love,  
concealment like a worme i'th budde  
in her damaske cheek : she pin'd in thought,  
with a Greene and yellow melancholly,  
like Patience on a Monument,  
at griefe. Was not this love indeede?  
I may say more, sweare more, but indeed  
we are more then will : for still we proue  
our vowes, but little in our love.  
But di'de thy sister of her love my Boy?  
I am all the daughters of my Fathers house,  
the brothers too: and yet I know not.  
I to this Lady?  
That's the Theme,  
in haste : give her this Jewell : say,  
can give no place, bide no deny.

*exunt*

### *Scena Quinta.*

Enter Sir *Toby*, Sir *Andrew*, and *Fabian*.  
Come thy wayes Signior *Fabian*.  
Nay Ile come: if I loose a scruple of this sport,  
I boyl'd to death with Melancholly.  
Wouldst thou not be glad to haue the niggard-  
ly sheepe-biter, come by some notable shame?  
would exult man : you know he brought me out  
with my Lady, about a Beare-baiting heere.  
To anger him wee'l haue the Beare againe, and  
foole him blacke and blew, shall we not sir *An-*

and we do not, it is pittie of our liues.

*Enter Maria.*

Heere comes the little villaine : How now my  
f India?

Get ye all three into the box tree : *Maluolio's*  
downe this walke, he has bene yonder i'the  
aching behauiour to his own shadow this halfe  
houre him for the loue of Mockerie : for I know  
er wil make a contemplatiue Ideot of him. Close  
me of ieausing, lye thou there : for heere comes  
vt, that must be caught with tickling. *Exit*

*Enter Maluolio.*

'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once  
she did affect me, and I haue heard her self come  
re, that should seee fancie, it should bee one of  
lection. Besides she vses me with a more ex-

alted respect, then any one else that followes her. What  
should I thinke on't?

*To.* Heere's an ouer-weening rogue.

*Fa.* Oh peace : Contemplation makes a rare Turkey  
Cocke of him, how he iets vnder his aduanc'd plumes.

*And.* Slight I could so beate the Rogue.

*To.* Peace I say.

*Mal.* To be Count *Maluolio*.

*To.* Ah Rogue.

*An.* Pistoll him, pistoll him.

*To.* Peace, peace.

*Mal.* There is example for't : The Lady of the *Stra-*  
*chy*, married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

*An.* Fie on him Iezabel.

*Fa.* O peace, now he's deeply in : looke how imagi-  
nation blowes him.

*Mal.* Hauing bene three moneths married to her,  
sitting in my state.

*To.* O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye.

*Mal.* Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd  
Veluet gowne : hauing come from a day bedde, where I  
haue left *Oliuia* sleeping.

*To.* Fire and Brimstone.

*Fa.* O peace, peace.

*Mal.* And then to haue the humor of state : and after  
a demure trauaile of regard : telling them I knowe my  
place, as I would they should doe theirs : to aske for my  
kinsman *Toby*.

*To.* Boltes and shackles.

*Fa.* Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.

*Mal.* Seauen of my people with an obedient start,  
make out for him : I frowne the while, and perchance  
winde vp my watch, or play with my some rich Jewell :  
*Toby* approaches; curtseys there to me.

*To.* Shall this fellow liue?

*Fa.* Though our silence be drawne from vs with care,  
yet peace.

*Mal.* I extend my hand to him thus : quenching my  
familiar smile with an austere regard of controll.

*To.* And do's not *Toby* take you a blow o'the lippes,  
then?

*Mal.* Saying, Cofine *Toby*, my Fortunes hauing cast  
me on your Neece, giue me this prerogative of speech.

*To.* What, what?

*Mal.* You must amend your drunkenness.

*To.* Out scab.

*Fab.* Nay patience, or we breake the finewes of our  
plot?

*Mal.* Besides you waste the treasure of your time,  
with a foolish knight.

*And.* That's mee I warrant you.

*Mal.* One fir *Andrew*.

*And.* I knew 'twas I, for many do call mee foole.

*Mal.* What employment haue we heere?

*Fa.* Now is the Woodcocke neere the gin.

*To.* Oh peace, and the spirit of humors intimate re-  
ading aloud to him.

*Mal.* By my life this is my Ladies hand: these bee her  
very Cs, her Vs, and her Ts, and thus makes shee het  
great Ps. It is in contempt of question her hand.

*An.* Her Cs, her Vs, and her Ts: why that?

*Mal.* To the unknowne below'd, this, and my good Wyfes :  
Her very Phrases : By your leaue wax. Soft, and the im-  
pression her *Lacresse*, with which she vses to seale : tis my  
Lady : To whom should this be?

*Fab.* This winnes him, Liuer and all.

*Mal.*



*Mal.* Ioue knowes I loue, but who, Lips do not moue, no man must know. No man must know: What followes? The numbers alter d: No man must know, If this should be thee Maluolio?

*To.* Marrie hang thee brocke.

*Mal.* I may command where I adore, but silence like a Lucresse knife:  
With bloodlesse stroke my heart doth gore, *M.O.A.I.* doth sway my life.

*Fa.* A fustian riddle.

*To.* Excellent Wench, say I.

*Mal.* *M.O.A.I.* doth sway my life. Nay but first let me see, let me see, let me see.

*Fab.* What dith a poyson has the drest him?

*To.* And with what wing the stallion checkes at it?

*Mal.* I may command, where I adore: Why thee may command me: I serue her, she is my Ladie. Why this is euident to any formall capacitee. There is no obstruction in this, and the end: What should that Alphabetically position portend, if I could make that resemble something in me? Softly, *M.O.A.I.*

*To.* O I, make vp that, he is now at a cold sent.

*Fab.* Sower will cry vpon't for all this, though it bee as ranke as a Fox.

*Mal.* *M. Maluolio, M.* why that begins my name.

*Fab.* Did not I say he would worke it out, the Curre is excellent at faults.

*Mal.* *M.* But then there is no consonancy in the sequell that suffers vnder probation: *A.* should follow, but *O.* does.

*Fa.* And *O* shall end, I hope.

*To.* I, or Ile cudgell him, and make him cry *O.*

*Mal.* And then *I.* comes behind.

*Fa.* I, and you had any eye behinde you, you might see more detraction at your heeles, then Fortunes before you.

*Mal.* *M, O, A, I.* This simulation, is not as the former: and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to mee, for euery one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, here folloves prose: *If this fall into thy hand, reuolue.* In my stars I am about thee, but be not affraid of greatnesse: Some are become great, some atcheeues greatnesse, and some haue greatnesse thrust vpon em. Thy fates open theyr hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to inure thy selfe to what thou art like to be: cast thy humble slough, and appeare fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with seruants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thy selfe into the trickes of singularity. Shee thus aduises thee, that fighes for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee euer crosse garter'd: I say remember, goe too, thou art made if thou desir'st to be so: If not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of seruants, and not woorthie to touch Fortunes fingers Farewell, Shee that would alter seruices with thee, that fortunate vnhappy daylight and champion discouers not more: This is open, I will bee proud, I will reade politticke Authours, I will baffle Sir *Today,* I will wash off grosse acquaintance, I will be point deuise, the very man. I do not now foole my selfe, to let imagination iade mee; for euery reason excites to this, that my Lady loues me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, shee did praise my legge being crosse-garter'd, and in this she manifests her selfe to my loue, & with a kinde of iniunction driues mee to these habites of her liking. I thanke my starres, I am happy: I will bee strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and crosse Garter'd,

euery with the swiftnesse of putting on. Ioue, and my starres be praised. Heere is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not chosse but know who I am. If thou entertainst my loue, let it appeare in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, deere my sweete, I prethee.* Ioue I thanke thee, I will smile, I will do euery thing that thou wilt haue me.

*Fab.* I will not giue my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

*To.* I could marry this wench for this deuice.

*An.* So could I too.

*To.* And aske no other dowry with her, but such another iest.

*Enter Maria.*

*An.* Nor I neither.

*Fab.* Heere comes my noble gull catcher.

*To.* Wilt thou set thy foote o'my necke.

*An.* Or o'mine either?

*To.* Shall I play my freedome at tray-trip, and become thy bondslauie?

*An.* Ifaith, or I either?

*To.* Why, thou hast put him in such a dreame, that when the image of it leaues him, he must run mad.

*Ma.* Nay but say true, do's it worke vpon him?

*To.* Like Aqua vite with a Midwife.

*Mar.* If you will then see the fruites of the sport, mark his first approach before my Lady: hee will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour shee abhorres, and crosse garter'd, a fashion shee detests: and hee will smile vpon her, which will now be so vnfutureable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholly, as shee is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it follow me.

*To.* To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent diuell of wit.

*And.* Ile make one too.

*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus secundus*

## Actus Tertius, Scena prima.

*Enter Viola and Clowne.*

*Vis.* Saue thee Friend and thy Musick: dost thou liue by thy Tabor?

*Cl.* No sir, I liue by the Church.

*Vis.* Art thou a Churchman?

*Cl.* No such matter sir, I do liue by the Church: For, I do liue at my house, and my house dooth stand by the Church.

*Vis.* So thou maist say the Kings lyes by a begger, if a begger dwell neer him: or the Church stands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.

*Cl.* You haue said sir: To see this age: A sentence is but a cheu'rill gloue to a good witte, how quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward.

*Vis.* Nay that's certaine: they that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

*Cl.* I would therefore my sister had had no name Sir.

*Vis.* Why man?

*Cl.* Why sir, her names a word, and to dallie with that word, might make my sister wanton: But indeede, words are very Rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

*Vis.* Thy reason man?

*Cl.*

oth fir, I can yeeld you none without wordes,  
as are growne so false, I am loath to proue reahem.

varrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'ft for

fo fir, I do care for something: but in my con-  
I do not care for you: if that be to care for no-  
I would it would make you inuifible.

rt not thou the Lady *Oliuia*'s foole?

indeed fir, the Lady *Oliuia* has no folly, shee  
no foole fir, till she be married, and fooles are  
abands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Huf-  
bigger, I am indeede not her foole, but hir cor-  
words.

aw thee late at the Count *Orfino*'s.

olery fir, does walke about the Orbe like the  
ines eury where. I would be sorry fir, but the  
ld be as oft with your Mafter, as with my Mi-  
inke I faw your wifedome there.

ay, and thou paffe vpon me, lle no more with  
ld there's expences for thee.

ow loue in his next commodity of hayre, fend  
urd.

y my troth lle tell thee, I am almost ficke for  
gh I would not haue it grow on my chinne. Is  
within?

ould not a paire of these haue bred fir?

es being kept together, and put to vse.

ould play Lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia* fir, to bring  
to this *Troilus*.

vnderftand you fir, tis well begg'd.

he matter I hope is not great fir; begging, but a  
*Jessida* was a begger. My Lady is within fir. I

er to them whence you come, who you are, and  
would are out of my welkin, I might say Ele-

the word is ouer-worne. *exit*

his fellow is wise enough to play the foole,

o that well, craues a kinde of wit:

obferue their mood on whom he iefte,

ity of perfons, and the time:

the Haggard, checke at eury Feather

ies before his eye. This isa practice,

flabour as a Wife-mans Art:

that he wifely shewes, is fit;

nens folly false, quite taint their wit.

*Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.*

ue you Gentleman.

nd you fir.

*Dieu vous guard Monsieur.*

*it vous ouste vostre seruiture.*

hope fir, you are, and I am yours.

'ill you incounter the house, my Neece is defi-  
should enter, if your trade be to her.

am bound to your Neece fir, I meane she is the  
voyage.

afte your legges fir, put them to motion.

fy legges do better vnderftand me fir, then I vn-

meane to go fir, to enter.

will answer you with gate and entrance, but we  
nted.

*Enter Oliuia, and Gentlewoman.*

ellent accomplish'd Lady, the heauens raine O-  
you.

That youth's a rare Courtier, raine odours, wel.

fy matter hath no voice Lady, but to your owne

most pregnant and vouchsafed eare.

*And.* Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed: Ile get 'em  
all three already.

*Ol.* Let the Garden doore be shut, and leaue mee to  
my hearing. Giue me your hand fir.

*Vio.* My dutie Madam, and most humble seruitee

*Ol.* What is your name?

*Vio.* *Cefario* is your seruants name, faire Princeffe.

*Ol.* My seruant fir? 'Twas neuer merry world,

Since lowly feigning was call'd complement:

y're seruant to the Count *Orfino* youth.

*Vio.* And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:  
your seruants seruant, is your seruant Madam.

*Ol.* For him, I thinke not on him: for his thoughts,

Would they were blankes, rather then fill'd with me.

*Vio.* Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts  
On his behalfe.

*Ol.* O by your leaue I pray you.

I bad you neuer speake againe of him;

But would you vndertake another suite

I had rather heare you, to sollicit that,

Then Musicke from the sphereas.

*Vio.* Deere Lady.

*Ol.* Giue me leaue, beseech you: I did fend,

After the last enchantment you did heare,

A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuse

My selfe, my seruant, and I feare me you:

Vnder your hard construction must I fit,

To force that on you in a shamefull cunning

Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?

Haue you not set mine Honor at the stake,

And baited it with all th'vnmuzzed thoughts

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiuing

Enough is shewne, a Cipresse, not a bosome,

Hides my heart: so let me heare you speake.

*Vio.* I pittie you.

*Ol.* That's a degree to loue.

*Vio.* No not a grize: for tis a vulgar prooffe

That verie oft we pittie enemies.

*Ol.* Why then me thinkes 'tis time to smile agen:

O world, how apt the poore are to be proud?

If one should be a prey, how much the better

To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?

*Clocke strikes.*

The clocke vpbraides me with the waste of time:

Be not affraid good youth, I will not haue you,

And yet when wit and youth is come to haruest,

your wife is like to reape a proper man:

There lies your way, due West.

*Vio.* Then Westward hoe:

Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship:

you'll nothing Madam to my Lord, by me:

*Ol.* Stay: I prethee tell me what thou thinkst of me?

*Vio.* That you do thinke you are not what you are.

*Ol.* If I thinke so, I thinke the same of you.

*Vio.* Then thinke you right: I am not what I am.

*Ol.* I would you were, as I would haue you be.

*Vio.* Would it be better Madam, then I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your foole.

*Ol.* O what a deale of scorne, lookes beautifull?

In the contempt and anger of his lip,

A murderous guilt shewes not it selfe more soone,

Then loue that would seeme hid: Loues night, is noone.

*Cefario*, by the Roses of the Spring,

By maid-hood, honor, truth, and eury thing,

I loue thee so, that maugre all thy pride,

Z

Nor

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide :  
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,  
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause :  
But rather reason thus, with reason fetter ;  
Loue fought, is good : but giuen vnfought, is better.

*Vis.* By innocence I sweare, and by my youth,  
I haue one heart, one bosome, and one truth,  
And that no woman has, nor neuer none  
Shall mistress be of it, faue I alone.  
And so adieu good Madam, neuer more,  
Will I my Masters teares to you deplore.

*Ol.* Yet come againe : for thou perhaps mayst moue  
That heart which now abhorres, to like his loue. *Exeunt*

### *Scæna Secunda.*

*Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*

*And.* No faith, Ile not stay a iot longer :

*To.* Thy reason deere venom, giue thy reason.

*Fab.* You must needs yeelde your reason, Sir *Andrew*?

*And.* Marry I saw your Neece do more fauours to the  
Counts Seruing-man, then euer she bestow'd vpon mee :  
I saw't i'th Orchard.

*To.* Did she see the while, old boy, tell me that.

*And.* As plaine as I see you now.

*Fab.* This was a great argument of loue in her toward  
you.

*And.* S'light ; will you make an Ass of me.

*Fab.* I will proue it legitimate sir, vpon the Oathes of  
iudgement, and reason.

*To.* And they haue beene grand Iurie men, since before  
*Noah* was a Saylor.

*Fab.* Shee did shew fauour to the youth in your sight,  
onely to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour,  
to put fire in your Heart, and brimstone in your Liuer :  
you should then haue accosted her, and with some excel-  
lent iests, fire-new from the mint, you should haue bangd  
the youth into dumbenesse : this was look'd for at your  
hand, and this was baulkt : the double gilt of this oppor-  
tunitie you let time wash off, and you are now sayld into  
the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang  
like an yfickle on a Dutchmans beard, vnlesse you do re-  
deeme it, by some laudable attempt, either of valour or  
politic.

*And.* And't be any way, it must be with Valour, for  
politic I hate : I had as lief be a Brownist, as a Politic-  
ian.

*To.* Why then build me thy fortunes vpon the basis of  
valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him  
hurt him in eleuen places, my Neece shall take note of it,  
and assure thy selfe, there is no loue-Broker in the world,  
can more preuaile in mans commendation with woman,  
then report of valour.

*Fab.* There is no way but this sir *Andrew*.

*An.* Will either of you beare me a challenge to him?

*To.* Go, write it in a martial hand, be curst and briefe:  
it is no matter how wittie, so it bee eloquent, and full of  
invention : taunt him with the license of Inke : if thou  
thou'gt him some thrice, it shall not be amisse, and as ma-  
ny Lyes, as will lye in thy sheete of paper, although the  
sheete were bigge enough for the bedde of *Ware* in Eng-

land, set 'em downe, go about it. Let there bee gaulle e-  
nough in thy inke, though thou write with a Goose-pen,  
no matter : about it.

*And.* Where shall I finde you?

*To.* Wee'l call thee at the Cubiculo : Go.

*Exit Sir Andrew.*

*Fa.* This is a deere Manakin to you Sir *Toby*.

*To.* I haue beene deere to him lad, some two thousand  
strong, or so.

*Fa.* We shall haue a rare Letter from him ; but you'll  
not deliuer't.

*To.* Neuer trust me then : and by all meanes stirre on  
the youth to an answer. I thinke Oxen and waine-ropes  
cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd  
and you finde so much blood in his Liuer, as will clog the  
foote of a flea, Ile eate the rest of th'anatomy.

*Fab.* And his opposit the youth beares in his visage no  
great pefage of cruelty.

*Enter Maria.*

*To.* Looke where the youngest Wren of mine comes.

*Mar.* If you desire the spleene, and will laughe your  
selues into fitches, follow me ; yond gull *Malmesio* is tur-  
ned Heathen, a verie Renegatho ; for there is no christian  
that meanes to be saued by beleeuing rightly, can euer  
beleuee such impossible passages of grossenesse. Hee's in  
yellow stockings.

*To.* And crosse garter'd ?

*Mar.* Most villanously : like a Pedant that keeps a  
Schoole i'th Church : I haue dogg'd him like his murthe-  
rer. He does obey every point of the Letter that I drop,  
to betray him : He does smile his face into more lynes,  
then is in the new Mappe, with the augmentation of the  
Indies : you haue not seene such a thing as tis : I can hard-  
ly forbear hurling things at him, I know my Ladie will  
strike him : if shee doe, hee'l smile, and take't for a great  
fauour.

*To.* Come bring vs, bring vs where he is.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

### *Scæna Tertia.*

*Enter Sebastian and Antonio.*

*Seb.* I would not by my will have troubled you,  
But since you make your pleasure of your paines,  
I will no further chide you.

*Ant.* I could not stay behinde you : my desire  
(More sharpe then filed Steele) did spurre me forth,  
And not all loue to see you (though so much  
As might haue drawne one to a longer voyage)  
But ielousie, what might befall your rauell,  
Being skillelesse in these parts : which to a stranger,  
Vnguided, and vnfriended, often proue  
Rough, and vn hospitale. My willing loue,  
The rather by these arguments of feare  
Set forth in your pursuite.

*Seb.* My kinde *Antonio*,  
I can no other answer make, but thanks,  
And thanks : and euer oft good turnes,  
Are shuffel'd off with such vncurrent pay :  
But were my worth, as is my conscience firme,

*You*

Ild finde better dealing : what's to do ?  
 go see the reliques of this Towne ?  
 To morrow fir, best first go see your Lodging ?  
 am not weary, and 'tis long to night  
 u let vs satisfie our eyes  
 : memorials, and the things of fame  
 renowne this City.  
 Would you'd pardon me :  
 without danger walke these streetes.  
 a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his gallies,  
 ie seruice, of such note indeede,  
 re I tane heere, it would scarce be answer'd.  
 elike you slew great number of his people.  
 Th offence is not of such a bloody nature,  
 ie quality of the time, and quarrell  
 ell haue giuen vs bloody argument :  
 haue since bene answer'd in repaying  
 : tooke from them, which for Traffiques sake  
 ur City did. Onely my selfe stood out,  
 h if I be lapsed in this place  
 y deere.  
 o not then walke too open.  
 It doth not fit me : hold fir, here's my purse,  
 uth Suburbs at the Elephant  
 lodge : I will bespeake our dyet,  
 ou beguile the time, and feed your knowledge  
 wing of the Towne, there shall you haue me.  
 Why I your purse ?  
 Haply your eye shall light vpon some toy  
 : desire to purchase : and your store  
 is not for idle Markets, fir.  
 e be your purse-bearer, and leaue you  
 oure.  
 Fo th'Elephant.  
 do remember.

Exit.

## Scena Quarta.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

haue sent after him, he sayes hee'l come :  
 I I feast him? What bestow of him ?  
 is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd.  
 too loud : Where's *Maluolio*, he is sad, and ciuill,  
 as well for a seruant with my fortunes,  
*Maluolio* ?  
 He's comming Madame :  
 ry strange manner. He is sure posselt Madam.  
 by what's the matter, does he raue ?  
 Vo Madam, he does nothing but smile: your La-  
 re best to haue some guard about you, if hee  
 sure the man is tainted in's wits.  
 call him hither.

Enter *Maluolio*.

nadde as hee,  
 I metry madnesse equall bee.  
 i *Maluolio* ?  
 sweet Lady, ho, ho.  
 ill't thou? I sent for thee vpon a sad occasion.  
 sad Lady, I could be sad :  
 make some obstruction in the blood :  
 fe-gartering, but what of that?

If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true  
 Sonnet is : Please one, and please all.

*Mal.* Why how doest thou man?  
 What is the matter with thee?

*Mal.* Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my  
 legges : It did come to his hands, and Commaunds shall  
 be executed. I thinke we doe know the sweet Romane  
 hand.

*Ol.* Wilt thou go to bed *Maluolio*?

*Mal.* To bed? I sweet heart, and Ile come to thee.

*Ol.* God comfort thee : Why dost thou smile so, and  
 kisse thy hand so oft?

*Mar.* How do you *Maluolio*?

*Maluo.* At your request :

Yes Nightingales answere Dawes.

*Mar.* Why appeare you with this ridiculous bold-  
 nesse before my Lady.

*Mal.* Be not afraid of greatnesse : 'twas well writ.

*Ol.* What meanst thou by that *Maluolio*?

*Mal.* Some are borne great.

*Ol.* Ha?

*Mal.* Some atcheeue greatnesse.

*Ol.* What sayst thou?

*Mal.* And some haue greatnesse thrust vpon them.

*Ol.* Heauen restore thee.

*Mal.* Remember who commended thy yellow stock-  
 ings.

*Ol.* Thy yellow stockings?

*Mal.* And wish'd to see thee crosse garter'd.

*Ol.* Crosse garter'd?

*Mal.* Go too, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so.

*Ol.* Am I made?

*Mal.* If not, ler me see thee a seruant still.

*Ol.* Why this is verie Midfommer madnesse.

Enter Seruant.

*Ser.* Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count  
*Orsino's* is return'd, I could hardly entreate him backe : he  
 attends your Ladyships pleasure.

*Ol.* Ile come to him.

Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd too. Where's my  
 Cofine *Toby*, let some of my people haue a speciall care  
 of him, I would not haue him miscarrie for the halfe of  
 my Dowry.

exit

*Mal.* Oh ho, do you come neere me now : no worfe  
 man then fir *Toby* to looke to me. This concurre direct-  
 ly with the Letter, she sends him on purpose, that I may  
 appeare stubborne to him : for she incites me to that in  
 the Letter. Cast thy humble slough sayes she : be oppo-  
 site with a Kinsman, surly with seruants, let thy tongue  
 langer with arguments of state, put thy selfe into the  
 trickes of singularity : and consequently setts downe the  
 manner how : as a sad face, a reuerend carriage, a slow  
 tongue, in the habite of some Sir of note, and so forth.  
 I haue lymde her, but it is Ioues doing, and Ioue make me  
 thankefull. And when she went away now, let this Fel-  
 low be look'd too : Fellow? not *Maluolio*, nor after my  
 degree, but Fellow. Why euery thing adheres together,  
 that no dramme of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no  
 obstacle, no incredulous or vnwise circumstance : What  
 can be faide? Nothing that can be, can come betweene  
 me, and the full prospect of my hopes. Well Ioue, not I,  
 is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter *Toby*, *Fabian*, and *Maria*.

Z 2

To.

*To.* Which way is hee in the name of sanctity. If all the diuels of hell be drawne in little, and Legion himselfe possesse him, yet Ile speake to him.

*Fab.* Heere he is, heere he is : how ist with you sir ? How ist with you man ?

*Mal.* Go off, I discard you : let me enioy my priuate: go off.

*Mar.* Lo, how hollow the fiend speakes within him ; did not I tell you ? Sir *Toby*, my Lady prayes you to haue a care of him.

*Mal.* Ah ha, does she so ?

*To.* Go too, go too : peace, peace, wee must deale gently with him : Let me alone. How do you *Maluolio* ? How ist with you ? What man, desie the diuell : consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

*Mal.* Do you know what you say ?

*Mar.* La you, and you speake ill of the diuell, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

*Fab.* Carry his water to th'wife woman.

*Mar.* Marry and it shall be done to morrow morning if I liue. My Lady would not loose him for more then ile say.

*Mal.* How now mistris ?

*Mar.* Oh Lord.

*To.* Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way : Doe you not see you moue him ? Let me alone with him.

*Fa.* No way but gentleness, gently, gently : the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly vs'd.

*To.* Why how now my bawcock ? how dost y<sup>e</sup> chuck ?

*Mal.* Sir.

*To.* I biddy, come with me. What man, tis not for grauity to play at cherrie-pit with sathan. Hang him foul Colliar.

*Mar.* Get him to say his prayers, good sir *Toby* gette him to pray.

*Mal.* My prayers Minx.

*Mar.* No I warrant you, he will not heare of godly-nesse.

*Mal.* Go hang your selues all : you are ydle shallowe things, I am not of your element, you shall knowe more heereafter. *Exit*

*To.* Ist possible ?

*Fa.* If this were plaid vpon a stage now, I could conde-mne it as an improbable fiction.

*To.* His very genius hath taken the infection of the deuce man.

*Mar.* Nay pursue him now, leaſt the deuce take ayre, and taint.

*Fa.* Why we shall make him mad indeede.

*Mar.* The house will be the quieter.

*To.* Come, wee'll haue him in a darke room & bound. My Neece is already in the beleefe that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleasure, and his pennance, til our very pastime tyred out of breath, prompt vs to haue mercy on him : at which time, we wil bring the deuce to the bar and crowne thee for a finder of madmen : but see, but see.

*Enter Sir Andrew.*

*Fa.* More matter for a May morning.

*An.* Heere's the Challenge, reade it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

*Fab.* Ist so sawcy ?

*And.* I, ist ? I warrant him : do but read.

*To.* Giue me.

*Youth, whatsoeuer thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

*Fa.* Good, and valiant.

*To.* Wonder not, nor admire not in thy minde why I doe call

thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.

(*Law*)

*Fa.* A good note, that keeps you from the blow of y<sup>e</sup> *To.* Thou comst to the Lady *Oliuia*, and in my sight she vses thee kindly : but thou lyest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

*Fa.* Very breefe, and to exceeding good sence-lesse.

*To.* I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me.

*Fa.* Good.

*To.* Thou kilst me like a rogue and a villaine.

*Fa.* Still you keepe o'th windie side of the Law: good.

*Tob.* Fartherwell, and God haue mercie vpon one of our soules. He may haue mercie vpon mine, but my hope is better, and so looke to thy selfe. Thy friend as thou vseth him, & thy fworne enemy, *Andrew Ague-cheeke*.

*To.* If this Letter moue him not, his legges cannot: Ile giu't him.

*Mar.* Yon may haue verie fit occasion for't : he is now in some commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by depart.

*To.* Go sir *Andrew* : scout mee for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Baylie : so soone as euer thou seest him, draw, and as thou draw'st, sweare horrible : for t comes to passe oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, giues manhoode more approbation, then euer prooffe it selfe would haue earn'd him. Away.

*And.* Nay let me alone for swearing.

*Exit*

*To.* Now will not I deliuer his Letter : for the behaviour of the yong Gentleman, giues him out to be of good capacity, and breeding : his employment betwene his Lord and my Neece, confirms no lesse. Therefore, this Letter being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth : he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole. But sir, I will deliuer his Challenge by word of mouth ; set vpon *Ague-cheeke* a notable report of valor, and driue the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receiue it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, furie, and impetuositie. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the looke, like Cockatrices.

*Enter Oliuia and Viola.*

*Fab.* Heere he comes with your Neece, giue them way till he take leaue, and presently after him.

*To.* I wil meditate the while vpon some horrid message for a Challenge.

*Ol.* I haue said too much vnto a hart of stone, And laid mine honour too vnchary on't :

There's something in me that reproues my fault : But such a head-strong potent fault it is, That it but mocks reproofe.

*Vi.* With the same hauiour that your passion beares, Goes on my Masters griefes.

*Ol.* Heere, weare this lewell for me, tis my picture : Refuse it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you :

And I beseech you come againe to morrow.

What shall you aske of me that Ile deny,

That honour (sa'd) may vpon asking giue.

*Vi.* Nothing but this, your true loue for my master.

*Ol.* How with mine honor may I giue him that, Which I haue giuen to you.

*Vi.* I will acquit you.

*Ol.* Well, come againe to morrow : far-thee-well, A Fiend like thee might beare my soule to hell.

*Enter Toby and Fabian.*

*To.* Gentleman, God saue thee.

*Vn.*

I you fir.  
: defence thou hast, betake the too't : of what  
: wrongs are thou hast done him, I knowe not :  
: reepter full of delpight, bloody as the Hun-  
: thee at the Orchard end : dismount thy tucke,  
: hy preparation, for thy assaylant is quick, skil-  
: adly.  
: mistake fir I am sure, no man hath any quar-  
: my remembrance is very free and cleere from  
: of offence done to any man.  
'I finde it otherwise I assure you : therefore, if  
: ur life at any price, betake you to your gard :  
: ofsite hath in him what youth, strength, skill,  
: can furnish man withall.  
ay you fir what is he ?  
a knight dubb'd with vnatch'd Rapier, and  
: onfideration, but he is a diuell in priuate brall,  
: odies hath he diuorc'd three, and his incense-  
: is moment is so implacable, that satisfaction  
: , but by pangs of death and sepulcher : Hob,  
: word : giu't or take't.  
ill returne againe into the house, and desire  
: of the Lady. I am no fighter, I haue heard  
: ide of men, that put quarrells purpofely on o-  
: ke their valour : belike this is a man of that

so : his indignation deriues it selfe out of a ve-  
: nt iniurie, therefore get you on, and giue him  
: Backe you shall not to the house, vnlesse you  
: bat with me, which with as much safetie you  
: ver him : therefore on, or strippe your sword  
: d : for meddle you must that's certain, or for-  
: reare iron about you.

s is as vnciuill as strange. I beseech you doe  
: rteous office, as to know of the Knight what  
: to him is : it is something of my negligence,  
: my purpose.

ill doe so. Signiour *Fabian*, stay you by this  
: , till my returne. *Exit Toby.*

y you fir, do you know of this matter ?  
now the knight is incens'd against you, euen to  
: arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance

seech you what manner of man is he ?  
thing of that wonderfull promise to read him  
e, as you are like to finde him in the prooffe of

He is indeede fir, the most skilfull, bloudy, &  
ite that you could possibly haue found in anie  
ria : will you walke towards him, I will make  
with him, if I can.

all bee much bound to you for't : I am one,  
ther go with fir Priest, then fir knight : I care  
owes so much of my mettle. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Toby and Andrew.*

y man hee's a verie diuell, I haue not seen such  
had a passe with him, rapier, scabberd, and all :  
as me the stucke in with such a mortall motion  
euitable : and on the answer, he payes you as  
our fete hits the ground they step on. They  
bin Fencer to the Sophy.

x on't, Ile not meddle with him.

t he will not now be pacified,  
scarfe hold him yonder.

guz on't, and I thought he had beene valiant,  
ing in Fence, I'de haue seene him damn'd ere  
halleng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and

Ile giue him my horfe, gray Capilet.

To. Ile make the motion : stand heere, make a good  
shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of soules,  
marry Ile ride your horfe as well as I ride you.

*Enter Fabian and Viola.*

I haue his horfe to take vp the quarrell, I haue perswaded  
him the youths a diuell.

Fa. He is as horribly conceited of him : and pants, &  
lookes pale, as if a Beare were at his heeles.

To. There's no remedie fir, he will fight with you for's  
oath sake : marrie hee hath better bethought him of his  
quarrell, and hee findes that now scarfe to bee worth tal-  
king of : therefore draw for the supportance of his vowe,  
he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me : a little thing would make  
me tell them how much I lacke of a man.

Fab. Giue ground if you see him furious.

To. Come fir *Andrew*, there's no remedie, the Gen-  
tleman will for his honors sake haue one bowt with you:  
he cannot by the Duello auoide it : but hee has promised  
me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldiour, he will not hurt  
you. Come on, too't.

*And.* Pray God he keepe his oath.

*Enter Antonio.*

Vio. I do assure you tis against my will.

*Ant.* Put vp your sword : if this yong Gentleman  
Haue done offence, I take the fault on me :  
If you offend him, I for him desie you.

To. You fir ? Why, what are you ?

*Ant.* One fir, that for his loue dares yet do more  
Then you haue heard him brag to you he will.

To. Nay, if you be an vndertaker, I am for you.

*Enter Officers.*

Fab. O good fir *Toby* hold : heere come the Officers.

To. Ile be with you anon.

Vio. Pray fir, put your sword vp if you please.

*And.* Marry will I fir : and for that I promis'd you Ile  
be as good as my word. Hee will beare you easily, and  
raines well.

1. Off. This is the man, do thy Office.

2. Off. *Antonio*, I arrest thee at the suit of Count *Orsino*

*Ant.* You do mistake me fir.

1. Off. No fir, no iot : I know your fauour well :

Though now you haue no sea-cap on your head :

Take him away, he knowes I know him well.

*Ant.* I must obey. This comes with seeking you :

But there's no remedie, I shall answer it :

What will you do : now my necessitie

Makes me to aske you for my purse. It grieues mee

Much more, for what I cannot do for you,

Then what befalls my selfe : you stand amaz'd,

But be of comfort.

2. Off. Come fir away.

*Ant.* I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money fir ?

For the fayre kindnesse you haue shew'd me heere,

And part being prompted by your present trouble,

Out of my leane and low ability

Ile lend you something : my hauing is not much,

Ile make diuision of my present with you :

Hold, there's halfe my Coffer.

*Ant.* Will you deny me now,

If possible that my deserts to you

Can lacke perswasion. Do not tempt my misery,

Least that it make me so vnfound a man

As to vpbraide you with those kindnesse

That I haue done for you.

*Vio.* I know of none,  
Nor know I you by voyce, or any feature :  
I hate ingratitude more in a man,  
Then lying, vaineſſe, babbling drunkenneſſe,  
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption  
Inhabites our fraile blood.

*Ant.* Oh heauens themſelues.

*2. Off.* Come ſir, I pray you go.

*Ant.* Let me ſpeake a little. This youth that you ſee  
I ſnatch'd one halfe out of the lawes of death, (heere,  
Releu'd him with ſuch ſanctitie of loue ;  
And to his image, which me thought did promiſe  
Moſt venerable worth, did I deuotion.

*1. Off.* What's that to vs, the time goes by : Away.

*Ant.* But oh, how wilde an idoll proues this God :  
Thou haſt *Sebastian* done good feature, ſhame.  
In Nature, there's no blemiſh but the minde :  
None can be call'd deform'd, but the vnkinde.  
Vertue is beauty, but the beauteous euill  
Are empty trunks, ore-flouriſh'd by the deuill.

*1. Off.* The man growes mad, away with him :  
Come, come ſir.

*Ant.* Leade me on. *Exit*

*Vio.* Me thinks his words do from ſuch paſſion flye  
That he beleeueth himſelfe, ſo do not I :  
Proue true imagination, oh proue true,  
That I deere brother, be now tane for you.

*To.* Come hither Knight, come hither *Fabian* : Weel  
whiſper ore a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſawes.

*Vio.* He nam'd *Sebastian* : I my brother know  
Yet living in my glaſſe : euen ſuch, and ſo  
In fauour was my Brother, and he went  
Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament,  
For him I imitate : Oh if it proue,  
Tempeſts are kinde, and ſalt waues freſh in loue.

*To.* A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a coward  
then a Hare, his diſhoneſty appeares, in leauing his friend  
heere in neceſſity, and denying him: and for his coward-  
ſhip aſke *Fabian*.

*Fab.* A Coward, a moſt deuout Coward, religious in  
it.

*And.* Slid Ile after him againe, and beate him.

*To.* Do, cuſſe him ſoundly, but neuer draw thy ſword

*And.* And I do not.

*Fab.* Come, let's ſee the euent.

*To.* I dare lay any money, twill be nothing yet. *Exit*

### Actus Quartus, Scena prima.

*Enter Sebastian and Clowne.*

*Clo.* Will you make me beleue, that I am not ſent for  
you?

*Seb.* Go too, go too, thou art a fooliſh fellow,  
Let me be cleere of thee.

*Clo.* Well held out yfaith : No, I do not know you,  
nor I am not ſent to you by my Lady, to bid you come  
ſpeake with her : nor your name is not Maſter *Ceſario*,  
nor this is not my noſe neyther : Nothing that is ſo, is ſo.

*Seb.* I prethee vent thy folly ſome-where elſe, thou  
know'ſt not me.

*Clo.* Vent my folly : He has heard that word of ſome  
great man, and now applyes it to a ſooke. Vent my fol-

ly : I am affraid this great lubber the World will proue a  
Cockney : I prethee now vngird thy ſtrangenes, and tell  
me what I ſhall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to hir that  
thou art comming?

*Seb.* I prethee fooliſh greeke depart from me, there's  
money for thee, if you tarry longer, I ſhall giue worle  
paiment.

*Clo.* By my troth thou haſt an open hand: theſe Wiſe-  
men that giue ſooles money, get themſelues a good re-  
port, after foureteene yeares purchaſe.

*Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.*

*And.* Now ſir, haue I met you again : ther's for you.

*Seb.* Why there's for thee, and there, and there,  
Are all the people mad?

*To.* Hold ſir, or Ile throw your dagger ore the houſe.

*Clo.* This will I tell my Lady ſtraight, I would not be  
in ſome of your coats for two pence.

*To.* Come on ſir, hold.

*Ant.* Nay let him alone, Ile go another way to worke  
with him : Ile haue an action of Battery againſt him, if  
there be any law in Illyria : though I ſtroke him firſt, yet  
it's no matter for that.

*Seb.* Let go thy hand.

*To.* Come ſir, I will not let you go. Come my yong  
ſouldier put vp your yron : you are well fleſh'd : Come  
on.

*Seb.* I will be free from thee. What wouldſt thou now?  
If thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy ſword.

*To.* What, what? Nay then I muſt haue an Ounce or  
two of this malapert blood from you.

*Enter Oliuia.*

*Oli.* Hold *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee hold.

*To.* Madam.

*Oli.* Will it be euer thus? Vngracious wretch,  
Fit for the Mountaines, and the barbarous Caues,  
Where manners nere were preach'd : out of my ſight.  
Be not offended, deere *Ceſario* :

*Rudesbey* be gone. I prethee gentle friend,  
Let thy fayre wiſedome, not thy paſſion ſway  
In this vnciuill, and vniuſt extent  
Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe,  
And heare thou there how many fruitleſſe pranks  
This Ruſſian hath botch'd vp, that thou thereby  
Mayſt ſmile at this : Thou ſhalt not chooſe but goe :  
Do not denie, beſhrew his ſoule for mee,  
He ſtarted one poore heart of mine, in thee.

*Seb.* What relliſh is in this? How runs the ſtreame?  
Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dreame :

Let fancie ſtill my ſenſe in Lethe ſteepe,  
If it be thus to dreame, ſtill let me ſleepe.

*Oli.* Nay come I prethee, would thou'dſt be rul'd by me

*Seb.* Madam, I will.

*Oli.* O ſay ſo, and ſo be. *Exeunt*

### Scena Secunda.

*Enter Maria and Clowne.*

*Mar.* Nay, I prethee put on this gown, & this beard,  
make him beleue thou art ſir *Topas* the Curate, doe it  
quickly. Ile call ſir *Toby* the whilſt.

*Clo.* Well, Ile put it on, and I will diſſemble my ſelfe  
in't, and I would I were the firſt that euer diſſembled in ſuch

gowne. I am not tall enough to become the  
ell, nor leane enough to bee thought a good  
but to be said an honest man and a good hous-  
as fairely, as to say, a carefull man, & a great  
The Competitors enter.

*Enter Toby.*

e blesse thee M. Parfon.

*nos dies* fir Toby: for as the old hermit of *Prage*  
saw pen and inke, very wittily sayd to a Neece  
*rbodacks*, that that is, is: so I being M.Parfon,  
son; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?  
him fir *Topas*.

What hoa, I say, Peace in this prison.

: knaue counterfets well: a good knaue.

*Maluolio witbin.*

Who calls there?

*Topas* the Curate, who comes to visit *Maluo-*  
*sticke*.

r *Topas*, fir *Topas*, good fir *Topas* goe to my

it hyperbolicall fiend, how vexest thou this  
cest thou nothing but of Ladies?

ell said M. Parfon.

r *Topas*, neuer was man thus wronged, good  
o not thinke I am mad: they haue layde mee  
ideos darknesse.

;, thou dishonest fathan: I call thee by the  
st termes, for I am one of those gentle ones,  
se the diuell himselfe with curtesie: sayst thou  
is darke?

As hell fir *Topas*.

y it hath bay Windowes transparant as bari-  
i the cleere stores toward the South north, are  
as Ebony: and yet complainest thou of ob-

am not mad fir *Topas*, I say to you this house is

adman thou erreft: I say there is no darknesse  
ace, in which thou art more puzel'd then the  
in this fogge.

say this house is as darke as Ignorance, thogh  
were as darke as hell; and I say there was ne-  
bus abus'd, I am no more madde then you are,  
triall of it in any constant question.

at is the opinion of *Pythagoras* concerning  
le?

hat the soule of our grandam, might happily  
bird.

at thinkst thou of his opinion?

thinke nobly of the soule, and no way aproue  
i.

e thee well: remaine thou still in darkenesse,  
hold th'opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow  
, and feare to kill a Woodcokke, lest thou dis-  
soule of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

fir *Topas*, fir *Topas*.

y most exquisite fir *Topas*.

y I am for all waters.

hou mightst haue done this without thy berd  
; he fees thee not.

him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word  
findst him: I would we were well ridde of this  
If he may bee conueniently deliuer'd, I would  
or I am now so farre in offence with my Niece,  
not pursue with any safety this sport the vppe-  
e by and by to my Chamber. *Exit*

*Clo.* Hey Robin, iolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady  
does.

*Mal.* Foole.

*Clo.* My Lady is vnkind, *perdis*.

*Mal.* Foole.

*Clo.* Alas why is she so?

*Mal.* Foole, I say.

*Clo.* She loues another. Who calles, ha?

*Mal.* Good foole, as euer thou wilt deferue well at  
my hand, helpe me to a Candle, and pen, inke, and paper:  
as I am a Gentleman, I will liue to bee thankfull to thee  
for't.

*Clo.* M. *Maluolio*?

*Mal.* I good Foole.

*Clo.* Alas fir, how fell you besides your five witts?

*Mal.* Foole, there was neuer man so notoriousslie a-  
bus'd: I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.

*Clo.* But as well: then you are mad indeede, if you be  
no better in your wits then a foole.

*Mal.* They haue heere propertied me: keepe mee in  
darkenesse, fend Ministers to me, Affes, and doe all they  
can to face me out of my wits.

*Clo.* Aduise you what you say: the Minister is heere.

*Maluolio, Maluolio*, thy wittes the heauens restore: en-  
deauour thy selfe to sleepe, and leaue thy vaine bibble  
babble.

*Mal.* Sir *Topas*.

*Clo.* Maintaine no words with him good fellow.

Who I fir, not I fir. God buy yea good fir *Topas*: Mar-  
ry Amen. I will fir, I will.

*Mal.* Foole, foole, foole I say.

*Clo.* Alas fir be patient. What say you fir, I am shent  
for speaking to you.

*Mal.* Good foole, helpe me to some light, and some  
paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wittes, as any man in  
Illyria.

*Clo.* Well-a-day, that you were fir.

*Mal.* By this hand I am: good foole, some inke, pa-  
per, and light: and conuey what I will set downe to my  
Lady: it shall advantage thee more, then euer the bear-  
ing of Letter did.

*Clo.* I will help you too't. But tel me true, are you not  
mad indeede, or do you but counterfeit.

*Mal.* Beleeue me I am not, I tell thee true.

*Clo.* Nay, Ile nere beleeue a madman till I see his brains  
I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke.

*Mal.* Foole, Ile requite it in the highest degree:  
I prethee be goue.

*Clo.* I am gone fir, and anon fir,

Ile be with you againe:

In a trice, like to the old vice,

your neede to sustaine.

Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,  
cries ah ha, to the diuell:

Like a mad lad, paire thy nayles dad,

Adieu good man diuell.

*Exit*

### *Scæna Tertia.*

*Enter Sebastian.*

This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,  
This pearle she gaue me, I do feel't, and see't,  
And though tis wonder that enwraps me thus,

Yet



Yet 'tis not madnesse. Where's *Antonio* then,  
I could not finde him at the Elephant,  
Yet there he was, and there I found this credite,  
That he did range the towne to seeke me out,  
His counsell now might do me golden seruice,  
For though my soule disputes well with my sence,  
That this may be some error, but no madnesse,  
Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune,  
So farre exceed all instance, all discourse,  
That I am readie to distrust mine eyes,  
And wrangle with my reason that perswades me  
To any other trust, but that I am mad,  
Or else the Ladies mad; yet if 'twere so,  
She could not sway her house, command her followers,  
Take, and giue backe affayres, and their dispatch,  
With such a smooth, discrete, and stable bearing  
As I perceiue she do's : there's something in't  
That is deceiueable. But heere the Lady comes.

*Enter Oliuia, and Priest.*

*Oli.* Blame not this haste of mine : if you meane well  
Now go with me, and with this holy man  
Into the Chantry by : there before him,  
And vnderneath that consecrated rooffe,  
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,  
That my most iealous, and too doubtfull soule  
May liue at peace. He shall conceale it,  
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,  
What time we will our celebration keepe  
According to my birth, what do you say ?

*Seb.* Ile follow this good man, and go with you,  
And hauing sworne truth, euer will be true.

*Oli.* Then lead the way good father, & heauens so shine,  
That they may fairely note this acte of mine. *Exeunt.*

*Fini Actus Quartus.*

### *Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Clowne and Fabian.*

*Fab.* Now as thou lou'st me, let me see his Letter.

*Clo.* Good M. *Fabian*, grant me another request.

*Fab.* Any thing.

*Clo.* Do not desire to see this Letter.

*Fab.* This is to giue a dogge, and in recompence desire  
my dogge againe.

*Enter Duke, Oliuia, Curio, and Lords.*

*Duke.* Belong you to the Lady *Oliuia*, friends ?

*Clo.* I sir, we are some of her trappings.

*Duke.* I know thee well : how dost thou my good  
Fellow ?

*Clo.* Truly sir, the better for my foes, and the worse  
for my friends.

*Du.* Iust the contrary : the better for thy friends.

*Clo.* No sir, the worse.

*Du.* How can that be ?

*Clo.* Marry sir, they praise me, and make an asse of me,  
now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Asse : so that by my  
foes sir, I profit in the knowledge of my selfe, and by my  
friends I am abused : so that conclusions to be as kisses, if  
your foure negatiues make your two affirmatiues, why  
then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

*Du.* Why this is excellent.

*Clo.* By my troth sir, no : though it please you to be  
one of my friends.

*Du.* Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold.

*Clo.* But that it would be double dealing sir, I would  
you could make it another.

*Du.* O you giue me ill counsell.

*Clo.* Put your grace in your pocket sir, for this once,  
and let your flesh and blood obey it.

*Du.* Well, I will be so much a finner to be a double  
dealer : there's another.

*Clo.* *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play, and the olde  
saying is, the third payes for all : the triplex sir, is a good  
tripping measure, or the belles of S. *Bennet* sir, may put  
you in minde, one, two, three.

*Du.* You can foole no more money out of mee at this  
throw : if you will let your Lady know I am here to speak  
with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my  
bounty further.

*Clo.* Marry sir, lullaby to your bountie till I come a-  
gen. I go sir, but I would not haue you to thinke, that  
my desire of hauing is the sinne of couetousnesse : but as  
you say sir, let your bounty take a nappe, I will awake it  
anon. *Exit*

*Enter Antonio and Officers.*

*Vio.* Here comes the man sir, that did rescue mee.

*Du.* That face of his I do remember well,  
yet when I saw it last, it was besmeard  
As blacke as Vulcan, in the smoake of warre :  
A bawling Vessell was he Captaine of,  
For shallow draught and bulke vnprizable,  
With which such scathfull grapple did he make,  
With the most noble bottom of our Fleete,  
That very enuy, and the tongue of losse  
Cride fame and honor on him : What's the matter ?

*Offi.* *Orsino*, this is that *Antonio*  
That tooke the *Phoenix*, and her fraught from *Candy*,  
And this is he that did the *Tiger* board,  
When your yong Nephew *Titus* lost his legges ;  
Heere in the streets, desperate of shame and state,  
In priuate brabble did we apprehend him.

*Vio.* He did me kinnesse sir, drew on my side,  
But in conclusion put strange speech vpon me,  
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

*Du.* Notable Pyrate, thou salt-water Theefe,  
What foolish boldnesse brought thee to their mercies,  
Whom thou in termes so bloudie, and so deere  
Hast made thine enemies ?

*Ant.* *Orsino* : Noble sir,  
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you giue mee :

*Antonio* neuer yet was Theefe, or Pyrate,  
Though I confesse, on base and ground enough  
*Orsino's* enemie. A witchcraft drew me hither :  
That most ingratefull boy there by your side,  
From the rude seas enrag'd and foamy mouth  
Did I redeeme : a wracke past hope he was :  
His life I gaue him, and did thereto adde  
My loue without retention, or restraint,  
All his in dedication. For his sake,  
Did I expose my selfe (pure for his loue)  
Into the danger of this aduerse Towne,  
Drew to defend him, when he was beset :  
Where being apprehended, his false cunning  
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)  
Tought him to face me out of his acquaintance,

And

twentie yeeres remoued thing  
ould winke : denide me mine owne purfe,  
I recommended to his vse,  
houre before.  
can this be?  
n came he to this Towne?  
day my Lord : and for three months before,  
ot a minutes vacancie,  
d night did we keepe companie.

*Enter Oliuia and attendants.*

e comes the Countesse, now heauen walkes  
th :  
fellow, fellow thy words are madnesse,  
hes this youth hath tended vpon mee,  
that anon. Take him aside.  
ould my Lord, but that he may not haue,  
uia may seeme seruiceable?  
do not keepe promise with me.  
am:  
ious Oliuia.

do you say *Cesario*? Good my Lord.  
Lord would speake, my dutie hushes me.  
e ought to the old tune my Lord,  
d fulsome to mine eare  
after Musicke.

so cruell?  
o constant Lord.  
t to peruersenesse? you vnciuill Ladie  
grate, and vnauspicious Altars  
e faithfull'ft offerings haue breath'd out  
otion tender'd. What shall I do?  
what it please my Lord, that shal becom him  
should I not, (had I the heart to do it)  
gyptian theefe, at point of death  
loue : (a sauage ialousie,  
me fauours nobly) but heare me this :  
non-regardance cast my faith,  
partly know the instrument  
s me from my true place in your fauour :  
: Marble-brested Tirant still.  
r Minion, whom I know you loue,  
by heauen I sweare, I tender deerely,  
reare out of that cruell eye,  
ts crowned in his masters spight.  
ith me, my thoughts are ripe in mischief :  
the Lambe that I do loue,  
Rauens heart within a Doue.

I most iocund, apt, and willinglie,  
est, a thousand deaths would dye.  
e goes *Cesario*?  
r him I loue,  
I loue these eyes, more then my life,  
mores, then ere I shall loue wife.  
e, you witnesses aboue  
ife, for tainting of my loue.  
me detested, how am I beguill'd?  
does beguile you? who does do you wrong?  
thou forgot thy selfe? Is it so long?  
e holy Father.

e, away.  
ther my Lord? *Cesario*, Husband, stay.  
and?  
band. Can he that deny?  
husband, firrah?  
ny Lord, not I.  
it is the basenesse of thy feare,

That makes thee strangle thy propriety :  
Feare not *Cesario*, take thy fortunes vp,  
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art  
As great as that thou fear'st.

*Enter Priest.*

O welcome Father :  
Father, I charge thee by thy reuerence  
Heere to vnfold, though lately we intended  
To keepe in darkenesse, what occasion now  
Reueales before 'tis ripe : what thou dost know  
Hath newly past, betwene this youth, and me.

*Priest.* A Contract of eternall bond of loue,  
Confirm'd by mutuall ioynder of your hands,  
Attested by the holy clofe of lippes,  
Strengthened by enterchangement of your rings,  
And all the Ceremonie of this compact  
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony :  
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my graue  
I haue trauail'd but two houres.

*Du.* O thou dissembing Cub : what wilt thou be  
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?  
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,  
That thine owne trip shall be thine ouerthrow :  
Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feete,  
Where thou, and I (henceforth) may neuer meet.

*Vio.* My Lord, I do protest.

*Ol.* O do not sweare,  
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much feare.

*Enter Sir Andrew.*

*And.* For the loue of God a Surgeon, send one pre-  
sently to sir *Toby*.

*Ol.* What's the matter?

*And.* H's broke my head a-crosse, and has giuen Sir  
*Toby* a bloody Coxcombe too : for the loue of God your  
helpe, I had rather then forty pound I were at home.

*Ol.* Who has done this sir *Andrew*?

*And.* The Counts Gentleman, one *Cesario*: we tooke  
him for a Coward, but hee's the verie diuell incardinate.

*Du.* My Gentleman *Cesario*?

*And.* Odd's lifelings heere he is : you broke my head  
for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to do't by sir  
*Toby*.

*Vio.* Why do you speake to me, I neuer hurt you :  
you drew your sword vpon me without cause,  
But I bespake you faire, and hurt you not.

*Enter Toby and Clowne.*

*And.* If a bloody coxcombe be a hurt, you haue hurt  
me : I thinke you set nothing by a bloody Coxcombe.  
Heere comes sir *Toby* halting, you shall heare more: but if  
he had not beene in drinke, hee would haue tickel'd you  
other gates then he did.

*Du.* How now Gentleman? how is't with you?

*To.* That's all one, has hurt me, and there's th'end on't:  
Sot, didst see Dicke Surgeon, sot?

*Cl.* O he's drunke sir *Toby* an houre agoe : his eyes  
were set at eight i'th morning.

*To.* Then he's a Rogue, and a passy measures panyn : I  
hate a drunken rogue.

*Ol.* Away with him? Who hath made this hauocke  
with them?

*And.* Ile helpe you sir *Toby*, because we'll be drest to-  
gether.

*To.* Will you helpe an Ass-head, and a coxcombe, &  
a knave : a thin fac'd knave, a gull?

*Ol.*

*Ol.* Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd too.

*Enter Sebastian.*

*Seb.* I am sorry Madam I have hurt your kinsman:  
But had it beene the brother of my blood,  
I must haue done no lesse with wit and safety.  
You throw a strange regard vpon me, and by that  
I do perceiue it hath offended you:  
Pardon me (sweet one) euen for the vowe  
We made each other, but so late ago.

*Du.* One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,  
A naturall Perfection, that is, and is not.

*Seb. Antonio:* O my deere Antonio,  
How haue the houres rack'd, and tortur'd me,  
Since I haue lost thee?

*Ant. Sebastian* are you?

*Seb.* Fear'st thou that Antonio?

*Ant.* How haue you made diuision of your selfe,  
An apple cleft in two, is not more twin  
Then these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

*Ol.* Most wonderfull.

*Seb.* Do I stand there? I neuer had a brother:  
Nor can there be that Deity in my nature  
Of heere, and euery where. I had a sister,  
Whom the blinde waues and surges haue deuour'd:  
Of charity, what kinne are you to me?  
What Countryman? What name? What Parentage?

*Viola.* Of *Messaline*: Sebastian was my Father,  
Such a Sebastian was my brother too:

So went he suited to his watery tombe:  
If spirits can assume both forme and suite,  
You come to fright vs.

*Seb.* A spirit I am indeed,  
But am in that dimension grossely clad,  
Which from the wombe I did participate.  
Were you a woman, as the rest goes euen,  
I should my teares let fall vpon your cheekes,  
And say, thrice welcome drowned Viola.

*Viola.* My father had a moale vpon his brow.

*Seb.* And so had mine.

*Viola.* And did that day when Viola from her birth  
Had numbred thirteene yeares.

*Seb.* O that record is liuely in my soule,  
He finished indeed his mortall acte  
That day that made my sister thirteene yeares.

*Viola.* If nothing lets to make vs happie both,  
But this my masculine vsurp'd attyre:  
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,  
Of place, time, fortune, do co-here and iumpe  
That I am Viola, which to confirme,  
Ile bring you to a Capitaine in this Towne,  
Where lye my maiden weeds: by whose gentle helpe,  
I was preferu'd to serue this Noble Count:  
All the occurrence of my fortune since  
Hath beene betwene this Lady, and this Lord.

*Seb.* So comes it Lady, you haue beene mistooke:  
But Nature to her bias drew in that.  
You would haue bin contracted to a Maid,  
Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiu'd,  
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

*Du.* Be not amaz'd, right noble is his blood:  
If this be so, as yet the glasse seemes true,  
I shall haue share in this most happy wracke,  
Boy, thou hast saide to me a thousand times,  
Thou neuer should'st loue woman like to me.

*Viola.* And all those sayings, will I ouer sweare,  
And all those swearinges keepe as true in soule,

As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,  
That feuers day from night.

*Du.* Giue me thy hand,  
And let me see thee in thy womans weedes.

*Viola.* The Capitaine that did bring me first on shore  
Hath my Maides garments: he vpon some Action  
Is now in durance, at *Maluolio's* suite,  
A Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.

*Ol.* He shall inlarge him: fetch *Maluolio* hither,  
And yet alas, now I remember me,  
They say poore Gentleman, he's much distra'd.

*Enter Clowne with a Letter, and Fabian.*

A most extracting frensie of mine owne  
From my remembrance, clearly banish't his.  
How does he si-rah?

*Cl.* Truly Madam, he holds *Balauob* at the stauers end as  
well as a man in his case may do: has heere writ a letter to  
you, I should haue giuen't you to day morning. But as a  
madmans Epistles are no Gospels, so it skillen not much  
when they are deliuer'd.

*Ol.* Open't, and read it.

*Cl.* Looke then to be well edified, when the Foole  
deliuers the Madman. *By the Lord Madam.*

*Ol.* How now, art thou mad?

*Cl.* No Madam, I do but reade madnesse: and your  
Ladyship will haue it as it ought to bee, you must allow  
*Vox.*

*Ol.* Prethee reade i'thy right wits.

*Cl.* So I do Madona: but to reade his right wits, is to  
reade thus: therefore, perpend my Princeesse, and giue  
care.

*Ol.* Read it you, sirrah.

*Fab. Reads.* By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and  
the world shall know it: Though you haue put mee into  
darkenesse, and giuen your drunken Cofine rule ouer me,  
yet haue I the benefit of my senses as well as your Lady-  
ship. I haue your owne letter, that induc'd mee to the  
semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to  
do my selfe much right, or you much shame: thinke of  
me as you please. I leaue my duty a little vnthought of,  
and speake out of my injury. *The madly vs'd Maluolio.*

*Ol.* Did he write this?

*Cl.* I Madame.

*Du.* This fauours not much of distraction.

*Ol.* See him deliuer'd *Fabian*, bring him hither:  
My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,  
To thinke me as well a sister, as a wife,  
One day shall crowne th'alliance on't, so please you,  
Heere at my house, and at my proper cost.

*Du.* Madam, I am most apt t'embrace your offer:  
Your Master quits you: and for your seruice done him,  
So much against the mettle of your sex,  
So farre beneath your soft and tender breeding,  
And since you call'd me Master, for so long:  
Heere is my hand, you shall from this time bee  
your Masters Mistresse.

*Ol.* A sister, you are she.

*Enter Maluolio.*

*Du.* Is this the Madman?

*Ol.* I my Lord, this fame: How now *Maluolio*?

*Mal.* Madam, you haue done me wrong,  
Notorious wrong.

*Ol.* Haue I *Maluolio*? No.

*Mal.* Lady you haue, pray you peruse that Letter.  
You must not now denie it is your hand,  
Write from it if you can, in hand, or phrase,

Or

, tis not your seale, not your inuention :  
 an say none of this. Well, grant it then,  
 all me in the modestie of honor,  
 you haue giuen me such cleare lights of fauour,  
 e come smiling, and crosse-garter'd to you,  
 on yellow stockings, and to frowne  
 fir *Toby*, and the lighter people :  
 sing this in an obedient hope,  
 saue you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,  
 n a darke house, visited by the Priest,  
 ade the most notorious gecke and gull,  
 re inuention plaid on ? Tell me why ?  
 Alas *Maluolio*, this is not my writing,  
 h I confesse much like the Charrafter :  
 t of question, tis *Marias* hand.  
 ow I do bethinke me, it was thee  
 ld me thou wast mad ; then cam'st in smiling,  
 such formes, which heere were presuppos'd  
 thee in the Letter : prethee be content,  
 raftice hath most shrewdly past vpon thee :  
 en we know the grounds, and authors of it,  
 halt be both the Plaintiffe and the Iudge  
 se owne cause.  
 Good Madam heare me speake,  
 t no quarrell, nor no braule to come,  
 he condition of this present houre,  
 I haue wondred at. In hope it shall not,  
 eely I confesse my selfe, and *Toby*  
 device against *Maluolio* heere,  
 ome stubborne and vncourteous parts  
 d conceiu'd against him. *Maria* writ  
 etter, at fir *Tobys* great importance,  
 mpence whereof, he hath married her :  
 ith a sportfull malice it was follow'd,  
 ther plucke on laughter then reuenge,  
 the iniuries be iustly weigh'd,  
 aue on both sides past.  
 Alas poore Foole, how haue they baffel'd thee ?  
 Why some are borne great, some atchieue great-  
 nd some haue greatnesse throwne vpon them. I  
 : fir, in this Enterlude, one fir *Topas* fir, but that's

all one : By the Lord Foole, I am not mad : but do you re-  
 member, Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascall,  
 and you smile not he's gag'd : and thus the whirlegigge  
 of time, brings in his reuenges.

*Mal.* Ile be reueng'd on the whole packe of you ?

*Ol.* He hath bene most notoriously abus'd.

*Du.* Pursue him, and entreate him to a peace :  
 He hath not told vs of the Captaine yet,  
 When that is knowne, and golden time conuents  
 A solemne Combination shall be made  
 Of our deere soules. Meane time sweet sifter,  
 We will not part from hence. *Cesario* come  
 (For so you shall be while you are a man)  
 But when in other habites you are seene,  
*Orsino's* Mistris, and his fancies Queene.

*Exeunt*

*Clowne sings.*

*When that I was and a little time boy,  
 with bey, bo, the winde and the raine :  
 A foolish thing was but a toy,  
 for the raine it raineth euery day.*

*But when I came to mans estate,  
 with bey bo, &c.  
 Gainst Knaues and Theeues men shut their gate,  
 for the raine, &c.*

*But when I came alas to wine,  
 with bey bo, &c.  
 By swaggering could I neuer trine,  
 for the raine, &c.*

*But when I came vnto my beds,  
 with bey bo, &c.  
 With toppotes still bad drunken beads,  
 for the raine, &c.*

*A great while ago the world begon,  
 bey bo, &c.  
 But that's all one, our Play is done,  
 and wee'l trine to please you euery day.*

FINIS.







# The VVinters Tale.

## *Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.*

*Enter Camillo and Archidamus.*

*Arch.*

**I**F you shall chance (*Camillo*) to visit *Bobemia*, on the like occasion whereon my seruices are now on-foot, you shall see (as I haue said) great difference betwixt our *Bobemia*, and your *Sicilia*.

*Cam.* I thinke, this comming Summer, the King of *Sicilia* meanes to pay *Bobemia* the Visitation, which hee iustly owes him.

*Arch.* Wherein our Entertainment shall shame vs: we will be iustified in our Loues: for indeed--

*Cam.* 'Beleeuech you--

*Arch.* Verely I speake it in the freedome of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence--- in so rare--- I know not what to say-- Wee will giue you sleepeie Drinckes, that your Sences (vn-intelligent of our insufficiency) may, though they cannot prayse vs, as little accuse vs.

*Cam.* You pay a great deale to deare, for what's giuen freely.

*Arch.* 'Beleeue me, I speake as my vnderstanding instructs me, and as mine honestie puts it to vtterance.

*Cam.* *Sicilia* cannot shew himselfe ouer-kind to *Bobemia*: They were trayn'd together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but braunch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royall Necessities, made seperation of their Societie, their Encounters (though not Personall) hath been Royally attorneyed with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, louing Embassies, that they haue seem'd to be together, though absent: shooke hands, as ouer a Vast; and embrac'd as it were from the ends of opposed Winds. The Heauens continue their Loues.

*Arch.* I thinke there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter, to alter it. You haue an vnspcakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillius*: it is a Gentleman of the greatest Promise, that euer came into my Note.

*Cam.* I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him: it is a gallant Child; one, that (indeed) Physicks the Subiect, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on Crutches ere he was borne, desire yet their life, to see him a Man.

*Arch.* Would they else be content to die?

*Cam.* Yes; if there were no other excuse, why they should desire to liue.

*Arch.* If the King had no Sonne, they would desire to liue on Crutches till he had one. *Exeunt.*

## *Scæna Secunda.*

*Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.*

*Pol.* Nine Changes of the Watry-Starre hath been

The Shepheards Note, since we haue left our Throne Without a Burthen: Time as long againe Would be fill'd vp (my Brother) with our Thanks, And yet we should, for perpetuitie, Goe hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher (Yet standing in rich place) I multiply With one we thanke you, many thousands moe, That goe before it.

*Leo.* Stay your Thanks a while, And pay them when you part.

*Pol.* Sir, that's to morrow:

I am question'd by my feares, of what may chance, Or breed vpon our absence, that may blow No sneaping Winds at home, to make vs say, This is put forth too truly: besides, I haue stay'd To tyre your Royaltie.

*Leo.* We are tougher (Brother) Then you can put vs to't.

*Pol.* No longer stay.

*Leo.* One Seue'night longer.

*Pol.* Very sooth, to morrow.

*Leo.* Wee'll part the time betwene's then: and in that Ile no gaine-saying.

*Pol.* Presse me not ('beleeuech you) so:

There is no Tongue that moues; none, none i'th' World So soone as yours, could win me: so it should now, Were there necessitie in your request, although 'Twere needfull I deny'd it. My Affaires Doe euen drag me home-ward: which to hinder, Were (in your Loue) a Whip to me; my stay, To you a Charge, and Trouble: to saue both, Farewell (our Brother.)

*Leo.* Tongue-ty'd our Queene? speake you.

*Her.* I had thought (Sir) to haue held my peace, vntill You had drawne Oathes from him, not to stay: you (Sir) Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure All in *Bobemia*'s well: this satisfaction, The by-gone-day proclaym'd, say this to him, He's beat from his best ward.

*Leo.* Well said, *Hermions*.

*Her.* To tell, he longs to see his Sonne, were strong: But let him say so then, and let him goe; But let him sweare so, and he shall not stay, Wee'll thwack him hence with Distaffes. Yet of your Royall presence, Ile aduenture The borrow of a Weeke. When at *Bobemia* You take my Lord, Ile giue him my Commission, To let him there a Moneth, behind the Gest Prefix'd for's parting: yet (good-deed) *Leontes*, I loue thee not a Larre o'th' Clock, behind

A a

What

What Lady she her Lord. You'le stay?

*Pol.* No, Madame.

*Her.* Nay, but you will?

*Pol.* I may not verely.

*Her.* Verely?

You put me off with limber Vowes: but I,  
Though you would seek t'vnspire the Stars with Oaths,  
Should yet say, Sir, no going: Verely  
You shall not goe; a Ladies Verely 'is  
As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet?  
Force me to keepe you as a Prisoner,  
Not like a Guest: so you shall pay your Fees  
When you depart, and saue your Thanks. How say you?  
My Prisoner? or my Guest? by your dread Verely,  
One of them you shall be.

*Pol.* Your Guest then, Madame:

To be your Prisoner, should import offending;  
Which is for me, lesse easie to commit,  
Then you to punish.

*Her.* Not your Gaoler then,  
But your kind Hostesse. Come, Ile question you  
Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boyes:  
You were pretty Lordings then?

*Pol.* We were (faire Queene)

Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,  
But such a day to morrow, as to day,  
And to be Boy eternall.

*Her.* Was not my Lord  
The verier Wag o'th' two?

*Pol.* We were as twyn'd Lambs, that did frisk i'th' Sun,  
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,  
Was Innocence, for Innocence: we knew not  
The Doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd  
That any did: Had we pursu'd that life,  
And our weak Spirits ne're been higher rear'd  
With stronger blood, we should haue answer'd Heauen  
Boldly, not guilty; the Imposition clear'd,  
Hereditarie ours.

*Her.* By this we gather  
You haue tript since.

*Pol.* O my most sacred Lady,  
Temptations haue since then been borne to's: for  
In those vnstedg'd dayes, was my Wife a Girle;  
Your precious selfe had then not cross'd the eyes  
Of my young Play-fellow.

*Her.* Grace to boot:  
Of this make no conclusion, least you say  
Your Queene and I are Deuils: yet goe on,  
Th' offences we haue made you doe, wee'le answere,  
If you first sinn'd with vs: and that with vs  
You did continue fault; and that you slipt not  
With any, but with vs.

*Leo.* Is he woon yet?

*Her.* Hee'le stay (my Lord.)

*Leo.* At my request, he would not:

*Hermione* (my dearest) thou neuer spok'st  
To better purpose.

*Her.* Neuer?

*Leo.* Neuer, but once.

*Her.* What? haue I twice said well? when was't before?  
I prethee tell me: cram's with prayse, and make's  
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tonguelesse,  
Slaughters a thousand, wayting vpon that.  
Our prayses are our Wages. You may ride's  
With one soft Kisse a thousand Furlongs, ere  
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th' Goale:

My last good deed, was to entreat his stay.

What was my first? it ha's an elder Sister,  
Or I mistake you: O, would her Name were *Grace*.  
But once before I spoke to th' purpose? when?  
Nay, let me haue't: I long.

*Leo.* Why, that was when

Three crabbed Moneths had sower'd themselves to death,  
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand:  
A clap thy selfe my Loue; then didst thou vtter,  
I am yours for euer.

*Her.* 'Tis *Grace* indeed.

Why lo-you now; I haue spoke to th' purpose twice:  
The one, for euer earn'd a Royall Husband;  
Th' other, for some while a Friend.

*Leo.* Too hot, too hot:

To mingle friendship farre, is mingling bloods.  
I haue *Tremor Cordis* on me: my heart daunces,  
But not for ioy; not ioy. This Entertainment  
May a free face put on: deriue a Libertie  
From Heartinesse, from Bountie, fertile Bosome,  
And well become the Agent: 't may; I graunt:  
But to be padding Palmes, and pinching Fingers,  
As now they are, and making practis'd Smiles  
As in a Looking-Glasse; and then to sigh, as 'twere  
The Mort o'th' Deere: oh, that is entertainment  
My Bosome likes not, nor my Browes. *Mamillius*,  
Art thou my Boy?

*Mam.* I, my good Lord.

*Leo.* I'fecks:

Why that's my Bawcock: what has't smutch'd thy Nose?  
They say it is a Coppy out of mine. Come Captaine,  
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, Captaine:  
And yet the Steere, the Heycfer, and the Calfe,  
Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginalling  
Vpon his Palme? How now (you wanton Calfe)  
Art thou my Calfe?

*Mam.* Yes, if you will (my Lord.)

*Leo.* Thou want'st a rough path, & the shoots that I haue  
To be full, like me: yet they say we are  
Almost as like as Egges; Women say so,  
(That will say any thing.) But were they false  
As o're-dy'd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters, false  
As Dice are to be with'd, by one that fixes  
No borne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,  
To say this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)  
Looke on me with your Welkin eye: sweet Villaine,  
Most dear'st, my Collop: Can thy Dam, may't be  
Affection? thy Intention stabs the Center.  
Thou do'st make possible things not so held,  
Communicat'st with Dreames (how can this be?)  
With what's vnreall: thou coactive art,  
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,  
Thou may'st co-ioyne with something, and thou do'st,  
(And that beyond Commission) and I find it,  
(And that to the infection of my Braines,  
And hardning of my Browes.)

*Pol.* What meanes *Sicilia*?

*Her.* He something seemes vnstedied.

*Pol.* How? my Lord?

*Leo.* What cheere? how is't with you, best Brother?

*Her.* You look as if you held a Brow of much distraction:  
Are you mou'd (my Lord?)

*Leo.* No, in good earnest.

How sometimes Nature will betray it's folly?  
It's tenderesse? and make it selfe a Pastime  
To harder bosomes? Looking on the Lynes

Of

eyes face, me thoughts I did requoyle  
three yeeres, and saw my selfe vn-breech'd,  
eene Veluet Coat; my Dagger muzzel'd,  
hould bite it's Maister, and so proue  
iments oft do's) too dangerous:  
(me thought) I then was to this Kernell,  
ish, this Gentleman. Mine honest Friend,  
take Egges for Money?  
No (my Lord) Ile fight.  
You will: why happy man be's dole. My Brother  
so fond of your young Prince, as we  
re to be of ours?  
If at home (Sir)  
my Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;  
fsworne Friend, and then mine Enemy;  
fite, my Souldier: Statf-man; all:  
as a Iulyes day, short as December,  
h his varying child-nesse, cures in me  
a, that would thicke my blood.  
o stands this Squire  
ith me: We two will walke (my Lord)  
ie you to your grauer steps. *Hermione*,  
u lou'ft vs, shew in our Brothers welcome;  
is deare in Sicily, be cheape:  
thy selfe, and my young Rouer, he's  
t to my heart.  
f you would seeke vs,  
ours i'th' Garden: shall's attend you there?  
o your owne bents dispose you: you'le be found,  
eneath the Sky: I am angling now,  
you perceiue me not how I giue Lyne)  
goe too.  
holds vp the Neb? the Byll to him?  
es her with the boldnesse of a Wife  
llowing Husband. Gone already,  
ick, knee-deepe; ore head and eares a fork'd one.  
(Boy) play: thy Mother playes, and I  
but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue  
e me to my Graue: Contempt and Clamor  
my Knell. Go play (Boy) play, there haue been  
much deceiu'd Cuckolds ere now,  
ny a man there is (euen at this present,  
iile I speake this) holds his Wife by th'Arme,  
le thinkes she ha's been sluy'd in's absence,  
Pond fish'd by his next Neighbor (by  
, his Neighbor:) nay, there's comfort in't,  
ther men haue Gates, and those Gates open'd  
e) against their will. Should all despair  
se revolted Wiues, the tenth of Mankind  
ang themselves. Physick for't, there's none:  
wdy Planet, that will strike  
tis predominant; and 'tis powrefull: thinke it:  
ft, West, North, and South, be it concluded,  
cado for a Belly. Know't,  
t in and out the Enemy,  
g and baggage: many thousand on's  
: Disease, and feele't not. How now Boy?  
I am like you say.  
Why, that's some comfort.  
Camillo there?  
I, my good Lord.  
Doe play (*Mamillius*) thou'rt an honest man:  
his great Sir will yet stay longer.  
You had much adoe to make his Anchor hold,  
ou cast out, it still came home.  
Didst note it?

*Cam.* He would not stay at your Petitions, made  
His Buinesse more materiall.  
*Leo.* Didst perceiue it?  
They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding:  
Sicilia is a fo-forth: 'tis farre gone,  
When I shall guft it laft. How cam't (*Camillo*)  
That he did stay?  
*Cam.* At the good Queenes entreatie.  
*Leo.* At the Queenes be't: Good should be pertinent,  
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken  
By any vnderstanding Pate but thine?  
For thy Conceit is foaking, will draw in  
More then the common Blocks. Not noted, is't,  
But of the finer Natures? by some Seueralls  
Of Head-peece extraordinary? Lower Messes  
Perchance are to this Buinesse purblind? say.  
*Cam.* Buinesse, my Lord? I thinke most vnderstand  
*Bobemia* stayes here longer.  
*Leo.* Ha?  
*Cam.* Stayes here longer.  
*Leo.* I, but why?  
*Cam.* To satisfie your Highnesse, and the Entreaties  
Of our most gracious Miftresse.  
*Leo.* Satisfie?  
Th'entreaties of your Miftresse? Satisfie?  
Let that suffice. I haue trusted thee (*Camillo*)  
With all the neereft things to my heart, as well  
My Chamber-Councels, wherein (Priest-like) thou  
Hast cleans'd my Bosome: I, from thee departed  
Thy Penitent reform'd: but we haue been  
Deceiu'd in thy Integritie, deceiu'd  
In that which seemes so.  
*Cam.* Be it forbid (my Lord.)  
*Leo.* To bide vpon't: thou art not honest: or  
If thou inclin'ft that way, thou art a Coward,  
Which hoxes honestie behind, restraining  
From Courfe requir'd: or else thou must be counted  
A Seruant, grafted in my serious Trust,  
And therein negligent: or else a Foole,  
That feest a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawne,  
And tak'ft it all for ieaft.  
*Cam.* My gracious Lord,  
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearefull,  
In euery one of these, no man is free,  
But that his negligence, his folly, feare,  
Among the infinite doings of the World,  
Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord.)  
If euer I were wilfull-negligent,  
It was my folly: if industriously  
I play'd the Foole, it was my negligence,  
Not weighing well the end: if euer fearefull  
To doe a thing, where I the issue doubted,  
Whereof the execution did cry out  
Against the non-performance, 'twas a feare  
Which oft infects the wisest: these (my Lord)  
Are such allow'd Infirmities, that honestie  
Is neuer free of. But beseech your Grace  
Be plainer with me, let me know my Trespas  
By it's owne visage; if I then deny it,  
'Tis none of mine.  
*Leo.* Ha? not you seene *Camillo*?  
(But that's past doubt: you haue, or your eye-glasse  
Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard?  
(For to a Vision so apparant, Rumor  
Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cogitation  
Refides not in that man, that do's not thinke)



My Wife is slipperie ? If thou wilt confesse,  
Or else be impudently negative,  
To haue nor Eyes, nor Eares, nor Thought, then say  
My Wife's a Holy-Horse, deserues a Name  
As ranke as any Flax-Wench, that puts to  
Before her troth-plight : say't, and iustify't.

Cam. I would not be a slander-by, to heare  
My Soueraigne Mistresse clouded so, without  
My present vengeance taken : 'threw my heart,  
You neuer spoke what did become you lesse  
Then this ; which to reiterate, were sin  
As deepe as that, though true.

Leo. Is whispering nothing ?  
Is leaning Cheeke to Cheeke ? is meating Noses ?  
Kissing with in-side Lip ? stopping the Cariere  
Of Laughter, with a sigh ? (a Note infallible  
Of breaking Honesty) horsing foot on foot ?  
Skulking in corners ? wishing Clocks more swift ?  
Houres, Minutes ? Noone, Mid-night ? and all Eyes  
Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs ; theirs onely,  
That would vnseene be wicked ? Is this nothing ?  
Why then the World, and all that's in't, is nothing,  
The couering Skie is nothing, *Bobemia* nothing,  
My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing haue these Nothings,  
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd  
Of this diseas'd Opinion, and betimes,  
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my Lord.

Leo. It is : you lye, you lye :  
I say thou lye'st *Camillo*, and I hate thee,  
Pronounce thee a grosse Lowt, a mindlesse Slaue,  
Or else a howering Temporizer, that  
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and euill,  
Inclining to them both : were my Wiues Liuer  
Infected (as her life) she would not liue  
The running of one Glasse.

Cam. Who do's infect her ?

Leo. Why he that weares her like her Medull, hanging  
About his neck (*Bobemia*) who, if I  
Had Seruants true about me, that bare eyes  
To see alike mine Honor, as their Profits,  
(Their owne particular Thrifts) they would doe that  
Which should vndoe more doing : I, and thou  
His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner forme  
Haue Bench'd, and rear'd to Worship, who may't see  
Plainely, as Heauen sees Earth, and Earth sees Heauen,  
How I am gall'd, might't be-spice a Cup,  
To giue mine Enemy a lasting Winke :  
Which Draught to me, were cordiall.

Cam. Sir (my Lord)

I could doe this, and that with no rash Potion,  
But with a lingring Dram, that should not worke  
Maliciously, like Poyson : But I cannot  
Beleeue this Crack to be in my dread Mistresse  
(So soueraignly being Honorable.)  
I haue lou'd thee,

Leo. Make that thy question, and goe rot :  
Do't thinke I am so muddy, so vnsettled,  
To appoint my selfe in this vexation ?  
Sully the puritie and whitensse of my Sheetes  
(Which to preferue, is Sleepe ; which being spotted,  
Is Goades, Thornes. Nettles, Tayles of Waspes)  
Giue scandall to the blood o'th' Prince, my Sonne,  
(Who I doe thinke is mine, and loue as mine)

Without ripe mouing to't ? Would I doe this ?  
Could man so blench ?

Cam. I must beleeue you (Sir)

I doe, and will fetch off *Bobemia* for't :  
Prouided, that when hee's remou'd, your Highnesse  
Will take againe your Queene, as yours at first,  
Euen for your Sonnes sake, and thereby for sealing  
The Iniurie of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes  
Knowne, and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou do'st aduise me,  
Euen so as I mine owne course haue set downe :  
He giue no blemish to her Honor, none.

Cam. My Lord,  
Goe then ; and with a countenance as cleare  
As Friendship weares at Feasts, keepe with *Bobemia*,  
And with your Queene : I am his Cup-bearer,  
If from me he haue wholesome Beueridge,  
Account me not your Seruant.

Leo. This is all :  
Do't, and thou hast the one halfe of my heart ;  
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine owne.

Cam. He do't, my Lord.

Leo. I wil seeme friendly, as thou hast aduis'd me. *Exit*

Cam. O miserable Lady. But for me,  
What case stand I in ? I must be the poysoner  
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't,  
Is the obedience to a Master ; one,  
Who in Rebellion with himselfe, will haue  
All that are his, so too. To doe this deed,  
Promotion follows : If I could find example  
Of thousand's that had struck annoynted Kings,  
And flourish'd after, It'd not do't : But since  
Nor Brasse, nor Stone, nor Parchment beares not one,  
Let Villanie it selfe forwear't. I must  
Forfake the Court : to do't, or no, is certaine  
To me a breake-neck. Happy Starre raigne now,  
Here comes *Bobemia*. *Enter Polixenes.*

Pol. This is strange : Me thinkes  
My fauor here begins to warpe. Not speake ?  
Good day *Camillo*.

Cam. Haile most Royall Sir.

Pol. What is the Newes i'th' Court ?

Cam. None rare (my Lord.)

Pol. The King hath on him such a countenance,  
As he had lost some Province, and a Region  
Lou'd, as he loues himselfe : euen now I met him  
With customarie complement, when hee  
Wasting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling  
A Lippe of much contempt, speedes from me, and  
So leaues me, to consider what is breeding,  
That changes thus his Manners.

Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)

Pol. How, dare not? doe not? doe you know, and dare not?  
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts :

For to your selfe, what you doe know, you must,  
And cannot say, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,  
Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror,  
Which shewes me mine chang'd too : for I must be  
A partie in this alteration, finding  
My selfe thus alter'd with't.

Cam. There is a sicknesse  
Which puts some of vs in distemper, but  
I cannot name the Disease, and it is caught  
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me ?

Make me not sighted like the Basilisque.

I haue

ok'd on thousands, who haue sped the better  
gard, but kill'd none so : *Camillo*,  
re certainly a Gentleman, thereto  
ke experienc'd, which no lesse adorne  
try, then our Parents Noble Names,  
succeffe we are gentle : I beseech you,  
ow ought which do's behoue my knowledge,  
to be inform'd, imprison't not  
nt concalement.  
I may not answere.  
Sicknesse caught of me, and yet I well ?  
answer'd. Do'st thou heare *Camillo*,  
thee, by all the parts of man,  
onor do's acknowledge, whereof the least  
is Suit of mine, that thou declare  
idencie thou do'st ghesse of harme  
ig toward me ; how farre off, how neere,  
ay to be preuented, if to be :  
ow best to beare it.  
Sir, I will tell you,  
m charg'd in Honor, and by him  
inke Honorable: therefore marke my counsaile,  
ust be eu'n as swiftly followed, as  
to vtter it ; or both your selfe, and me,  
nd so good night.  
n, good *Camillo*.  
I am appointed him to murder you.  
y whom, *Camillo* ?  
By the King.  
or what ?  
He thinks, nay with all confidence he sweares,  
d seen't, or beene an Instrumēt  
ou to't, that you haue toucht his Queene  
nly.  
h then, my best blood turne  
fectd Gelly, and my Name  
d with his, that did betray the Best :  
en my freshest Reputation to  
, that may strike the dullest Nostrill  
arriue, and my approach be shun'd,  
d too, worfe then the great'st Infection  
was heard, or read.  
swear his thought ouer  
particular Starre in Heauen, and  
eir Influences ; you may as well  
ie Sea for to obey the Moone,  
r Oath) remoue, or (Counsaile) shake  
rick of his Folly, whose foundation  
pon his Faith, and will continue  
ding of his Body.  
ow should this grow ?  
I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to  
hat's growne, then question how 'tis borne.  
re you dare trust my honestie,  
s enclosed in this Trunke, which you  
re along impawnd, away to Night,  
lowers I will whisper to the Businesse,  
by twos, and threes, at seuerall Posternes,  
em o'th' Citie : For my selfe, Ile put  
nes to your seruice (which are here  
iscouerie lost.) Be not vncertaine,  
ie honor of my Parents, I  
red Truth: which if you seeke to proue,  
t stand by ; nor shall you be safer,  
e condemnd by the Kings owne mouth :  
his Execution sworne.

*Pol.* I doe beleue thee :  
I saw his heart in's face. Giue me thy hand,  
Be Pilot to me, and thy places shall  
Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and  
My people did expect my hence departure  
Two dayes agoe. This Iealousie  
Is for a precious Creature : as shee's rare,  
Must it be great ; and, as his Person's mightie,  
Must it be violent : and, as he do's conceiue,  
He is dishonor'd by a man, which euer  
Profess'd to him: why his Reuenges must  
In that be made more bitter. Feare ore-shades me:  
Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort  
The gracious Queene, part of his Theame; but nothing  
Of his ill-ta'ne suspition. Come *Camillo*,  
I will respect thee as a Father, if  
Thou bear'st my life off, hence : Let vs auoid.  
*Cam.* It is in mine authoritie to command  
The Keyes of all the Posternes : Please your Highnesse  
To take the vrgent houre. Come Sir, away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies: Leontes,  
Antigonus, Lords.*

*Her.* Take the Boy to you: he so troubles me,  
'Tis past enduring.  
*Lady.* Come (my gracious Lord)  
Shall I be your play-fellow ?  
*Mam.* No, Ile none of you.  
*Lady.* Why (my sweet Lord ?)  
*Mam.* You'll kisse me hard, and speake to me, as if  
I were a Baby still. I loue you better.  
*2. Lady.* And why so (my Lord ?)  
*Mam.* Not for becaufe  
Your Browes are blacker (yet black-browes they say  
Become some Women best, so that there be not  
Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,  
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)  
*2. Lady.* Who taught 'this ?  
*Mam.* I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray now,  
What colour are your eye-browes ?  
*Lady.* Blew (my Lord.)  
*Mam.* Nay, that's a mock: I haue seene a Ladies Nose  
That ha's beene blew, but not her eye-browes.  
*Lady.* Harke ye,  
The Queene (your Mother) rounds apace: we shall  
Present our seruices to a fine new Prince  
One of these dayes, and then you'd wanton with vs,  
If we would haue you.  
*2. Lady.* She is spread of late  
Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.)  
*Her.* What wisdom stirrs amongst you? Come Sir, now  
I am for you againe: 'Pray you sit by vs,  
And tell's a Tale.  
*Mam.* Merry, or sad, shal't be ?  
*Her.* As merry as you will.  
*Mam.* A sad Tale's best for Winter:  
I haue one of Sprights, and Goblins.  
*Her.* Let's haue that (good Sir.)  
Come-on, sit downe, come-on, and doe your best,  
To fright me with your Sprights: you're pow'refull at it.  
A a 3 *Mam.* There

*Mam.* There was a man.

*Her.* Nay, come sit downe: then on.

*Mam.* Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it softly,  
Yond Crickets shall not heare it.

*Her.* Come on then, and giu't me in mine eare.

*Leon.* Was hee met there? his Traine? *Camillo* with him?

*Lord.* Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, neuer  
Saw I men scowre so on their way: I eyed them  
Euen to their Ships.

*Leo.* How blest am I

In my iust Censure? in my true Opinion?  
Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs'd,  
In being so blest? There may be in the Cup  
A Spider steep'd, and one may drinke; depart,  
And yet partake no venom: (for his knowledge  
Is not infected) but if one present  
Th'abhor'd Ingredient to his eye, make knowne  
How he hath drunke, he cracks his gorge, his sides  
With violent Hefts: I haue drunke, and seene the Spider.

*Camillo* was his helpe in this, his Pandar:

There is a Plot against my Life, my Crowne;  
All's true that is mistrusted: that false Villaine,  
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:  
He ha's discover'd my Designe, and I  
Remaine a pinch'd Thing; yea, a very Trick  
For them to play at will: how came the Posternes  
So easily open?

*Lord.* By his great authority,  
Which often hath no lesse preuail'd, then so,  
On your command.

*Leo.* I know't too well.

Giue me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurse him:  
Though he do's beare some signes of me, yet you  
Haue too much blood in him.

*Her.* What is this? Sport?

*Leo.* Beare the Boy hence, he shall not come about her,  
Away with him, and let her sport her selfe  
With that shee's big-with, for 'tis *Polixenes*  
Ha's made thee swell thus.

*Her.* But I'll say he had not;  
And Ile be sworne you would beleuee my saying,  
How e're you leane to th'Nay-ward.

*Leo.* You (my Lords)

Looke on her, marke her well: be but about  
To say she is a goodly Lady, and  
The iustice of your hearts will thereto adde  
'Tis pittie shee's not honest: Honorable;  
Prayfe her but for this her without-dore-Forme,  
(Which on my faith deserues high speech) and straight  
The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (these Petty-brands  
That Calumnie doth vse; Oh, I am out,  
That Mercy do's, for Calumnie will feare  
Vertue it selfe) these Shrugs, these Hum's, and Ha's,  
When you haue said shee's goodly, come betweene,  
Ere you can say shee's honest: But be't knowne  
(From him that ha's most cause to grieve it should be)  
Shee's an Adultresse.

*Her.* Should a Villaine say so,  
(The most replenish'd Villaine in the World)  
He were as much more Villaine: you (my Lord)  
Doe but mistake.

*Leo.* You haue mistooke (my Lady)

*Polixenes* for *Leontes*: O thou Thing,  
(Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place,  
Least Barbarisme (making me the precedent)

Should a like Language vse to all degrees,  
And mannerly distinction leaue out,  
Betwixt the Prince and Begger;) I haue said  
Shee's an Adultresse, I haue said with whom:  
More; shee's a Traytor, and *Camillo* is  
A Federarie with her, and one that knowes  
What she should shame to know her selfe,  
But with her most vild Principall: that shee's  
A Bed-swaruer, euen as bad as those  
That Vulgars giue bold't Titles; I, and priuie  
To this their late escape.

*Her.* No (by my life)

Priue to none of this: how will this grieve you,  
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that  
You thus haue publish'd me? Gentle my Lord,  
You scarce can right me thoroughly, then, to say  
You did mistake.

*Leo.* No: if I mistake

In those Foundations which I build vpon,  
The Centre is not bigge enough to beare  
A Schoole-Boyes Top. Away with her, to Prison:  
He who shall speake for her, is a farre-off guiltie,  
But that he speakes.

*Her.* There's some ill Planet raignes:

I must be patient, till the Heauens looke  
With an aspect more fauorable. Good my Lords,  
I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex  
Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew  
Perchance shall dry your pitties: but I haue  
That honorable Griefe lodg'd here, which burnes  
Worse then Teares drowne: 'beseech you all (my Lords)  
With thoughts so qualified, as your Charities  
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so  
The Kings will be perform'd.

*Leo.* Shall I be heard?

*Her.* Who is't that goes with me? 'beseech your Highnes  
My Women may be with me, for you see  
My plight requires it. Doe not weepe (good Fooles)  
There is no cause: When you shall know your Mistris  
Ha's deseru'd Prison, then abound in Teares,  
As I come out; this Action I now goe on,  
Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)  
I neuer wish'd to see you sorry, now  
I trust I shall: my Women come, you haue leaue.

*Leo.* Goe, doe our bidding: hence.

*Lord.* Beseech your Highnesse call the Queene againe.

*Antig.* Be certaine what you do (Sir) least your Iustice  
Proue violence, in the which three great ones suffer,  
Your Selfe, your Queene, your Sonne.

*Lord.* For her (my Lord)

I dare my life lay downe, and will do't (Sir)  
Please you t'accept it, that the Queene is spotlesse  
I'th' eyes of Heauen, and to you (I meane  
In this, which you accuse her.)

*Antig.* If it proue

Shee's otherwise, Ile keepe my Stables where  
I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her:  
Then when I feelee, and see her, no farther trust her:  
For euery ynoch of Woman in the World,  
I, euery dram of Womans flesh is false,  
If she be.

*Leo.* Hold your peaces.

*Lord.* Good my Lord.

*Antig.* It is for you we speake, not for our selues:  
You are abus'd, and by some putter on,  
That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villaine,

I would

Land-damne him : be she honor-flaw'd,  
three daughters : the eldest is cleuen;  
and, and the third, nine : and some five :  
owe true, they'l pay for't. By mine Honor  
em all : fourteene they shall not see  
false generations : they are co-heyes,  
id rather glib my selfe, then they  
ot produce faire issue.

ease, no more :  
ll this businesse with a fence as cold  
sad-mans nose : but I do see't, and feel't,  
ele doing thus : and see withall  
uments that feele.

If it be so,  
e no graue to burie honesty,  
ot a graine of it, the face to sweeten  
hole dungy-earth.  
Vhat? lacke I credit?  
I had rather you did lacke then I (my Lord)  
s ground : and more it would content me  
her Honor true, then your suspicion  
d for't how you might.

Why what neede we  
e with you of this? but rather follow  
full insigation? Our prerogative  
your Counsailes, but our naturall goodnesse  
his : which, if you, or stupified,  
ng so, in skill, cannot, or will not  
truth, like vs : informe your selues,  
: no more of your aduice : the matter,  
, the gaine, the ord'ring on't,  
perly ours.

And I wisht (my Liege)  
onely in your silent iudgement tride it,  
more ouerture.

low could that be?  
ou art most ignorant by age,  
wer't borne a foole : Camillo's flight  
their Familiarity  
vas as grosse, as euer touch'd coniecture,  
c'd fight onely, nought for approbation  
seeing, all other circumstances  
to'th deed) doth push-on this proceeding.  
greater confirmation

Acte of this importance, 'twere  
ous to be wilde) I hane dispatch'd in post,  
Delpbos, to Appollo's Temple,  
and Dion, whom you know  
-sufficiency : Now, from the Oracle  
I bring all, whose spirituall counsaile had  
, or spurte me. Haue I done well?  
Well done (my Lord.)

hough I am satisfide, and neede no more  
at I know, yet shall the Oracle  
to th'mindes of others ; such as he  
norant credulitie, will not  
to th'truth. So haue we thought it good  
free person, she should be confinde,  
the treachery of the two, fled hence,  
to performe. Come follow vs,  
speake in publike : for this businesse  
vs all.

To laughter, as I take it,  
d truth, were knowne.

Exeunt

## Scena Secunda.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Gaoler, Emilia.

Paul. The Keeper of the prison, call to him :  
Let him haue knowledge who I am. Good Lady,  
No Court in Europe is too good for thee,  
What dost thou then in prison? Now good Sir,  
You know me, do you not?

Gao. For a worthy Lady,  
And one, who much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,  
Condukt me to the Queene.

Gao. I may not (Madam)  
To the contrary I haue expresse commandment.

Paul. Here's a-do, to locke vp honesty & honour from  
Th'accesse of gentle visitors. Is't lawfull pray you  
To see her Women? Any of them? Emilia?

Gao. So please you (Madam)  
To put a-part these your attendants, I  
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now call her :  
Withdraw your selues.

Gao. And Madam,  
I must be present at your Conference.

Paul. Well : be't so : prethee.  
Heere's such a-do, to make no staine, a staine,  
As passes colouring. Deare Gentlewoman,  
How fares our gtacious Lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorne  
May hold together : On her frights, and greefes  
(Which neuer tender Lady hath borne greater)  
She is, something before her time, deliuer'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,  
Lusty, and like to liue : the Queene receiues  
Much comfort in't : Sayes, my poore prisoner,  
I am innocent as you,

Paul. I dare be sworne:  
These dangerous, vnsafe Lunes i'th'King, beshrew them:  
He must be told on't, and he shall : the office  
Becomes a woman best. Ile take't vpon me,  
If I proue hony-mouth'd, let my tongue blister.  
And neuer to my red-look'd Anger bee  
The Trumpet any more : pray you (Emilia)  
Commend my best obedience to the Queene,  
If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
I'll shew't the King, and vndertake to bee  
Her Aduocate to th'lowd'ft. We do not know  
How he may soften at the sight o'th'Childe :  
The silence often of pure innocence  
Periwades, when speaking failes.

Emil. Most worthy Madam,  
your honor, and your goodnesse is so euident,  
That your free vndertaking cannot misse  
A thriving yssue : there is no Lady liuing  
So meete for this great errand ; please your Ladiship  
To visit the next roome, Ile prefernly  
Acquaint the Queene of your most noble offer,  
Who, but to day hammered of this designe,  
But durst not tempt a minister of honour  
Least she should be deny'd.

Paul

*Paul.* Tell her (*Emilia*)  
 Ile vfe that tongue I haue : If wit flow from't  
 As boldnesse from my bosome, le't not be doubted  
 I shall do good,  
*Emil.* Now be you blest for it.  
 Ile to the Queene : please you come something neerer.  
*Gao.* Madam, if't please the Queene to send the babe,  
 I know not what I shall incurre, to passe it,  
 Hauing no warrant.

*Paul.* You neede not feare it (*fir*)  
 This Childe was prisoner to the wombe, and is  
 By Law and proceffe of great Nature, thence  
 Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a partie to  
 The anger of the King, nor guilty of  
 (If any be) the trespasse of the Queene.

*Gao.* I do beleue it.  
*Paul.* Do not you feare : vpon mine honor, I  
 Will stand betwixt you, and danger.

Exeunt

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Leontes, Seruants, Paulina, Antigonus,  
 and Lords.*

*Leo.* Nor night, nor day, no rest : It is but weaknesse  
 To beare the matter thus : meere weaknesse, if  
 The cause were not in being : part o'th cause,  
 She, th'Adultresse : for the harlot-King  
 Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke  
 And leuell of my braine : plot-prooffe : but shee,  
 I can hooke to me : say that she were gone,  
 Giuen to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
 Might come to me againe. Whose there?

*Ser.* My Lord.

*Leo.* How do's the boy?

*Ser.* He tooke good rest to night : 'tis hop'd  
 His sicknesse is discharg'd.

*Leo.* To see his Noblenesse,  
 Conceyuing the dishonour of his Mother.  
 He straight declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply,  
 Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himselfe :  
 Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,  
 And down-right languish'd. Leau me solely : goe,  
 See how he fares : Fie, fie, no thought of him,  
 The very thought of my Reuenges that way  
 Recoyle vpon me : in himselfe too mightie,  
 And in his parties, his Alliance ; Let him be,  
 Vntill a time may serue. For present vengeance  
 Take it on her : *Camillo, and Polixenes*  
 Laugh at me : make their pastime at my sorrow:  
 They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor  
 Shall she, within my powre.

*Enter Paulina.*

*Lord.* You must not enter.

*Paul.* Nay rather (good my Lords) be second to me :  
 Feare you his tyrannous passion more (alas)  
 Then the Queenes life ? A gracious innocent soule,  
 More free, then he is iealous.

*Antig.* That's enough.

*Ser.* Madam ; he hath not slept to night, commanded  
 None should come at him.

*Paul.* Not so hot (good Sir)  
 I come to bring him sleepe. 'Tis such as you

That creepe like shadowes by him, and do sight  
 At each his needlesse heauings : such as you  
 Nourish the cause of his awaking. I  
 Do come with words, as medicinall, as true ;  
 (Honest, as either;) to purge him of that humor,  
 That presses him from sleepe.

*Leo.* Who noyse there, hoe ?

*Paul.* No noyse (my Lord) but needfull conference,  
 About some Gossips for your Highnesse.

*Leo.* How ?

Away with that audacious Lady. *Antigonus,*  
 I charg'd thee that she should not come about me,  
 I knew she would.

*Ant.* I told her so (my Lord)  
 On your displeasures perill, and on mine,  
 She should not visit you.

*Leo.* What? canst not rule her ?

*Paul.* From all dishonestie he can : in this  
 (Vnlesse he take the course that you haue done)  
 Commit me, for committing honor, trust it,  
 He shall not rule me:

*Ant.* La-you now, you heare,  
 When she will take the raine, I let her run,  
 But shee'l not stumble.

*Paul.* Good my Liege, I come :  
 And I beseech you heare me, who professes  
 My selfe your loyall Seruant, your Physitian,  
 Your most obedient Counsaile : yet that dares  
 Lesse appeare so, in comforting your Euilles,  
 Then such as most seeme yours. I say, I come  
 From your good Queene.

*Leo.* Good Queene ?

*Paul.* Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene,  
 I say good Queene,  
 And would by combate, make her good so, were I  
 A man, the worst about you.

*Leo.* Force her hence.

*Paul.* Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes  
 First hand me : on mine owne accord, Ile off,  
 But first, Ile do my errand. The good Queene  
 (For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,  
 Heere 'tis : Commends it to your blessing.

*Leo.* Out :

A mankinde Witch ? Hence with her, out o'dore :  
 A most intelligencing bawd.

*Paul.* Not so :

I am as ignorant in that, as you,  
 In so entic'ling me : and no lesse honest  
 Then you are mad : which is enough, Ile warrant  
 (As this world goes) to passe for honest:

*Leo.* Traitors ;

Will you not push her out ? Giue her the Bastard,  
 Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd : vnrooted  
 By thy dame *Partlet* heere. Take vp the Bastard,  
 Take't vp, I say : giue't to thy Croane.

*Paul.* For euer

Vnuerable be thy hands, if thou  
 Tak'st vp the Princeesse, by that forced basenesse  
 Which he ha's put vpon't.

*Leo.* He dreads his Wife.

*Paul.* So I would you did : then 'twere past all doubt  
 You'd call your children, yours.

*Leo.* A nest of Traitors.

*Ant.* I am none, by this good light.

*Paul.* Nor I : nor any  
 But one that's heere : and that's himselfe : for he,

The

Honor of himselfe, his Queenes,  
 Il Sonnes, his Babes, betrayes to Slander,  
 g is sharper then the Swords; and will not  
 cafe now stands, it is a Curse  
 be compell'd too't) once remoue  
 of his Opinion, which is rotten,  
 like, or Stone was found.  
 Callat  
 Hee tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,  
 says me: This Brat is none of mine,  
 he of Polixenes.  
 it, and together with the Dam,  
 em to the fire.  
 is yours:  
 we lay th'old Prouerb to your charge,  
 'tis the worfe. Behold (my Lords)  
 he Print be little, the whole Matter  
 of the Father: (Eye, Nose, Lippe,  
 of's Frowne, his Fore-head, nay, the Valley,  
 dimples of his Chin, and Cheeke; his Smiles:  
 fold, and frame of Hand, Nayle, Finger.)  
 good Goddesse Nature, which hath made it  
 him that got it, if thou hast  
 ng of the Mind too, mongst all Colours  
 in't, least she suspect, as he do's,  
 en, not her Husbonds.  
 grosse Hagge:  
 l, thou art worthy to be hang'd,  
 not stay her Tongue.  
 hang all the Husbonds  
 it doe that Feat, you'll leaue your selfe  
 Subject.  
 ce more take her hence.  
 most vnworthy, and vnnaturall Lord  
 more.  
 ha' thee burnt.  
 care not:  
 retique that makes the fire,  
 ich burnes in't. Ile not call you Tyrant:  
 oft cruell vface of your Quene  
 o produce more accusation  
 owne weake-hindg'd Fancy) something fauors  
 ie, and will ignoble make you,  
 lous to the World.  
 your Allegiance,  
 Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,  
 e her life? she durst not call me so,  
 now me one. Away with her.  
 pray you doe not push me, Ile be gone.  
 our Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours: Ioue send her  
 iding Spirit. What needs these hands?  
 re thus so tender o're his Follyes,  
 doe him good, not one of you.  
 well, we are gone. *Exit.*  
 ou (Traytor) hast set on thy Wife to this.  
 away with't? euen thou, that hast  
 tender o're it, take it hence,  
 instantly consum'd with fire.  
 and none but thou. Take it vp straight:  
 t houre bring me word 'tis done,  
 od testimonie) or Ile seize thy life,  
 thou else call't thine: if thou refuse,  
 ncounter with my Wrath, say so;  
 l-braynes with these my proper hands  
 out. Goe, take it to the fire,  
 tt't to thy Wife.

*Antig.* I did not, Sir:  
 These Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they please,  
 Can cleare me in't.  
*Lords.* We can: my Royall Liege,  
 He is not guiltie of her comming hither.  
*Leo.* You're lyers all.  
*Lord.* Befeech your Highnesse, giue vs better credit:  
 We haue alwayes truly seru'd you, and befeech'  
 So to esteeme of vs: and on our knees we begge,  
 (As recompence of our deare seruices  
 Past, and to come) that you doe change this purpose,  
 Which being so horrible, so bloody, must  
 Lead on to some foule Issue. We all kneele.  
*Leo.* I am a Feather for each Wind that blows:  
 Shall I liue on, to see this Bastard kneele,  
 And call me Father? better burne it now,  
 Then curse it then. But be it: let it liue.  
 It shall not neyther. You Sir, come you hither:  
 You that haue beene so tenderly officious  
 With Lady Margerie, your Mid-wife there,  
 To saue this Bastards life; for 'tis a Bastard,  
 So sure as this Beard's gray. What will you aduenture,  
 To saue this Brats life?  
*Antig.* Any thing (my Lord)  
 That my abilitie may vndergoe,  
 And Noblesse impose: at least thus much;  
 Ile pawne the little blood which I haue left,  
 To saue the Innocent: any thing possible.  
*Leo.* It shall be possible: Swear by this Sword  
 Thou wilt performe my bidding.  
*Antig.* I will (my Lord.)  
*Leo.* Marke, and performe it: seest thou? for the faile  
 Of any point in't, shall not onely be  
 Death to thy selfe, but to thy lewd-tongu'd Wife,  
 (Whom for this time we pardon) We enioyne thee,  
 As thou art Liege-man to vs, that thou carry  
 This female Bastard hence, and that thou beare it  
 To some remote and desart place, quite out  
 Of our Dominions; and that there thou leaue it  
 (Without more mercy) to it owne protection,  
 And fauour of the Climate: as by strange fortune  
 It came to vs, I doe in Iustice charge thee,  
 On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodies torture,  
 That thou commend it strangely to some place,  
 Where Chance may nurse, or end it: take it vp.  
*Antig.* I sweare to doe this: though a present death  
 Had beene more mercifull. Come on (poore Babe)  
 Some powerfull Spirit instruct the Kytes and Rauens  
 To be thy Nurfes. Wolues and Beares, they say,  
 (Casting their sauagenesse aside) haue done  
 Like offices of Pitty. Sir, be prosperous  
 In more then this deed do's require; and Blessing  
 Against this Crueltie, fight on thy side  
 (Poore Thing, condemn'd to losse.) *Exit.*  
*Leo.* No: Ile not reare  
 Anothers Issue. *Enter a Seruant.*  
*Seru.* Please your Highnesse, Posts  
 From those you sent to th'Oracle, are come  
 An houre since: *Gleomines* and *Dion*,  
 Being well arriu'd from Delphos, are both landed,  
 Hasting to th' Court.  
*Lord.* So please you (Sir) their speed  
 Hath beene beyond accompt.  
*Leo.* Twentie three dayes  
 They haue beene absent: 'tis good speed: fore-tells  
 The great *Apollo* suddenly will haue

The truth of this appeare : Prepare you Lords,  
 Summon a Session, that we may arraigne  
 Our most disloyall Lady : for as she hath  
 Been publickly accus'd, so shall she haue  
 A iust and open Triall. While she liues,  
 My heart will be a burthen to me. Leauē me,  
 And thinke vpon my bidding. *Exeunt.*

### *Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Cleomines and Dion.*

*Cleo.* The Clymat's delicate, the Ayre most sweet,  
 Fertile the Isle, the Temple much surpassing  
 The common prayse it beares.

*Dion.* I shall report,  
 For most it caught me, the Celestiall Habits,  
 (Me thinks I so should terme them) and the reuerence  
 Of the graue Wearers. O, the Sacrifice,  
 How ceremonious, solemne, and vn-earthly  
 It was i'th'Offring?

*Cleo.* But of all, the burst  
 And the eare-deaff'ning Voyce o'th'Oracle,  
 Kin to Ioues Thunder, so surpriz'd my Sence,  
 That I was nothing.

*Dio.* If th'euent o'th'Iourney  
 Proue as successefull to the Queene (O be't so)  
 As it hath beene to vs, rare, pleasant, speedie,  
 The time is worth the vse on't.

*Cleo.* Great Apollo  
 Turne all to th'best : these Proclamations,  
 So forcing faults vpon *Hermione*,  
 I little like.

*Dio.* The violent carriage of it  
 Will cleare, or end the Businesse, when the Oracle  
 (Thus by *Apollo's* great Diuine seal'd vp)  
 Shall the Contents discover : something rare  
 Euen then will rush to knowledge. Go: fresh Horfes,  
 And gracious be the issue. *Exeunt.*

### *Scæna Secunda.*

*Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers : Hermione (as to her  
 Triall) Ladies : Cleomines, Dion.*

*Leo.* This Sessions (to our great griefe we pronounce)  
 Euen pushes 'gainst our heart. The partie try'd,  
 The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one  
 Of vs too much belou'd. Let vs be clear'd  
 Of being tyrannous, since we so openly  
 Proceed in Iustice, which shall haue due course,  
 Euen to the Guilt, or the Purgation :  
 Produce the Prisoner.

*Officer.* It is his Highnesse pleasure, that the Queene  
 Appeare in person, here in Court. *Silence.*

*Leo.* Reade the Indictment.

*Officer.* *Hermione, Queene to the worthy Leontes, King  
 of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of High Treason,  
 in committing Adultery with Polixenes King of Bohemia,*

*and conspiring with Camillo to take away the Life of our Soueraigne Lord the King, thy Royall Husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly layd open, thou (Hermione) contrary to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subject, didst counsel and ayde them, for their better safetie, to flye away by Night.*

*Her.* Since what I am to say, must be but that  
 Which contradicts my Accusation, and  
 The testimonie on my part, no other  
 But what comes from my selfe, it shall scarce boot me  
 To say, Not guiltie : mine Integrity  
 Being counted Falsehood, shall (as I expresse it)  
 Be so receiu'd. But thus, if Powres Diuine  
 Behold our humane Actions (as they doe)  
 I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make  
 False Accusation blush, and Tyrannie  
 Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) best know  
 (Whom least will seeme to doe so) my past life  
 Hath beene as continent, as chaste, as true,  
 As I am now vnhappy ; which is more  
 Then Historie can pattenne, though deuia'd,  
 And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me,  
 A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owe  
 A Moitie of the Throne : a great Kings Daughter,  
 The Mother to a hopesfull Prince, here standing  
 To prate and talke for Life, and Honor, fore  
 Who please to come, and heare. For Life, I prize it  
 As I weigh Griefe (which I would spare:) For Honor,  
 'Tis a deriuatiue from me to mine,  
 And onely that I stand for. I appeale  
 To your owne Conscience (Sir) before *Polixenes*  
 Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,  
 How merited to be so : Since he came,  
 With what encounter so vncurrent, I  
 Haue strayn'd t'appeare thus ; if one iot beyond  
 The bound of Honor, or in act, or will  
 That way enclining, hardned be the hearts  
 Of all that heare me, and my neer't of Kin  
 Cry sie vpon my Graue.

*Leo.* I ne're heard yet,  
 That any of these bolder Vices wanted  
 Lesse Impudence to gaine-say what they did,  
 Then to performe it first.

*Her.* That's true enough,  
 Though 'tis a saying (Sir) not due to me.

*Leo.* You will not owne it.

*Her.* More then Mistresse of,  
 Which comes to me in name of Fault, I must not  
 At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*  
 (With whom I am accus'd) I doe confesse  
 I lou'd him, as in Honor he requir'd :  
 With such a kind of Loue, as might become  
 A Lady like me ; with a Loue, euen such,  
 So, and no other, as your selfe commanded :  
 Which, not to haue done, I thinke had been in me  
 Both Disobedience, and Ingratitude  
 To you, and toward your Friend, whose Loue had spoke,  
 Euen since it could speake, from an Infant, freely,  
 That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie,  
 I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd  
 For me to try how : All I know of it,  
 Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man ;  
 And why he left your Court, the Gods themselues  
 (Wotting no more then I) are ignorant.

*Leo.* You knew of his departure, as you know  
 What you haue vndersta'ne to doe in's absence.

*Her.* Sir,

Sir,  
like a Language that I vnderstand not :  
stands in the leuell of your Dreames,  
He lay downe.  
Your Actions are my Dreames.  
I a Bastard by *Polixenes*,  
but dream'd it : As you were past all shame,  
of your Fact are so) so past all truth;  
so deny,concernes more then auails: for as  
t hath been cast out, like to it selfe,  
er owning it(which is indeed  
iminall in thee,then it) so thou  
le our lustice; in whose easiest passage,  
or no lesse then death.  
Sir, spare your Threats :  
I see which you would fright me with,I seeke:  
an Life be no commoditie;  
wne and comfort of my Life(your Faur)  
is lost, for I doe feele it gone,  
w not how it went. My second Ioy,  
t Fruits of my body, from his preface  
d,like one infectious. My third comfort  
most vnluckily) is from my breast  
nocent milke in it most innocent mouth)  
it to murder. My selfe on euery Post  
n'd a Strumpet: With immodest hatred  
ild-bed priuiledge deny'd, which longs  
nen of all fashion. Lastly, hurried  
this place,i'th' open ayre,before  
ot strength of limit. Now(my Liege)  
what blessings I haue here aliuie,  
ould feare to die? Therefore proceed :  
heare this : mistake me not : no Life,  
it not a straw) but for mine Honor,  
I would free: if I shall be condemn'd  
rmizes (all proofes sleeping else,  
at your lealouies awake) I tell you  
or, and not Law. Your Honors all,  
ferre me to the Oracle:  
e my Iudge.  
This your request  
ther iust : therefore bring forth  
Apollo's Name) his Oracle.  
The Emperor of Russia was my Father.  
he were aliuie, and here beholding  
ighters Tryall : that he did but see  
neffe of my miserie ; yet with eyes  
s, not Reuenge.  
r. You here shal sweare vpon this Sword of Iustice,  
ou (*Cleomines* and *Dion*) haue  
th at Delphos, and from thence haue brought  
il'd-vp Oracle, by the Hand deliuer'd  
t *Apollo's* Priest ; and that since then,  
ue not dar'd to breake the holy Seale,  
d the Secrets in't.  
*Dio*. All this we sweare.  
Breake vp the Seales, and read.  
r. *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blamelesse, Camillo*  
*Subiect, Leontes a ielous Tyrant, his innocent Babe*  
*gotten, and the King shall liue without an Heire, if that*  
*is lost, be not found.*  
s. Now blessed be the great *Apollo*.  
Prayfed.  
Hast thou read truth?  
I(my Lord) euen so as it is here set downe.  
There is no truth at all i'th'Oracle:

The Sessions shall proceed: this is meere falsehood.  
*Ser*. My Lord the King : the King?  
*Leo*. What is the businesse?  
*Ser*. O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.  
The Prince your Sonne, with meere conceit, and feare  
Of the Queenes speed, is gone.  
*Leo*. How? gone?  
*Ser*. Is dead.  
*Leo*. *Apollo's* angry, and the Heauens themselues  
Doe stuike at my Iniustice. How now there?  
*Paul*. This newes is mortall to the Queene: Look downe  
And see what Death is doing.  
*Leo*. Take her hence:  
Her heart is but o're-charg'd : she will recouer.  
I haue too much beleu'd mine owne suspicion:  
'Beseech you tenderly apply to her  
Some remedies for life. *Apollo* pardon  
My great prophaneesse 'gainst thine Oracle.  
He reconcile me to *Polixenes*,  
New woe my Queene, recall the good *Camillo*  
(Whom I proclaime a man of Truth, of Mercy):  
For being transported by my lealouies  
To bloody thoughts, and to reuenge, I chose  
*Camillo* for the minister, to poyson  
My friend *Polixenes*: which had been done,  
But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied  
My swift command : though I with Death, and with  
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,  
Not doing it, and being done : he (most humane,  
And fill'd with Honor) to my Kingly Guest  
Vnclasp'd my practise, quit his fortunes here  
(Which you knew great) and to the hazard  
Of all Incertainties, himselfe commended,  
No richer then his Honor: How he glisters  
Through my Rust? and how his Pietie  
Do's my meeds make the blacker?  
*Paul*. Woe the while:  
O cut my Lace, leaft my heart (cracking it)  
Breake too,  
*Lord*. What fit is this? good Lady?  
*Paul*. What studied torments (Tyrant) hast for me?  
What Wheels? Racks? Fires? What flaying? boyling?  
In Leads, or Oyles? What old, or newer Torture  
Must I receiue? whose euery word deserues  
To taste of thy most worst. Thy Tyranny  
(Together working with thy lealouies,  
Fancies too weake for Boyes, too greene and idle  
For Girles of Nine) O thinke what they haue done,  
And then run mad indeed : starke-mad : for all  
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.  
That thou betrayed'st *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing,  
(That did but shew thee, of a Foole, inconstant,  
And damnable ingratefull:) Nor was't much,  
Thou would'st haue poyson'd good *Camillo's* Honor,  
To haue him kill a King : poore Trespasser,  
More monstrous standing by : whereof I reckon  
The casting forth to Crowes, thy Baby-daughter,  
To be or none, or little ; though a Deuill  
Would haue shed water out of fire, ere don't :  
Nor is't directly layd to thee, the death  
Of the young Prince, whose honorable thoughts  
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart  
That could conceiue a grosse and foolish Sire  
Blemish'd his gracious Dam : this is not, no,  
Layd to thy answer: but the last: O Lords,  
When I haue said, cry woe: the Queene, the Queene,  
The



The sweet'ft. deer'ft creature's dead:& vengeance for't  
Not drop'd downe yet.

*Lord.* The higher powres forbid.

*Pau.* I say she's dead: Ile swear't. If word, nor oath  
Preuaile not, go and see: if you can bring  
Tincture, or lustre in her lip, her eye  
Heate outwardly, or breath within, Ile serue you  
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,  
Do not repent these things, for they are heauier  
Then all thy woes can stirre: therefore betake thee  
To nothing but dispaire. A thousand knees,  
Ten thousand yeares together, naked, fasting,  
Vpon a barren Mountaine, and still Winter  
In storme perpetuall, could not moue the Gods  
To looke that way thou wer't.

*Leo.* Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speake too much, I haue deferr'd  
All tongues to talke their bittrest.

*Lord.* Say no more;

How ere the businesse goes, you haue made fault  
I'th boldnesse of your speech.

*Pau.* I am sorry for't;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,  
I do repent: Alas, I haue shew'd too much  
The rashnesse of a woman: he is toucht  
To th' Noble heart. What's gone, and what's past helpe  
Should be past greefe: Do not receiue affliction  
At my petition; I beseech you, rather  
Let me be punish'd, that haue minded you  
Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege)  
Sir, Royall Sir, forgiue a foolish woman:  
The loue I bore your Queene (Lo, foole againe)  
Ile speake of her no more, nor of your Children:  
Ile not remember you of my owne Lord,  
(Who is lost too:) take your patience to you,  
And Ile say nothing.

*Leo.* Thou didst speake but well,  
When most the truth: which I receyue much better,  
Then to be pittied of thee. Prethee bring me.  
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne,  
One graue shall be for both: Vpon them shall  
The causes of their death appeare (vnto  
Our shame perpetuall) once a day, Ile visit  
The Chappell where they lye, and teares shed there  
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature  
Will beare vp with this exercise, so long  
I dayly vow to vse it. Come, and leade me  
To these sorrowes.

*Exeunt*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe, Sheepe-  
beard, and Clowne.*

*Ant.* Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht vpon  
The Desarts of *Bohemia*.

*Mar.* I (my Lord) and feare

We haue Landed in ill time: the skies looke grimly,  
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience  
The heauens with that we haue in hand, are angry,  
And frowne vpon's.

*Ant.* Their sacred wil's be done: go get a-board,  
Looke to thy barke, Ile not be long before

I call vpon thee.

*Mar.* Make your best Haste, and go not  
Too-farre i'th Land: 'tis like to be lowd weather,  
Besides this place is famous for the Creatures  
Of prey, that keepe vpon't.

*Antig.* Go thou away,  
Ile follow instantly.

*Mar.* I am glad at heart

To be so ridde o'th businesse.

*Exit*

*Ant.* Come, poore babe;

I haue heard (but not beleeu'd) the Spirits o'th' dead  
May walke againe: if such thing be, thy Mother  
Appear'd to me last night: for ne're was dreame  
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,  
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,  
I neuer saw a vessell of like forrow  
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white Robes  
Like very sanctity she did approach  
My Cabine where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,  
And (gasping to begin some speech) her eyes  
Became two spouts; the furie spent, anon  
Did this breake from her. Good *Antigonus*,  
Since Fate (against thy better disposition)  
Hath made thy person for the Thower-out  
Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,  
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,  
There weepe, and leaue it crying: and for the babe  
Is counted lost for euer, *Perdita*

I prethee call't: For this vngentle businesse  
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're shalt see  
Thy Wife *Paulina* more: and so, with shrieks  
She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,  
I did in time collect my selfe, and thought  
This was so, and no slumber: Dreames, are toys,  
Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,  
I will be squar'd by this. I do beleuee  
*Hermione* hath suffer'd death, and that  
*Apollo* would (this being indeede the issue  
Of King *Polixenes*) it should heere be laide  
(Either for life, or death) vpon the earth  
Of it's right Father. Blossome, speed thee well,  
There lye, and there thy charracter: there these,  
Which may if Fortune please, both breed thee (pretty)  
And still rest thine. The storme beginnes, poore wretch,  
That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd  
To losse, and what may follow. Weepe I cannot,  
But my heart bleedes: and most accur'd am I  
To be by oath enioyn'd to this. Farewell,  
The day frownes more and more: thou'rt like to haue  
A lullaby too rough: I neuer saw  
The heauens so dim, by day. A sauage clamor?  
Well may I get a-board: This is the Chace,  
I am gone for euer. *Exit pursued by a Boare.*

*Shep.* I would there were no age betweene ten and  
three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest:  
for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wenches  
with childe, wronging the Auncientry, stealing,  
fighting, hearke you now: would any but these boylike-  
braines of nineteene, and two and twenty hunt this wea-  
ther? They haue scarr'd away two of my best Sheepe,  
which I feare the Wolfe will sooner finde then the Mai-  
ster; if any where I haue them, 'tis by the sea-side, brow-  
zing of luy. Good-lucke (and't be thy will) what haue  
we heere? Mercy on's, a Barne? A very pretty barne; A  
boy, or a Childe I wonder? (A pretty one, a verie prettie  
one) sure some Scape; Though I am not bookish, yet I  
can

le Waiting-Gentlewoman in the scape: this has  
ome faire-worke, some Trunke-worke, some be-  
ore worke: they were warmer that got this,  
poore Thing is heere. Ile take it vp for pity, yet  
till my sonne come: he hallow'd but euen now.  
o-hoa.

*Enter Clowne.*

Hilloa, loa.

What? art so neere? If thou'lt see a thing to  
, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither:  
If thou, man?

haue scene two such fights, by Sea & by Land:  
not to say it is a Sea, for it is now the skie, be-  
Firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkins

Why boy, how is it?

would you did but see how it chafes, how it ra-  
it takes vp the shore, but that's not to the point:  
most pitteous cry of the poore foules, sometimes  
n, and not to see 'em: Now the Shippe boaring  
ne with her maine Mast, and anon swallowed  
t and froth, as you'd thrust a Corke into a hog-  
and then for the Land-seruice, to see how the  
re out his shoulder-bone, how he cride to mee  
, and said his name was *Antigonus*, a Nobleman:  
ake an end of the Ship, to see how the Sea flap-  
it: but first, how the poore foules roared, and  
nock'd them: and how the poore Gentleman roa-  
d the Beare mock'd him, both roaring lowder  
sea, or weather.

Name of mercy, when was this boy?

Now, now: I haue not wink'd since I saw these  
the men are not yet cold vnder water, nor the  
life din'd on the Gentleman: he's at it now.

Would I had bin by, to haue help'd the olde

would you had beene by the ship side, to haue  
; there your charity would haue lack'd footing.

Heauy matters, heauy matters: but looke thee  
y. Now blesse thy selfe: thou met'st with things  
with things new borne. Here's a fight for thee:  
hee, a bearing-cloath for a Squires childe: looke  
re, take vp, take vp (Boy:) open't: so, let's see, it  
me I should be rich by the Fairies. This is some  
ng: open't: what's within, boy?

'ou're a mad olde man: If the finnes of your  
: forgien you, you're well to liue. Golde, all

This is Faيري Gold boy, and 'twill proue so: vp  
eepe it close: home, home, the next way. We  
e (boy) and to bee so still requires nothing but

Let my sheepe go: Come (good boy) the next  
e.

o you the next way with your Findings, Ile go  
Beare bee gone from the Gentleman, and how  
hath eaten: they are neuer curst but when they  
ry: if there be any of him left, Ile bury it.

That's a good deed: if thou mayest discerne by  
h is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th'fight

'Marry will I: and you shall helpe to put him  
id.

'Tis a lucky day, boy, and wee'l do good deeds

*Exeunt*

## *Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Time, the Chorus.*

*Time.* I that please some, try all: both ioy and terror  
Of good, and bad: that makes, and vnolds error,  
Now take vpon me (in the name of Time)

To vse my wings: Impute it not a crime  
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide  
Ore sixteene yeeres, and leaue the growth vntride  
Of that wide gap, since it is in my powre  
To orethrow Law, and in one selfe-borne howre  
To plant, and ore-whelme Custome. Let me passe  
The same I am, ere ancient't Order was,  
Or what is now receiu'd. I witnesse to

The times that brought them in, so shall I do  
To th'freshest things now reigning, and make stale  
The glistering of this present, as my Tale

Now seemes to it: your patience this allowing,  
I turne my glasse, and giue my Scene such growing  
As you had slept betweene: *Leontes* leauing  
Th'effects of his fond ielousies, so greewing  
That he shuts vp himselfe. Imagine me  
(Gentle Spectators) that I now may be

In faire Bohemia, and remember well,  
I mentioned a sonne o'th'Kings, which *Florinell*

I now name to you: and with speed so pace  
To speake of *Perdita*, now growne in grace  
Equall with wond'ring. What of her insues

I list not prophesie: but let Times newes  
Be knowne when 'tis brought forth. A shepherds daugh-  
And what to her adheres, which followes after, (ter  
Is th'argument of Time: of this allow,  
If euer you haue spent time worfe, ere now:  
If neuer, yet that Time himselfe doth say,  
He wishes earnestly, you neuer may.

*Exit.*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.*

*Pol.* I pray thee (good *Camillo*) be no more importu-  
nate: 'tis a sicknesse denying thee any thing: a death to  
grant this.

*Cam.* It is fiftene yeeres since I saw my Country:  
though I haue (for the most part) bin ayred abroad, I de-  
fire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King  
(my Master) hath sent for me, to whose feeling sorrowes  
I might be some allay, or I oweeene to thinke so) which  
is another spurre to my departure.

*Pol.* As thou lou'st me (*Camillo*) wipe not out the rest  
of thy seruices, by leauing me now: the neede I haue of  
thee, thine owne goodnesse hath made: better not to  
haue had thee, then thus to want thee, thou hauing made  
me Businesse, (which none (without thee) can suffici-  
ently manage) must either stay to execute them thy selfe,  
or take away with thee the very seruices thou hast done:  
which if I haue not enough considered (as too much I  
cannot) to bee more thankefull to thee, shall bee my stu-  
die, and my profite therein, the heaping friendshippes.  
Of that fatall Country *Sicillia*, prethee speake no more,  
whose very naming, punnishes me with the remembrance

B b of

of that penitent (as thou calst him) and reconciled King my brother, whose losse of his most precious Queene & Children, are euen now to be a-fresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince *Florizell* my son? Kings are no lesse vnhappy, their issue, not being gracious, then they are in loofing them, when they haue approued their Vertues.

*Cam.* Sir, it is three dayes since I saw the Prince: what his happier affayres may be, are to me vnknowne: but I haue (mislingly) noted, he is of late much retyred from Court, and is lesse frequent to his Princely exercises then formerly he hath appeared.

*Pol.* I haue considered so much (*Camillo*) and with some care, so farre, that I haue eyes vnder my seruice, which looke vpon his remouednesse: from whom I haue this Intelligence, that he is feldome from the house of a most homely shepheard: a man (they say) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is growne into an vnspcakable estate.

*Cam.* I haue heard (sir) of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, then can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

*Pol.* That's likewise part of my Intelligence: but (I feare) the Angle that pluckes our sonne thither. Thou shalt accompany vs to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) haue some question with the shepheard; from whose simplicitie, I thinke it not vneasie to get the cause of my sonnes resort thither. 'Prethe be my present partner in this busines, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicillia.

*Cam.* I willingly obey your command.

*Pol.* My best *Camillo*, we must disguise our selues. *Exit*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Autolicus singing.*

*When Daffadils begin to peere,  
With beigh the Dooxy ouer the dale,  
Why then comes in the sweet o'the yeere,  
For the red blood rains in y' winters pale.*

*The white sheete bleaching on the bedge,  
With bey the sweet birds, O how they sing:  
Doth set my pugging tooth an edge,  
For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King.*

*The Larke, that tirra-Lyra chaunts,  
With beigh, the Thrush and the Lay:  
Are Summer songs for me and my Aunts  
While we lye tumbling in the bay.*

I haue seru'd Prince *Florizell*, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of seruice.

*'But shall I go mourne for that (my deere)  
the pale Moone shines by night:  
And when I wander here, and there  
I then do most go right.  
If Tinkers may haue leaue to liue,  
and beare the Sow-skin Bowget,  
Then my account I well may giue,  
and in the Stockes auouch-it.*

My Trafficke is sheetes: when the Kite builds, looke to lesser Linnen. My Father nam'd me *Autolicus*, who be-

ing (as I am) lytter'd vnder *Mercurie*, was likewise a snapper-up of vnconsidered trifles: With Dye and drab, I purchas'd this *Caparison*, and my Reuennue is the silly Cheate. Gallows, and Knocke, are too powerfull on the Highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to mee: For the life to come, I sleepe out the thought of it. A prize, a prize.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clo.* Let me see, euery Leauen-weather toddes, euery tod yeeldes pound and odde shilling: fiftene hundred thorne, what comes the wooll too?

*Aut.* If the springe hold, the Cocke's mine.

*Clo.* I cannot do't without Compters. Let mee see, what am I to buy for our Sheepe-shearing-Feast? Three pound of Sugar, five pound of Currence, Rice: What will this sister of mine do with Rice? But my father hath made her Mistris of the Feast, and she layes it on. Shee hath made-me four and twenty Nose-gayes for the sheers (three-man song-men, all, and very good ones) but they are most of them Meanes and Bases; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings Psalmes to horne-pipes. I must haue Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace: Dates, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegges, seven; a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Four pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reyfons o'th Sun.

*Aut.* Oh, that euer I was borne.

*Clo.* I'th' name of me.

*Aut.* Oh helpe me, helpe mee: plucke but off these ragges: and then, death, death.

*Clo.* Alacke poore soule, thou hast need of more rag to lay on thee, rather then haue these off.

*Aut.* Oh sir, the loathsomnesse of them offend mee, more then the stripes I haue receiued, which are mightie ones and millions.

*Clo.* Alas poore man, a million of beating may come to a great matter.

*Aut.* I am rob'd sir, and beaten: my money, and apparel tane from me, and these drestable things put vpon me.

*Clo.* What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

*Aut.* A footman (sweet sir) a footman.

*Clo.* Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee: If this bee a horsemans Coate, it hath seene very hot seruice. Lend me thy hand, Ile helpe thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

*Aut.* Oh good sir, tenderly, oh.

*Clo.* Alas poore soule.

*Aut.* Oh good sir, softly, good sir: I feare (sir) my shoulder-blade is out.

*Clo.* How now? Canst stand?

*Aut.* Softly, deere sir: good sir, softly: you ha done me a charitable office.

*Clo.* Doe'st lacke any mony? I haue a little mony for thee.

*Aut.* No, good sweet sir: no, I beseech you sir: I haue a Kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, vnto whome I was going: I shall there haue money, or anie thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you, that kills my heart.

*Clow.* What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd you?

*Aut.* A fellow (sir) that I haue knowne to goe about with Troll-my-dames: I knew him once a seruant of the Prince: I cannot tell good sir, for which of his Vertues it was, but hee was certainly Whipt out of the Court.

*Clo.*

vices you would say : there's no vertue whipt  
e Court : they cherish it to make it stay there ;  
will no more but abide.

Vices I would say (Sir.) I know this man well,  
ene since an Ape-bearer, then a Proceffe-seruer  
e) then hee compast a Motion of the Prodigall  
d married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where  
and Liuing lyes ; and (hauing flowne ouer ma-  
sh professions) he fetled onely in Rogue : some  
*Autolicus.*

at vpon him : Prig, for my life Prig:he haunts  
sires, and Beare-baitings.

'ery true sir : he sir hee : that's the Rogue that  
to this apparrell.

ot a more cowardly Rogue in all *Bobemia* ; If  
but look'd bigge, and spit at him, hee'd haue

must confesse to you (sir) I am no fighter : I am  
tart that way, & that he knew I warrant him.  
ow do you now ?

weet sir, much better then I was : I can stand,  
e : I will euen take my leaue of you, & pace soft-  
s my Kinsmans.

all I bring thee on the way ?

lo, good fac'd sir, no sweet sir.

hen fartheewell, I must go buy Spices for our  
aring. *Exit.*

rospere you sweet sir. Your purse is not hot e-  
purchase your Spice : Ile be with you at your  
aring too : If I make not this Cheat bring out  
and the sheerers proue sheepe, let me be vnrold,  
ame put in the booke of Vertue.

ing. *Log-on, log-on, the foot-path way,  
And merrily bent the stile-a :  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tyres in a Mile-a.*

*Exit.*

## Scena Quarta.

*lorizell, Perdita, Shepberd, Clowne, Polixenes, Ca-  
millo, Mopsa, Dorcas, Seruants, Autolicus.*

hefe your vnuall weeds, to each part of you  
a life : no Shepherdesse, but *Flora*  
n Aprils front. This your sheepe-shearing,  
eting of the petty Gods,  
the Queene on't.

Sir : my gracious Lord,  
at your extreames, it not becomes me :  
on, that I name them : your high selfe  
ous marke o'th' Land, you haue obscur'd  
waines wearing : and me (poore lowly Maide)  
ldesse-like prank'd vp : But that our Feasts  
Messe, haue folly ; and the Feeder  
th a Custome, I should blush  
u so attyr'd : sworne I thinke,  
my selfe a glasse.

blesse the time

y good Falcon, made her flight a-crosse  
ers ground.

Now Ioue afford you cause :

ie difference forges dread (your Greatnesse

Hath not beene vs'd to feare : ) euen now I tremble  
To thinke your Father, by some accident  
Should passe this way, as you did : Oh the Fates,  
How would he looke, to see his worke, so noble,  
Vildely bound vp ? What would he say ? Or how  
Should I (in these my borrowed Flaunts) behold  
The sternesse of his preface ?

*Flo. Apprehend*

Nothing but iollity : the Goddes themselues  
(Humbling their Deities to loue) haue taken  
The shap of Beasts vpon them. Iupiter,  
Became a Bull, and bellow'd : the greene Neptune  
A Ram, and bleated : and the Fire-roab'd-God  
Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine,  
As I seeme now. Their transformations,  
Were neuer for a peece of beauty, rarer,  
Nor in a way so chaste : since my desires  
Run not before mine honor : nor my Lusts  
Burne hotter then my Faith.

*Perd. O but Sir,*

Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis  
Oppos'd (as it must be) by th'powre of the King :  
One of these two must be necessities,  
Which then will speake, that you must change this pur-  
Or I my life. (poise,

*Flo. Thou deer'st Perdita,*

With these forc'd thoughts, I prethee darken not  
The Mirth o'th' Feast : Or Ile be thine (my Faire)  
Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be  
Mine owne, nor any thing to any, if  
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,  
Though destiny say no. Be merry (Gentle)  
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing  
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming :  
Lift vp your countenance, as it were the day  
Of celebration of that nuptiall, which  
We two haue sworne shall come.

*Perd. O Lady Fortune,*

Stand you auspicious.

*Flo. See, your Guests approach,  
Addressse your selfe to entertaine them sprightly,  
And let's be red with mirth.*

*Step. Fy (daughter) when my old wife liu'd : vpon  
This day, she was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke,  
Both Dame and Seruant : Welcom'd all : seru'd all,  
Would sing her song, and dance her turne : now heere  
At vpper end o'th Table ; now, i'th middle :  
On his shoulder, and his : her face o'fire  
With labour, and the thing she tooke to quench it  
She would to each one sip. You are retired,  
As if you were a feasted one : and not  
The Hostesse of the meeting : Pray you bid  
These vnknowne friends to's welcome, for it is  
A way to make vs better Friends, more knowne.  
Come, quench your blushes, and present your selfe  
That which you are, Mistris o'th' Feast. Come on,  
And bid vs welcome to your sheepe-shearing,  
As your good flocke shall prosper.*

*Perd. Sir, welcome :*

It is my Fathers will, I should take on mee  
The Hostesseship o'th' day : you're welcome sir.  
Giue me those Flowres there (*Dorcas.*) Reuerend Sirs,  
For you, there's Rosemary, and Rue, these keepe  
Seeming, and sauour all the Winter long :  
Grace, and Remembrance be to you both,  
And welcome to our Shearing.

B b 2

*Pol.*

*Pol.* Shepherdess,  
(A faire one are you:) well you fit our ages  
With flowres of Winter.

*Perd.* Sir, the yeare growing ancient,  
Not yet on summers death, nor on the birth  
Of trembling winter, the fayrest flowres o'th season  
Are our Carnations, and streak'd Gilly-vors,  
(Which some call Natures bastards) of that kind  
Our rusticke Gardens barren, and I care not  
To get slips of them.

*Pol.* Wherefore (gentle Maiden)  
Do you neglect them.

*Perd.* For I haue heard it said,  
There is an Art, which in their pidenesse shares  
With great creating-Nature.

*Pol.* Say there be:  
Yet Nature is made better by no meane,  
But Nature makes that Meane: so ouer that Art,  
(Which you say addes to Nature) is an Art  
That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry  
A gentler Sien, to the wildest Stocke,  
And make conceyue a barke of safer kinde  
By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art  
Which do's mend Nature: change it rather, but  
The Art it selfe, is Nature.

*Perd.* So it is.

*Pol.* Then make you Garden rich in Gilly'vors,  
And do not call them bastards.

*Perd.* Ile not put  
The Dible in earth, to set one slip of them:  
No more then were I painted, I would wish  
This youth should say 'twere well: and onely therefore  
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowres for you:  
Hot Lauender, Mints, Sauory, Mariorum,  
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with Sun,  
And with him rises, weeping: These are flowres  
Of middle summer, and I thinke they are giuen  
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.

*Cam.* I should leaue grasing, were I of your flocke,  
And onely lye by gazing.

*Perd.* Out alas:  
You'd be so leane, that blasts of Ianuary (Friend,  
Would blow you through and through. Now (my fairest  
I would I had some Flowres o'th Spring, that might  
Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,  
That weare vpon your Virgin-branches yet  
Your Maiden-heads growing: O *Proserpina*,  
For the Flowres now, that (frighted) thou let'st fall  
From *Dyffes* Waggon: Daffadils,  
That come before the Swallow dares, and take  
The windes of March with beauty: Violets (dim,  
But sweeter then the lids of *Iuno's* eyes,  
Or *Cytherea's* breath) pale Prime-roses,  
That dye vnmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright *Phœbus* in his strength (a Maladie  
Most incident to Maids:) bold Oxlips, and  
The Crowne Imperiall: Lillies of all kinds,  
(The Flowre-de-Luce being one.) O, these I lacke,  
To make you Garlands of) and my sweet friend,  
To strew him o're, and ore.

*Flo.* What? like a Coarse?

*Perd.* No, like a banke, for Loue to lye, and play on:  
Not like a Coarse: or if: not to be buried,  
But quicke, and in mine armes. Come, take your flours,  
Me thinks I play as I haue seene them do  
In Whitson-Pastorals: Sure this Robe of mine

Do's change my disposition:

*Flo.* What you do,  
Still betteres what is done. When you speake (Sweet)  
I'd haue you do it euer: When you sing,  
I'd haue you buy, and sell so: so giue Almes,  
Pray so: and for the ord'ring your Affayres,  
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you  
A waue o'th Sea, that you might euer do  
Nothing but that: moue still, still so:  
And owne no other Function. Each your doing,  
(So singular, in each particular)  
Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,  
That all your Actes, are Queenes.

*Perd.* O *Doricles*,  
Your praises are too large: but that your youth  
And the true blood which peepes fairely through't,  
Do plainly giue you out an vnstain'd Sphepherd  
With wisdome, I might feare (my *Doricles*)  
You woo'd me the false way.

*Flo.* I thinke you haue  
As little skill to feare, as I haue purpose  
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray,  
Your hand (my *Perdita*;) so Turtles paire  
That neuer meane to part.

*Perd.* Ile sweare for 'em.

*Pol.* This is the prettiest Low-borne Lasse, that euer  
Ran on the greene-ford: Nothing she do's, or seemes  
But smackes of something greater then her selfe,  
Too Noble for this place.

*Cam.* He tels her something  
That makes her blood looke on't: Good sooth she is  
The Queene of Curds and Creame.

*Clo.* Come on: strike vp.

*Dorcas.* *Mopja* must be your Mistris: marry Garlick  
to mend her kissing with.

*Mop.* Now in good time.

*Clo.* Not a word, a word, we stand vpon our manners,  
Come, strike vp.

Heere a Dancke of Shepheards and  
Shepheardesses.

*Pol.* Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this,  
Which dances with your daughter?

*Shep.* They call him *Doricles*, and boasts himselfe  
To haue a worthy Feeding; but I haue it  
Vpon his owne report, and I beleuee it:  
He lookes like sooth: he sayes he loues my daughter,  
I thinke so too; for neuer gaz'd the Moone  
Vpon the water, as hee'l stand and reade  
As 'twere my daughters eyes: and to be plaine,  
I thinke there is not halfe a kisse to choose  
Who loues another best.

*Pol.* She dances featly.

*Shep.* So she do's any thing, though I report it  
That should be silent: If yong *Doricles*  
Do light vpon her, she shall bring him that  
Which he not dreames of.

Enter Seruant.

*Ser.* O Master: if you did but heare the Pedler at the  
doore, you would neuer dance againe after a Tabor and  
Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not moue you: hee sings  
seuerall Tunes, faster then you'll tell money: hee vtters  
them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens eares grew to  
his Tunes.

*Clo.* He could neuer come better: hee shall come in:  
I loue a ballad but euen too well, if it be dolefull matter  
merrily set downe: or a very pleasant thing indeede, and  
sung lamentably.

Ser.

Ser. He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes: Milliner can so fit his cntomers with Gloues: he has prettiest Loue-songs for Maids, so without bawdrie high is strange,) with such delicate burthens of Dill-s and Fadings: Jump-her, and thump-her; and where he stretch-mouth'd Rascall, would (as it were) meane cheefe, and breake a fowle gap into the Matter, hee kes the maid to answere, *W'hoop, doe me no barme good*: put's him off, flights him, with *W'hoop, doe mee no me good man*.

Pol. This is a braue fellow.

Jo. Beleeue mee, thou talkest of an admirable coned fellow, has he any vnbraided Wares?

Ser. Hee hath Ribbons of all the colours i'th Raine-v; Points, more then all the Lawyers in *Bohemia*, can nedly handle, though they come to him by th'grosse: kles, Caddysses, Cambrickes, Lawnes: why he sings ouer, as they were Gods, or Goddeses: you would ke a Smocke were a shee-Angell, he so chauntes to sheue-hand, and the worke about the square on't.

Jo. Pre'thee bring him in, and let him approach singing.

Perd. Forewarne him, that he vse no scurrilous words tunes.

Now. You haue of these Pedlers, that haue more in m, then you'd thinke (Sister.)

Perd. I, good brother, or go about to thinke.

*Enter Autolucus singing.*  
*Lavone as white as driuen Snow,*  
*Cypresse blacke as ere was Crow,*  
*Gloues as sweete as Damaske Roses,*  
*Maske for faces, and for noses:*  
*Bugle-bracelet, Necke-lace Amber,*  
*Perfume for a Ladies Chamber:*  
*Golden Quoifes, and Stomachers*  
*For my Lads, to giue their deers:*  
*Pins, and poaking-stickes of Steele.*  
*What Maids lacks from bead to beele:*  
*Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,*  
*Buy Lads, or else your Lasses cry: Come buy.*

Jo. If I were not in loue with *Mopsa*, thou shouldst e no money of me, but being enthrall'd as I am, it will be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Gloues.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the Feast, but they re not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more then that, or there yars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'May be has paid you more, which will shame you to giue him ne.

Jo. Is there no manners left among maids? Will they re their plackets, where they should bear their faces? here not milking-time? When you are going to bed? kill-hole? To whistle of these secrets, but you must tittle-tatling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are spring-clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I haue done; Come you ptomis'd me a tawdry-, and a paire of sweet Gloues.

Jo. Haue I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the, and lost all my money.

Sur. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, ther-it behooues men to be wary.

Jo. Feare not thou man, thou shalt lose nothing here sur. I hope so sir, for I haue about me many parcelsARGE.

Clo. What hast heere? Ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy some: I loue a ballet in print, a life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very dolefull tune, how a Vfur-rers wife was brought to bed of twenty money baggs at a burthen, and how she long'd to eate Adders heads, and Toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, thinke you?

Aut. Very true, and but a moneth old.

Dor. Blesse me from marrying a Vfurter.

Aut. Here's the Midwiues name to't: one Mist. Tale-Porter, and fise or six honest Wiues, that were present. Why should I carry lyes abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now buy it.

Clo. Come-on, lay it by: and let's first see moe Bal-lads: Wee'l buy the other rhings anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a Fish, that appeared vpon the coast, on wensday the fourescore of April, fortie thousand fadom aboue water, & sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a Wo-man, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for the wold not ex-change flesh with one that lou'd her: The Ballad is very pittifull, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, thinke you.

Autol. Five Iustices hands at it, and witneses more then my packe will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too; another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's haue some merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of two maids wooing a man: there's scarce a Maide westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt beare a part, thou shalt heare, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't, a month agoe.

Aut. I can beare my part, you must know 'tis my oc-cupation: Haue at it with you.

Song Get you hence, for I must goe

Aut. Where it fits not you to know.

Dor. Whether?

Mop. O whether?

Dor. Whether?

Mop. It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell.

Dor: Me too: Let me go whether:

Mop Or thou goest to th'Grange, or Mill,

Dor: If to either thou dost ill,

Aut: Neither.

Dor: What neither?

Aut: Neither:

Dor: Thou hast sworne my Loue to be,

Mop Thou hast sworne it more to mee.

Then whether goest? Say whether?

Clo. Wee'l haue this song out anon by our selues: My Father, and the Gent. are in sad talke, & wee'll not trouble them: Come bring away thy pack after me, Wenches lle buy for you both: Pedler let's haue the first choic; follow me girles.

Aut: And you shall pay well for 'em.

Song. Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Crpe?

My dainty Ducks, my deere-a?

Any Silke, any Thred, any Toyes for your bead

Of the new'st, and fims't, fims't weare-a.

Come to the Pedler, Money's a medler,

That doth utter all mens ware-a.

Exi,

Servant. Mayster, there is three Carters, three Shep-herds, three Neat-herds, three Swine-herds y haue mad-

B b 3

them.

'hemselfes all men of haire, they cal themselves Saltiers, and they haue a Dance, which the Wenches say is a galley-maufrey of Gambols, because they are not in't : but they themselfes are o'th'minde (if it bee not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

*Skep.* Away : Wee'l none on't ; heere has beene too much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) wee wearie you.

*Pol.* You wearie those that refresh vs : pray let's see these foure-threes of Heardsmen.

*Ser.* One three of them, by their owne report (Sir,) hath danc'd before the King : and not the worst of the three, but iumps twelue foote and a halfe by th'squire.

*Skep.* Leauue your prating, since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in : but quickly now.

*Ser.* Why, they stay at doore Sir.

*Heere a Dance of twelue Satyres.*

*Pol.* O Father, you'l know more of that heereafter: Is it not too farre gone ? 'Tis time to part them, He's simple, and tels much. How now (faire shepheard) Your heart is full of something, that do's take Your minde from feasting. Sooth, when I was yong, And handed loue, as you do ; I was wont To load my Shee with knackes : I would haue ranfackt The Pedlers silken Treasury, and haue powr'd it To her acceptance : you haue let him go, And nothing marted with him. If your Lasse Interpretation should abuse, and call this Your lacke of loue, or bounty, you were straited For a reply at least, if you make a care Of happie holding her.

*Flo.* Old Sir, I know She prizes not such trifles as these are : The gifts she lookes from me, are packt and lockt Vp in my heart, which I haue giuen already, But not deliuer'd. O heare me breath my life Before this ancient Sir, whom (it should seeme) Hath sometime lou'd : I take thy hand, this hand, As soft as Doves-downe, and as white as it, Or Ethiopians tooth, or the fan'd snow, that's bolted By th'Northerne blasts, twice ore.

*Pol.* What followes this ? How prettily th'yong Swaine seemes to wath The hand, was faire before ? I haue put youout, But to your protestation : Let me heare What you professe.

*Flo.* Do, and be witnesse too't.

*Pol.* And this my neighbour too ?

*Flo.* And he, and more

Then he, and men : the earth, the heauens, and all ; That were I crown'd the most Imperiall Monarch Thereof most worthy : were I the fayrest youth That euer made eye swerue, had force and knowledge More then was euer mans, I would not prize them Without her Loue ; for her, employ them all, Commend them, and condemne them to her seruice, Or to their owne perdition.

*Pol.* Fairly offer'd.

*Cam.* This shewes a sound affection.

*Skep.* But my daughter, Say you the like to him.

*Per.* I cannot speake So well, (nothing so well) no, nor meane better By th'patterne of mine owne thoughts, I cut out The purtie of his.

*Skep.* Take hands, a bargaine ; And friends vnknowne, you shall beare witnesse to't : I giue my daughter to him, and will make Her Portion, equall his.

*Flo.* O, that must bee I'th Vertue of your daughter : One being dead, I shall haue more then you can dreame of yet, Enough then for your wonder : but come-on, Contract vs fore these Witnessees.

*Skep.* Come, your hand : And daughter, yours.

*Pol.* Soft Swaine a-while, beseech you, Haue you a Father ?

*Flo.* I haue : but what of him ?

*Pol.* Knowes he of this ?

*Flo.* He neither do's, nor shall.

*Pol.* Me-thinks a Father, Is at the Nuptiall of his sonne, a guest That best becomes the Table : Pray you once more Is not your Father growne incapeable Of reasonable affayres ? Is he not stupid With Age, and altring Rheumes ? Can he speake ? heare ? Know man, from man ? Dispute his owne estate ? Lies he not bed-rid ? And againe, do's nothing But what he did, being childish ?

*Flo.* No good Sir : He has his health, and ampler strength indeede Then most haue of his age.

*Pol.* By my white beard, You offer him (if this be so) a wrong Something vnfilliall : Reason my sonne Should choofe himselfe a wife, but as good reason The Father (all whose ioy is nothing else But faire posterity) should hold some counsaile In such a businesse.

*Flo.* I yeeld all this ; But for some other reasons (my graue Sir) Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint My Father of this businesse.

*Pol.* Let him know't.

*Flo.* He shall not.

*Pol.* Prethee let him.

*Flo.* No, he must not.

*Skep.* Let him (my sonne) he shall not need to greeue At knowing of thy choise.

*Flo.* Come, come, he must not : Marke our Contract.

*Pol.* Marke your diuorce (yong sir) Whom sonne I dare not call : Thou art too base To be acknowledge. Thou a Scepters heire, That thus affects a sheepe-hooke ? Thou, old Traitor, I am sorry, that by hanging thee, I can but shorten thy life one weeke. And thou, fresh pecc Of excellent Witchcraft, whom of force must know The royall Foole thou coap't with.

*Skep.* Oh my heart.

*Pol.* Ile haue thy beauty scratcht with briers & made More homely then thy state. For thee (fond boy) If I may euer know thou dost but sigh, That thou no more shalt neuer see this knacke (as neuer I meane thou shalt) wee'l barre thee from succession, Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin, Farre then *Deucalion* off : (marke thou my words) Follow vs to the Court. Thou Churle, for this time (Though full of our displeasure) yet we free thee From the dead blow of it. And you Enchantment,

Wor

enough a Heardsman : yea him too,  
 kes himselfe (but for our Honor therein)  
 by thee. If euer henceforth, thou  
 rill Latches, to his entrance open,  
 his body more, with thy embraces,  
 uife a death, as cruell for thee  
 art tender to't.

*Exit.*

Euen heere vndone :  
 t much a-fear'd : for once, or twice  
 out to speake, and tell him plainly,  
 e same Sun, that shines vpon his Court,  
 t his visage from our Cottage, but  
 n alike. Wilt please you (Sir) be gone?  
 u what would come of this : Befeech you  
 owne state take care : This dreame of mine  
 w awake, Ile Queene it no inch farther,  
 te my Ewes, and weepe.  
 Why how now Father,  
 re thou dyest.

I cannot speake, nor thinke,  
 : to know, that which I know : O Sir,  
 e vndone a man of fourescore three,  
 ought to fill his graue in quiet : yea,  
 vpon the bed my father dy'de,  
 lose by his honest bones ; but now  
 angman must put on my shrowd, and lay me  
 so Priest shouels-in dust. Oh cursed wretch,  
 ew'ft this was the Prince, and wouldst aduenture  
 gle faith with him. Vndone, vndone :  
 ht dye within this houre, I haue liu'd  
 when I desire.

*Exit.*

Why looke you so vpon me?  
 : forry, not affear'd : delaid,  
 aing altdred : What I was, I am :  
 aining on, for plucking backe ; not following  
 : vnwillingly.

Gracious my Lord,  
 ow my Fathers temper : at this time  
 allow no speech : (which I do ghesse  
 not purpose to him :) and as hardly  
 endure your fight, as yet I feare ;  
 l the fury of his Highnesse settle  
 ot before him.

I not purpose it :

*Camillo.*

Euen he, my Lord.  
 How often haue I told you 'twould be thus?  
 en said my dignity would last  
 'twere knowne?

It cannot faile, but by  
 lation of my faith, and then  
 are cruell the sides o'th earth together,  
 rre the seeds within. Lift vp thy lookes :  
 y succession wipe me (Father) I  
 re to my affection.

Be aduis'd.

I am : and by my fancie, if my Reason  
 re to be obedient : I haue reason :  
 ny fences better pleas'd with madnesse,  
 t welcome.

This is desperate (fir.)

to call it : but it do's fulfill my vow :  
 must thinke it honestly. *Camillo,*  
*Bobemia*, nor the pompe that may  
 at gleaned : for all the Sun sees, or  
 fe earth wombes, or the profound seas, hides

In vnknowne fadomes, will I breake my oath  
 To this my faire below'd : Therefore, I pray you,  
 As you haue euer bin my Fathers honour'd friend,  
 When he shall misse me, as (in faith I meane not  
 To see him any more) cast your good counsailes  
 Vpon his pafsion : Let my selfe, and Fortune  
 Tug for the time to come. This you may know,  
 And so deliuer, I am put to Sea  
 With her, who heere I cannot hold on shore:  
 And most opportune to her neede, I haue  
 A Vessell rides fast by, but not prepar'd  
 For this designe. What course I meane to hold  
 Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor  
 Concerne me the reporting.

*Cam.* O my Lord,  
 I would your spirit were easier for aduice,  
 Or stronger for your neede.

*Flo.* Hearke *Perdita*,  
 Ile heare you by and by.

*Cam.* Hee's irremouable,  
 Resolu'd for flight : Now were I happy if  
 His going, I could frame to serue my turne,  
 Saue him from danger, do him loue and honor,  
 Purchase the fight againe of deere Sicillia,  
 And that vnhappy King, my Master, whom  
 I so much thirst to see.

*Flo.* Now good *Camillo*,  
 I am so fraught with curious businesse, that  
 I leaue out ceremony.

*Cam.* Sir, I thinke  
 You haue heard of my poore seruices, i'th loue  
 That I haue borne your Father?

*Flo.* Very nobly  
 Haue you deferu'd : It is my Fathers Musicke  
 To speake your deeds : not little of his care  
 To haue them recompenc'd, as thought on.

*Cam.* Well (my Lord)  
 If you may please to thinke I loue the King,  
 And through him, what's neereft to him, which is  
 Your gracious selfe ; embrace but my direction,  
 If your more ponderous and settled proiect  
 May suffer alteration. On mine honor,  
 Ile point you where you shall haue such receiuing  
 As shall become your Highnesse, where you may  
 Enioy your Mistis ; from the whom, I see  
 There's no disunction to be made, but by  
 (As heauens forefend) your ruine : Marry her,  
 And with my best endeouours, in your absence,  
 Your discontenting Father, strue to qualifie  
 And bring him vp to liking.

*Flo.* How *Camillo*  
 May this (almost a miracle) be done?  
 That I may call thee something more then man,  
 And after that trust to thee.

*Cam.* Haue you thought on  
 A place whereto you'll go?

*Flo.* Not any yet :  
 But as th'vnthought-on accident is guiltie  
 To what we wildely do, so we professe  
 Our selues to be the slaues of chance, and flies  
 Of euery winde that blowes.

*Cam.* Then list to me :  
 This followes, if you will not change your purpose  
 But vndergo this flight ; make for Sicillia,  
 And there present your selfe, and your fayre Princeffe,  
 (For so I see she must be) 'fore *Leontes* ;

Shee



She shall be habited, as it becomes  
The partner of your Bed. Me thinkes I see  
*Leontes* opening his free Armes, and weeping  
His Welcomes forth: asks thee there Sonne forgiuenesse,  
As 'twere i'th' Fathers person: kisses the hands  
Of your fresh Princeesse; ore and ore diuides him,  
'Twixt his vnkindnesse, and his Kindnesse: th'one  
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow  
Faster then Thought, or Time.

*Flo.* Worthy *Camillo*,  
What colour for my Visitation, shall I  
Hold vp before him?

*Cam.* Sent by the King your Father  
To greet him, and to giue him comforts. Sir,  
The manner of your bearing towards him, with  
What you (as from your Father) shall deliuer,  
Things knowne betwixt vs three, Ile write you downe,  
The which shall point you forth at euery sitting  
What you must say: that he shall not perceiue,  
But that you haue your Fathers Bosome there,  
And speake his very Heart.

*Flo.* I am bound to you:  
There is some sappe in this.

*Cam.* A Course more promising,  
Then a wild dedication of your selues  
To vnpath'd Waters, vndream'd Shores; most certaine,  
To Miseries enough: no hope to helpe you,  
But as you shake off one, to take another:  
Nothing so certaine, as your Anchors, who  
Doe their best office, if they can but stay you,  
Where you'll be loth to be: besides you know,  
Prosperitie's the very bond of Loue,  
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,  
Affliction alters.

*Perd.* One of these is true:  
I thinke Affliction may subdue the Cheeke,  
But not take-in the Mind.

*Cam.* Yea? say you so?  
There shall not, at your Fathers House, these seuen yeeres  
Be borne another such.

*Flo.* My good *Camillo*,  
She's as forward, of her Breeding, as  
She is i'th' reare 'our Birth.

*Cam.* I cannot say, 'tis pitty  
She lacks Instructions, for she seemes a Mistresse  
To most that teach.

*Perd.* Your pardon Sir, for this,  
Ile blush you Thanks.

*Flo.* My prettiest *Perdita*.  
But O, the Thornes we stand vpon: (*Camillo*)  
Preseruer of my Father, now of me,  
The Medicine of our House: how shall we doe?  
We are not furnish'd like *Bobemia's* Sonne,  
Nor shall appeare in *Scilia*.

*Cam.* My Lord,  
Feare none of this: I thinke you know my fortunes  
Doe all lye there: it shall be so my care,  
To haue you royally appointed, as if  
The Scene you play, were mine. For instance Sir,  
That you may know you shall not want: one word.

*Enter Autolycus.*

*Aut.* Ha, ha, what a Foole Honestie is? and Trust (his  
sworne brother) a very simple Gentleman. I haue sold  
all my Tromperie: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon,  
Glasse, Pomander, Browch, Table-booke, Ballad, Knife,  
Tape, Gloue, Shooe-tye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keepe

my Pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first,  
as if my Trinkets had bene hallowed, and brought a be-  
nediction to the buyer: by which meanes, I saw whose  
Purse was best in Picture; and what I saw, to my good  
vse, I remembred. My Clowne (who wants but some-  
thing to be a reasonable man) grew so in loue with the  
Wench's Song, that hee would not stirre his Petty-toes,  
till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the rest  
of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences stucke in  
Eares: you might haue pinch'd a Placket, it was sence-  
lesse; 'twas nothing to gould a Cod-peece of a Purse: I  
would haue fill'd Keyes of that hung in Chaynes: no  
hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the  
Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargie, I pick'd  
and cut most of their Festiual Purfes: And had not the  
old-man come in with a Whoo-bub against his Daugh-  
ter, and the Kings Sonne, and scar'd my Chowghes from  
the Chaffe, I had not left a Purse aliue in the whole  
Army.

*Cam.* Nay, but my Letters by this meanes being there  
So soone as you arriue, shall cleare that doubt.

*Flo.* And those that you'll procure from King *Leontes*?

*Cam.* Shall satisfie your Father.

*Perd.* Happy be you:  
All that you speake, shewes faire.

*Cam.* Who haue we here?  
Wee'll make an Instrument of this: omit  
Nothing may giue vs aide.

*Aut.* If they haue ouer-heard me now: why hanging.

*Cam.* How now (good Fellow)  
Why shak'st thou so? Feare not (man)  
Here's no harme intended to thee.

*Aut.* I am a poore Fellow, Sir.

*Cam.* Why, be so still: here's no body will steale that  
from thee: yet for the out-side of thy pouertie, we must  
make an exchange; therefore dis-case thee instantly (thou  
must thinke there's a necessitie in't) and change Garments  
with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on his  
side) be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

*Aut.* I am a poore Fellow, Sir: (I know ye well  
enough.)

*Cam.* Nay prethee dispatch: the Gentleman is halfe  
sleed already.

*Aut.* Are you in earnest, Sir? (I smell the trick on't.)

*Flo.* Dispatch, I prethee.

*Aut.* Indeed I haue had Earnest, but I cannot with  
conscience take it.

*Cam.* Vnbuckle, vnbuckle.

Fortunate Mistresse (let my prophetic  
Come home to ye:) you must retire your selfe  
Into some Couert; take your sweet-hearts Hat  
And pluck it ore your Browes, muffle your face,  
Dis-mantle you, and (as you can) disliken  
The truth of your owne seeming, that you may  
(For I doe feare eyes ouer) to Ship-boord  
Get vndescry'd.

*Perd.* I see the Play so lyes,  
That I must beare a part.

*Cam.* No remedie:

Haue you done there?

*Flo.* Should I now meet my Father,  
He would not call me Sonne.

*Cam.* Nay, you shall haue no Hat:  
Come Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.)

*Aut.* Adieu, Sir.

*Flo.* O *Perdita*: what haue we twaine forgot?

'Pray

'Pray you a word.

*Cam.* What I doe next, shall be to tell the King Of this escape, and whither they are bound; Wherein, my hope is, I shall so preuaile, To force him after: in whose company I shall re-view *Sicilia*; for whose sight, I haue a Womans Longing.

*Flo.* Fortune speed vs: Thus we set on (*Camillo*) to th' Sea-side.

*Cam.* The swifter speed, the better. *Exit.*

*Aut.* I vnderstand the businesse, I heare it: to haue an open eare, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a Cut-purse; a good Nose is requisite also, to smell out worke for th' other Sences. I see this is the time that the vniust man doth thriue. What an exchange had this been, without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure the Gods doe this yeere conniue at vs, and we may doe any thing extempore. The Prince himselfe is about a peece of Iniquitie (stealing away from his Father, with his Clog at his heeles:) if I thought it were a peece of honestie to acquaint the King withall, I would not do't: I hold it the more knauerie to conceale it; and therein am I constant to my Profession.

*Enter Clowne and Shepheard.*

Afide, afide, here is more matter for a hot braine: Euery Lanes end, euery Shop, Church, Session, Hanging, yeelds a carefull man worke.

*Clowne.* See, see: what a man you are now? there is no other way, but to tell the King she's a Changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

*Shep.* Nay, but heare me.

*Clow.* Nay; but heare me.

*Shep.* Goe too then.

*Clow.* She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood ha's not offended the King, and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her (those secret things, all but what she ha's with her:) This being done, let the Law goe whistle: I warrant you.

*Shep.* I will tell the King all, euery word, yea, and his Sonnes prancks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his Father, nor to me, to goe about to make me the Kings Brother in Law.

*Clow.* Indeed Brother in Law was the farthest off you could haue beene to him, and then your Blood had beene the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

*Aut.* Very wisely (Puppies.)

*Shep.* Well: let vs to the King: there is that in this Farthell, will make him scratch his Beard.

*Aut.* I know not what impediment this Complaint may be to the sight of my Master.

*Clow.* 'Pray heartily he be at ' Pallace.

*Aut.* Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excrement. How now (Rustiques) whither are you bound?

*Shep.* To th' Pallace (and it like your Worship.)

*Aut.* Your Affaires there? what? with whom? the Condition of that Farthell? the place of your dwelling? your names? your ages? of what hauing? breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be knowne, discover?

*Clow.* We are but plaine fellowes, Sir.

*Aut.* A Lye; you are rough, and hayrie: Let me haue no lying; it becomes none but Trades-men, and they often giue vs (Souldiers) the Lye, but wee pay them for it with stamped Coyne, not stabbing Steele, therefore they doe not giue vs the Lye.

*Clow.* Your Worship had like to haue giuen vs one, if you had not taken your selfe with the manner.

*Shep.* Are you a Courtier, and't like you Sir?

*Aut.* Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest thou not the ayre of the Court, in these enfoldings? Hath not my gate in it, the measure of the Court? Receiues not thy Nose Court-Odour from me? Reflect I not on thy Basenesse, Court-Contempt? Think'ft thou, for that I insinuate, at toaze from thee thy Businesse, I am therefore no Courtier? I am Courtier *Cap-a-pe*; and one that will eyther push-on, or pluck-back, thy Businesse there: whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire.

*Shep.* My Businesse, Sir, is to the King.

*Aut.* What Aduocate ha'ft thou to him?

*Shep.* I know not (and't like you.)

*Clow.* Aduocate's the Court-word for a Pheazant: say you haue none.

*Shep.* None, Sir: I haue no Pheazant Cock, nor Hen.

*Aut.* How blessed are we, that are not simple men?

Yet Nature might haue made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdaine.

*Clow.* This cannot be but a great Courtier.

*Shep.* His Garments are rich, but he weares them not handlomely.

*Clow.* He seemes to be the more Noble, in being fantastical: A great man, Ile warrant; I know by the picking on's Teeth.

*Aut.* The Farthell there? What's i'th' Farthell? Wherefore that Box?

*Shep.* Sir, there lyes such Secrets in this Farthell and Box, which none must know but the King, and which hee shall know within this houre, if I may come to th' speech of him.

*Aut.* Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

*Shep.* Why Sir?

*Aut.* The King is not at the Pallace, he is gone aboard a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and ayre himselfe: for if thou bee'ft capable of things serious, thou must know the King is full of griefe.

*Shep.* So 'tis said (Sir:) about his Sonne, that should haue married a Shepheards Daughter.

*Aut.* If that Shepheard be not in hand-fast, let him flye; the Curses he shall haue, the Tortures he shall feele, will breake the back of Man, the heart of Monster.

*Clow.* Thinke you so, Sir?

*Aut.* Not hee alone shall suffer what Wit can make heauie, and Vengeance bitter; but those that are Iermaine to him (though remou'd fiftie times) shall all come vnder the Hang-man: which, though it be great pittie, yet it is necessarie. An old Sheepe-whistling Rogue, a Ram-tender, to offer to haue his Daughter come into grace? Some say hee shall be ston'd: but that death is too soft for him (say I:) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coat? all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easie.

*Clow.* Ha's the old-man ere a Sonne Sir (doe you heare) and't like you, Sir?

*Aut.* Hee ha's a Sonne: who shall be slayd aliue, then 'noynted ouer with Honey, set on the head of a Waspes Nest, then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recouer'd againe with Aquavite, or some other hot Infusion: then, raw as he is (and in the hottest day Prognostication proclaymes) shall he be set against a Brick-wall, (the Sunne looking with a South-ward eye vpon him; where hee is to behold him, with Flies blown to death.) But what talke we of these Traitorly-Rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capitall; Tel,

Tell me (for you seeme to be honest plaine men) what you haue to the King: being something gently confider'd, Ile bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his preface, whisper him in your behalfe; and if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your Suites, here is man shall doe it.

*Clew.* He seemes to be of great authoritie: close with him, giue him Gold; and though Authoritie be a stubborn Beare, yet hee is oft led by the Nose with Gold: shew the in-side of your Purse to the out-side of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember ston'd, and flay'd aliae.

*Shep.* And't please you (Sir) to vndertake the Businesse for vs, here is that Gold I haue: Ile make it as much more, and leaue this young man in pawne, till I bring it you.

*Aut.* After I haue done what I promised?

*Shep.* I Sir.

*Aut.* Well, giue me the Moitie: Are you a partie in this Businesse?

*Clew.* In some sort, Sir: but though my case be a pitifull one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

*Aut.* Oh, that's the case of the Shepherds Sonne: hang him, hee'le be made an example.

*Clew.* Comfort, good comfort: We must to the King, and shew our strange fights: he must know 'tis none of your Daughter, nor my Sister: wee are gone else. Sir, I will giue you as much as this old man do's, when the Businesse is performed, and remaine (as he sayes) your pawne till it be brought you.

*Aut.* I will trust you. Walke before toward the Sea-side, goe on the right hand, I will but looke vpon the Hedge, and follow you.

*Clew.* We are blest'd, in this man: as I may say, euen blest'd.

*Shep.* Let's before, as he bids vs: he was prouided to doe vs good.

*Aut.* If I had a mind to be honest, I see *Fortune* would not suffer mee: shee drops Booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion: (Gold, and a means to doe the Prince my Master good; which, who knowes how that may turne backe to my aduancement?) I will bring these two Moales, these blind-ones, aboard him: if he thinke it fit to shoare them againe, and that the Complaint they haue to the King, concerns him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being so farre officious, for I am prooue against that Title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

*Exeunt.*

### Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, Seruants: Florimel, Perdita.*

*Clew.* Sir, you haue done enough, and haue perform'd A Saint-like Sorrow: No fault could you make, Which you haue not redeem'd; indeed pay'd downe More penitence, then done trespass: At the last Doe, as the Heauens haue done; forget your euill, With them, forgive your selfe.

*Leo.* Whilest I remember Her, and her Vertues, I cannot forget

My blemishes in them, and so still thinke of The wrong I did my selfe: which was so much, That Heire-lesse it hath made my Kingdome, and Destroy'd the sweet'st Companion, that ere man Bred his hopes out of, true.

*Paul.* Too true (my Lord:)

If one by one, you wedded all the World, Or from the All that are, tooke something good, To make a perfect Woman; she you kill'd, Would be vnparallel'd.

*Leo.* I thinke so. Kill'd?

She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter Vpon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now, Say so but feldome.

*Clew.* Not at all, good Lady:

You might haue spoken a thousand things, that would Haue done the time more benefit, and grac'd Your kinnesse better.

*Paul.* You are one of those

Would haue him wed againe.

*Dio.* If you would not so,

You pittie not the State, nor the Remembrance Of his most Soueraigne Name: Consider little, What Dangers, by his Highnesse faile of Issue, May drop vpon his Kingdome, and deuoure Incertaine lookers on. What were more holy, Then to reioyce the former Queene is well? What holier, then for Royalties repayre, For present comfort, and for future good, To blesse the Bed of Maiestie againe With a sweet Fellow to't?

*Paul.* There is none worthy, (Respecting her that's gone:) besides the Gods Will haue fulfill'd their secret purposes:

For ha's not the Diuine *Apollo* said?

Is't not the tenor of his Oracle,

That King *Leontes* shall not haue an Heire, Till his lost Child be found? Which, that it shall, Is all as monstrous to our humane reason, As my *Antigonus* to breake his Graue, And come againe to me: who, on my life, Did perish with the Infant. 'Tis your councill, My Lord should to the Heauens be contrary, Oppose against their wills. Care not for Issue, The Crowne will find an Heire. Great *Alexander* Left his to th' Worthiest: so his Successor Was like to be the best.

*Leo.* Good *Paulina*,

Who hast the memorie of *Hermione*

I know in honor: O, that euer I Had squar'd me to thy councill: then, euen now, I might haue look'd vpon my Queenes full eyes, Haue taken Treasure from her Lippes.

*Paul.* And left them

More rich, for what they yielded.

*Leo.* Thou speak'st truth:

No more such Wiues, therefore no Wife: one worse, And better vs'd, would make her Sainted Spirit Againe possesse her Corps, and on this Stage (Where we Offendors now appeare) Soule-vext, And begin, why to me?

*Paul.* Had she such power, She had iust such cause.

*Leo.* She had, and would incense me To murder her I marryed.

*Paul.* I

I should so:  
 he Ghost that walk'd, Il'd bid you marke  
 and tell me for what dull part in't  
 se her: then Il'd shriek, that euen your eares  
 ift to heare me, and the words that follow'd,  
 e, Remember mine.  
 starres, Starres,  
 eyes else, dead coales: feare thou no Wife;  
 no Wife, *Paulina*.  
 Will you sweare  
 marry, but by my free leau?  
 Jeuer (*Paulina*) so be blest my Spirit.  
 Then good my Lords, beare witnesse to his Oath.  
 You tempt him ouer-much.  
 Vnlesse another,  
*Hermione*, as is her Picture,  
 is eye.  
 Good Madame, I haue done.  
 Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;  
 die but you will: Giue me the Office  
 : you a Queene: she shall not be so young  
 our former, but she shall be such  
 :d your first Queenes Ghost) it should take ioy  
 er in your armes.  
 My true *Paulina*,  
 not marry, till thou bidst vs.  
 That  
 when your first Queene's againe in breath:  
 I then.

*Enter a Seruant.*  
 One that giues out himselfe Prince *Florizell*,  
*Polixenes*, with his Princeesse (the  
 :st I haue yet beheld) desires accessse  
 high preience.  
 What with him? he comes not  
 his Fathers Greatnesse: his approach  
 of circumstance, and suddaine) tells vs,  
 a Visitation fram'd, but forc'd  
 and accident. What Trayne?  
 ut few,  
 se but meane.  
 his Princeesse (say you) with him?  
 : the most peerelesse peece of Earth, I thinke,  
 the Sunne shone bright on.  
 Oh *Hermione*,  
 present Time doth boast it selfe  
 better, gone; so must thy Graue  
 y to what's seene now. Sir, you your selfe  
 d, and writ so; but your writing now  
 then that Theame: she had not beene,  
 not to be equall'd, thus your Verse  
 with her Beautie once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,  
 ou haue scene a better.  
 'ardon, Madame:  
 , I haue almost forgot (your pardon:)  
 er, when she ha's obtayn'd your Eye,  
 ie your Tongue too. This is a Creature,  
 he begin a Sect, might quench the zeale  
 rofessors else; make Profelytes  
 she but bid follow.  
 How? not women?  
 Women will loue her, that she is a Woman  
 irth then any Man: Men, that she is  
 :st of all Women.  
 Doe *Cleomines*,  
 fe (assisted with your honor'd Friends)

Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,  
 He thus should steale vpon vs. *Exit.*

*Paul.* Had our Prince  
 (Iewel of Children) seene this houre, he had payr'd  
 Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth  
 Betweene their births.

*Leo.* 'Prethee no more; cease: thou know'st  
 He dyes to me againe, when talk'd-of: sure  
 When I shall see this Gentleman, thy speeches  
 Will bring me to consider that, which may  
 Vnfurnish me of Reason. They are come.

*Enter Florizell, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.*  
 Your Mother was most true to Wedlock, Prince,  
 For she did print your Royall Father off,  
 Conceiuing you. Were I but twentie one,  
 Your Fathers Image is so hit in you,  
 (His very ayre) that I should call you Brother,  
 As I did him, and speake of something wildly  
 By vs perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,  
 And your faire Princeesse (Goddesse) oh: alas,  
 I lost a couple, that 'twixt Heauen and Earth  
 Might thus haue stood, begetting wonder, as  
 You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I lost  
 (All mine owne Folly) the Societie,  
 Amitie too of your braue Father, whom  
 (Though bearing Miserie) I desire my life  
 Once more to looke on him.

*Flo.* By his command  
 Haue I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him  
 Giue you all greetings, that a King (at friend)  
 Can send his Brother: and but Infirmitie  
 (Which waits vpon worne times) hath something seisd  
 His with'd Abilitie, he had himselfe  
 The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his,  
 Measur'd, to looke vpon you; whom he loues  
 (He bad me say so) more then all the Scepters,  
 And those that beare them, liuing.

*Leo.* Oh my Brother,  
 (Good Gentleman) the wrongs I haue done thee, stirre  
 Afresh within me: and these thy offices  
 (So rarely kind) are as Interpreters  
 Of my behind-hand slacknesse. Welcome hither,  
 As is the Spring to th'Earth. And hath he too  
 Expos'd this Paragon to th'fearefull vface  
 (At least vngentle) of the dreadfull *Neptune*,  
 To greet a man, not worth her paines; much lesse,  
 Th'adventure of her person?

*Flo.* Good my Lord,  
 She came from *Libia*.

*Leo.* Where the Warlike *Smalus*,  
 That Noble honor'd Lord, is fear'd, and lou'd?

*Flo.* Most Royall Sir,  
 From thence: from him, whose Daughter  
 His Teares proclaym'd his parting with her: thence  
 (A prosperous South-wind friendly) we haue cross'd,  
 To execute the Charge my Father gaue me,  
 For visiting your Highnesse: My best Trainee  
 I haue from your *Sicilian* Shores dismiss'd;  
 Who for *Bobemia* bend, to signifie  
 Not onely my successe in *Libia* (Sir)  
 But my arriual, and my Wifes, in safetie  
 Here, where we are.

*Leo.* The blessed Gods  
 Purge all Infection from our Ayre, whilst you  
 Doe Clymate here: you haue a holy Father,  
 A gracefull Gentleman, against whose person

(So

(So sacred as it is) I haue done sinne,  
For which, the Heauens (taking angry note)  
Haue left me Issue-lesse: and your Father's blest'd  
(As he from Heauen merits it) with you,  
Worthy his goodnesse. What might I haue been,  
Might I a Sonne and Daughter now haue look'd on,  
Such goodly things as you?

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Most Noble Sir,  
That which I shall report, will beare no credit,  
Were not the prooffe so nigh. Please you (great Sir)  
*Bobemia* greets you from himselfe, by me:  
Desires you to attach his Sonne, who ha's  
(His Dignitie, and Dutie both cast off)  
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with  
A Shepheards Daughter.

*Leo.* Where's *Bobemia*? speake:

*Lord.* Here, in your Citie: I now came from him.  
I speake amazedly, and it becomes  
My seruail, and my Message. To your Court  
Whiles he was haſting (in the Chase, it seemes,  
Of this faire Couple) meetes he on the way  
The Father of this seeming Lady, and  
Her Brother, hauing both their Country quitted,  
With this young Prince.

*Flo.* *Camillo* ha's betray'd me;  
Whose honor, and whose honestie till now,  
Endur'd all Weathers.

*Lord.* Lay't so to his charge:  
He's with the King your Father.

*Leo.* Who? *Camillo*?

*Lord.* *Camillo* (Sir): I spake with him: who now  
Ha's these poore men in question. Neuer saw I  
Wretches so quake: they kneele, they kisse the Earth;  
Forſweare themselves as often as they speake:  
*Bobemia* stops his cares, and threatens them  
With diuers deaths, in death.

*Perd.* Oh my poore Father:  
The Heauen sets Spyes vpon vs, will not haue  
Our Contract celebrated.

*Leo.* You are married?

*Flo.* We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:  
The Starres (I see) will kisse the Valleys first:  
The oddes for high and low's alike.

*Leo.* My Lord,  
Is this the Daughter of a King?

*Flo.* She is,

When once she is my Wife.

*Leo.* That once (I see) by your good Fathens speed,  
Will come-on very slowly. I am sorry  
(Most sorry) you haue broken from his liking,  
Where you were ty'd in dutie: and as sorry,  
Your Choise is not so rich in Worth, as Beautie,  
That you might well enioy her.

*Flo.* Deare, looke vp:  
Though *Fortune*, visible an Enemie,  
Should chase vs, with my Father; powre no iot  
Hath she to change our Loues. Beseech you (Sir)  
Remember, since you ow'd no more to Time  
Then I doe now: with thought of such Affections,  
Step forth mine Aduocate: at your request,  
My Father will graunt precious things, as Trifles.

*Leo.* Would he doe so, I'd beg your precious Mistris,  
Which he counts but a Trifle.

*Paul.* Sir (my Liege)

Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a moneth

'Fore your Queene dy'd, she was more worth such gazes,  
Then what you looke on now.

*Leo.* I thought of her,  
Euen in these Lookes I made. But your Petition  
Is yet vn-answer'd: I will to your Father:  
Your Honor not o're-throwne by your desires,  
I am friend to them, and you: Vpon which Errand  
I now goe toward him: therefore follow me,  
And marke what way I make: Come good my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

## Scæna Secunda.

*Enter Autolycus, and a Gentleman.*

*Aut.* Beseech you (Sir) were you present at this Relation?

*Gent. 1.* I was by at the opening of the Farthell, heard  
the old Shepheard deliuer the manner how he found it:  
Whereupon (after a little amazednesse) we were all com-  
manded out of the Chamber: onely this (me thought) I  
heard the Shepheard say, he found the Child.

*Aut.* I would most gladly know the issue of it.

*Gent. 1.* I make a broken deliuerie of the Businesse;  
but the changes I perceiued in the King, and *Camillo*, were  
very Notes of admiration: they seem'd almost, with sta-  
ring on one another, to teare the Cafes of their Eyes.  
There was speech in their dumbnesse, Language in their  
very gesture: they look'd as they had heard of a World  
ransom'd, or one destroyed: a notable passion of Won-  
der appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew  
no more but seeing, could not say, if th'importance were  
Ioy, or Sorrow; but in the extremitie of the one, it must  
needs be.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more:  
The Newes, *Rogero*.

*Gent. 2.* Nothing but Bon-fires: the Oracle is fulfill'd:  
the Kings Daughter is found: such a deale of wonder is  
broken out within this houre, that Ballad-makers cannot  
be able to expresse it.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes the Lady *Paulina*'s Steward, hee can deliuer  
you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This Newes (which  
is call'd true) is so like an old Tale, that the veritie of it is  
in strong suspition: Ha's the King found his Heire?

*Gent. 3.* Most true, if euer Truth were pregnant by  
Circumstance: That which you heare, you'le sweare  
you see, there is such vnitie in the prooffes. The Mantle  
of Queene *Hermione*: her Iewell about the Neck of it:  
the Letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know  
to be his Character: the Maieſtie of the Creature, in re-  
semblance of the Mother: the Affection of Noblenesse,  
which Nature shewes aboue her Breeding, and many o-  
ther Euidences, proclayme her, with all certaintie, to be  
the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of the  
two Kings?

*Gent. 2.* No.

*Gent. 3.* Then haue you lost a Sight which was to be  
seene, cannot bee spoken of. There might you haue be-  
held one Ioy crowne another, so and in such manner, that  
it seem'd Sorrow wept to take leaue of them: for their  
Ioy waded in teares. There was casting vp of Eyes, hold-  
ing vp of Hands, with Countenance of such distraction,  
that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Fauer.

*Our*

ing being ready to leape out of himselfe, for ioy of d Daughter; as if that Ioy were now become a yes, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then asks forgiveness, then embraces his Sonne-in-Law: I then worries he his Daughter, with clipping her. thanks the old Shepheard (which stands by, like a bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes.) I heard of such another Encounter; which Iames Rello-llow it, and vndo's description to doe it.

1. What, pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that hence the Child?

1. Like an old Tale still, which will haue matter rse, though Credit be asleepe, and not an eare o- was torne to pieces with a Beare: This auouches heards Sonne; who ha's not onely his Innocence seemes much) to iustifie him, but a Hand-kerchief of his, that *Paulina* knows.

1. What became of his Barke, and his Fol-

3. Wrackt the same instant of their Masters and in the view of the Shepheard: so that all the ents which ayded to expose the Child, were euen t, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat, ext Ioy and Sorrow was fought in *Paulina*. Shee Eye declin'd for the losse of her Husband, anou- ated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: Shee lifted the : from the Earth, and so locks her in embracing, : would pin her to her heart, that shee might no in danger of loosing.

1. The Dignitie of this Act was worth the a- f Kings and Princes, for by such was it acted.

3. One of the prettyest touches of all, and that ngi'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though Fifth) was, when at the Relation of the Queenes ith the manner how shee came to't, brauely con- ind lamented by the King) how attentiueneffe l his Daughter, till (from one signe of dolour to ) shee did (with an *Alas*) I would faine say, bleed for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was urble, there changed colour: some fswounded, all : if all the World could haue seen't, the Woe e vnuerfall.

1. Are they returned to the Court?

3. No: The Princeesse hearing of her Mothers which is in the keeping of *Paulina*) a Peece many 1 doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare Master, *Julio Romano*, who (had he himselfe Eter- d could put Breath into his Worke) would be- ture of her Custome, so perfectly he is her Ape: eere to *Hermione*, hath done *Hermione*, that they would speake to her, and stand in hope of answer. (with all greedineffe of affection) are they gone, e they intend to Sup.

2. I thought she had some great matter there in r shee hath priuately, twice or thrice a day, euer : death of *Hermione*, visited that remoued Houfe. se thither, and with our companie peece the Re-

1. Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit ste? eury winke of an Eye, some new Grace borne: our Absence makes vs vnthrifitie to our lge. Let's along. Exit.

Now (had I not the dafh of my former life in old Preferment drop on my head. I brought the and his Sonne aboard the Prince; told him, I em talke of a Farthell, and I know not what: but

he at that time ouer-fond of the Shepheards Daughter (so he then tooke her to be) who began to be much Sea-sick, and himselfe little better, extremitie of Weather conti- nuing, this Mysterie remained vndiscouer'd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I bene the finder-out of this Secret, it would not haue rellish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepheard and Clowne.

Here come those I haue done good to against my will, and alreadie appearing in the blossomes of their For- tune.

Shep. Come Boy, I am past moe Children: but thy Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne.

Clow. You are well met (Sir.) you deny'd to fight with mee this other day, because I was no Gentleman borne. See you these Clothes? say you see them not, and thinke me still no Gentleman borne: You were best say these Robes are not Gentlemen borne. Giue me the Lye: doe: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman borne.

Aut. I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman borne.

Clow. I, and haue been so any time these foure houres.

Shep. And so haue I, Boy.

Clow. So you haue: but I was a Gentleman borne be- fore my Father: for the Kings Sonne tooke me by the hand, and call'd mee Brother: and then the two Kings call'd my Father Brother: and then the Prince (my Brother) and the Princeesse (my Sister) call'd my Father, Father; and so wee wept: and there was the first Gentleman-like teares that euer we shed.

Shep. We may liue (Sonne) to shed many more.

Clow. I: or else 'twere hard luck, being in so prepos- terous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you (Sir) to pardon me all the faults I haue committed to your Worship, and to giue me your good report to the Prince my Master.

Shep. 'Prethee Sonne doe: for we must be gentle, now we are Gentlemen.

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. I, and it like your good Worship.

Clow. Giue me thy hand: I will sweare to the Prince, thou art as honest a true Fellow as any is in *Bobemia*.

Shep. You may say it, but not sweare it.

Clow. Not sweare it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Boores and Francklins say it, Ile sweare it.

Shep. How if it be false (Sonne)?

Clow. If it be ne're so false, a true Gentleman may sweare it, in the behalfe of his Friend: And Ile sweare to the Prince, thou art a tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunke: but I know thou art no tall Fel- low of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunke: but Ile sweare it, and I would thou would't be a tall Fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will proue so (Sir) to my power.

Clow. I, by any meanes proue a tall Fellow: if I do not wonder, how thou dar'st venture to be drunke, not being a tall Fellow, trust me not. Harke, the Kings and the Prin- ces (our Kindred) are going to see the Queenes Picture. Come, follow vs: wee'le be thy good Masters. Exit.

### Scena Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florinell, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina: Hermione (like a Statue): Lords, &c.

Leo. O graue and good Paulina, the great comfort That I haue had of thee?

C c

Paul. What

*Paul.* What (Souveraigne Sir)  
I did not well, I meant well: all my Services  
You haue pay'd home. But that you haue vouchsaf'd  
(With your Crown'd Brother, and these your contracted  
Heires of your Kingdomes) my poore Houfe to visit;  
It is a furplus of your Grace, which neuer  
My life may last to answer.

*Leo.* O *Paulina*,  
We honor you with trouble: but we came  
To see the Statue of our Queene. Your Gallerie  
Haue we pass'd through, not without much content  
In many singularities; but we saw not  
That which my Daughter came to looke vpon,  
The Statue of her Mother.

*Paul.* As the liu'd peeleeffe,  
So her dead likenesse I doe well beleue  
Excels what euer yet you look'd vpon,  
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it  
Lovely, apart. But here it is: prepare  
To see the Life as lively mock'd, as euer  
Still Sleepe mock'd Death: behold, and say 'tis well.  
I like your silence, it the more shewes-off  
Your wonder: but yet speake, first you (my Liege)  
Comes it not something neerer?

*Leo.* Her naturall Poiture.  
Chide me (deare Stone) that I may say indeed  
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art she,  
In thy not chiding: for she was as tender  
As Infancie, and Grace. But yet (*Paulina*)  
*Hermione* was not so much wrinkled, nothing  
So aged as this seemes.

*Paul.* Oh, not by much.

*Paul.* So much the more our Caruers excellence,  
Which lets goe-by some fixteene yeeres, and makes her  
As the liu'd now.

*Leo.* As now she might haue done,  
So much to my good comfort, as it is  
Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus she stood,  
Euen with such Life of Maiestie (warne Life,  
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her.  
I am asham'd: Do's not the Stone rebuke me,  
For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Peece:  
There's Magick in thy Maiestie, which ha's  
My Euils coniur'd to remembrance; and  
From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits,  
Standing like Stone with thee.

*Perd.* And giue me leaue,  
And doe not say 'tis Superstition, that  
I kneele, and then implore her Blessing. Lady,  
Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,  
Giue me that hand of yours, to kisse.

*Paul.* O, patience:  
The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's  
Not dry.

*Caw.* My Lord, your Sorrow was too fore lay'd-on,  
Which fixteene Winters cannot blow away,  
So many Summers dry: scarce any Ioy  
Did euer so long liue; no Sorrow,  
But kill'd it selfe much sooner.

*Pol.* Deere my Brother,  
Let him, that was the cause of this, haue powre  
To take-off so much griefe from you, as he  
Will peece vp in himselfe.

*Paul.* Indeed my Lord,  
If I had thought the sight of my poore Image  
Would thus haue wrought you (for the Stone is mine)

It'd not haue shew'd it.

*Leo.* Doe not draw the Curtaine.

*Paul.* No longer shall you gaze on't, least your Fancie  
May thinke anon, it moues.

*Leo.* Let be, let be:  
Would I were dead, but that me thinkes alreadie,  
(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)  
Would you not deeme it breath'd? and that those veines  
Did verily beare blood?

*Pol.* Masterly done:  
The very Life seemes warme vpon her Lippe.

*Leo.* The fixure of her Eye ha's motion in't,  
As we are mock'd with Art.

*Paul.* He draw the Curtaine:  
My Lord's almost so farre transported, that  
Hee'll thinke anon it liues.

*Leo.* Oh sweet *Paulina*,  
Make me to thinke so twentie yeeres together:  
No settled Sences of the World can match  
The pleasure of that madnesse. Let't alone.

*Paul.* I am sorry (Sir) I haue thus farre stir'd you: but  
I could afflict you farther.

*Leo.* Doe *Paulina*:  
For this Affliction ha's a taste as sweet  
As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinkes  
There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell  
Could euer yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,  
For I will kisse her.

*Paul.* Good my Lord, forbear:  
The ruddinesse vpon her Lippe, is wet:  
You'll marre it, if you kisse it; stayne your owne  
With Oyle Painting: shall I draw the Curtaine.

*Leo.* No: not these twentie yeeres.

*Perd.* So long could I  
Stand-by, a looker-on.

*Paul.* Either forbear,  
Quit presently the Chappell, or resolute you  
For more amazement: if you can behold it,  
He make the Statue moue indeed; descend,  
And take you by the hand: but then you'll thinke  
(Which I protest against) I am afflicted  
By wicked Powers.

*Leo.* What you can make her doe,  
I am content to looke on: what to speake,  
I am content to heare: for 'tis as easie  
To make her speake, as moue.

*Paul.* It is requir'd  
You doe awake your Faith: then, all stand still:  
On: those that thinke it is vnlawfull Businesse  
I am about, let them depart.

*Leo.* Proceed:  
No foot shall stirre.

*Paul.* Musick; awake her: Strike:  
'Tis time: descend: be Stone no more: approach:  
Strike all that looke vpon with meruaile: Come:  
He fill your Graue vp: stirre: nay, come away:  
Bequeath to Death your numbesse: (for from him,  
Deare Life redeemes you) you perceiue the stirres:  
Start not: her Actions shall be holy, as  
You heare my Spell is lawfull: doe not shun her,  
Vntill you see her dye againe; for then  
You kill her double: Nay, present your Hand:  
When she was young, you woo'd her: now, in age,  
Is she become the Suitor?

*Leo.* Oh she's warme:  
If this be Magick, let it be an Art

Eating.  
 : embraces him.  
 ie hangs about his necke,  
 ine to life, let her speake too.  
 and make it manifest where she ha's liu'd,  
 dne from the dead?  
 hat she is liuing,  
 t told you, should be hooted at  
 d Tale : but it appeares she liues,  
 t she speake not. Marke a little while :  
 t to interpose (faire Madam) kneele,  
 our Mothers blessing : turne good Lady,  
 a is found.  
 ou Gods looke downe,  
 your sacred Viols poure your graces  
 laughters head : Tell me (mine owne)  
 t thou bin preferu'd? Where liu'd? How found  
 re Court? For thou shalt heare that I  
 y *Paulina*, that rhe Oracle  
 thou wast in being, haue preferu'd  
 o see the yssue.  
 here's tme enough for that,  
 desire (vpon this pusch) to trouble  
 , with like Relation. Go together  
 us winners all : your exultation

Partake to euery one : I (an old Turtle)  
 Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there  
 My Mate (that's neuer to be found againe)  
 Lament, till I am lost.

*Leo.* O peace *Paulina* :  
 Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,  
 As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,  
 And made betweene's by Vowes. Thou hast found mine,  
 But how, is to be question'd : for I saw her  
 (As I thought) dead : and haue (in vaine) said many  
 A prayer vpon her graue. Ile not seeke farre  
 (For him, I partly know his minde) to finde thee  
 An honourable husband. Come *Camillo*,  
 And take her by the hand : whose worth, and honesty  
 Is richly noted : and heere iustified  
 By Vs, a paire of Kings. Let's from this place.  
 What? looke vpon my Brother : both your pardons,  
 That ere I put betweene your holy looks  
 My ill suspection : This your Son-in-law,  
 And Sonne vnto the King, whom heauens directing  
 Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,  
 Leade vs from hence, where we may leysurely  
 Each one demand, and answere to his part  
 Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, since first  
 We were disseuer'd : Hastily lead away.

*Exeunt.*

## The Names of the Actors.

*King of Scillia.*  
*illu, yong Prince of Scillia.*

*Four*  
*Lords of Scillia.*

*Queene to Leontes.*  
*rugbter to Leontes and Hermione.*  
*se to Antigonus.*

*Emilia, a Lady.*  
*Polixenes, King of Bobemia.*  
*Florinell, Prince of Bobemia.*  
*Old Shepbeard, reputed Father of Perdita.*  
*Clowne, bis Sonne.*  
*Autolicus, a Rogue.*  
*Archidamus, a Lord of Bobemia.*  
*Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Seruants.*  
*Shepbeards, and Shepbearddeffes.*

FINIS.





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